

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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PORTRAIT—Painting by WEP

This Week's Free Novel: "CROWNED QUEENS."
By The Late Queen Marie of Rumania.

Laundry Without TEARS!

ELBOW GREASE IS OUT OF DATE



TOP RIGHT:
The washing is whisked off. Along the strip from left: Washing machine for flannels; machine that removes all the dirt; three processes of shirt-ironing; roller-ironing of sheets.

Where Every Day Is Washing Day

Washtub and mangle have gone up in the world; those poor relations of other-day backyards are now captains of industry.

To discover what personages they have become it might have been worth while attending the conference in Brisbane recently of the Laundry Owners' Association of Australia—with its weighty discussions on scientific processing, industrial awards and Power Units.

POWER Units, mind you. And never a word about Elbow Grease!

Elbow Grease went out, along with Scrubbing Board and Wringer.

In the modern power laundry you just push a button or two, pull over

a lever or two, and there you are—there's your washing done.

No rubbing, scrubbing.
No soaking overnight, no wringing.
No hanging out the clothes.

It practically does itself.

The first experience on visiting a modern power laundry is, however, one to daunt the doughtiest soul.

It's no joke to see about 30,000 pieces of dirty clothing waiting to be washed.

But, coming out of his nightmare, the visitor is reassured by the sight of deft and efficient workgirls sorting, marking each article, entering particulars in big ledgers.

From then on almost unbelievable aspects of this place—where-every-day-is-washing-day—confront the beholder.

Here are a dozen washing machines, each engulphing at every "wash" round about 450lb of clothes.

The thick metal lids slide noiselessly down, a lever is pulled, and, locked in the great revolving cylinders, the laundering begins.

In the hour or so of this process nine different kinds of water pass through the machines.

The first is a warm wash with ordinary water; then succeed three more washes, with soap, each time a little more soap, and the water a little hotter—but it never is allowed to get to boiling point.

Soap Chips in Tons

THEN there are five rinses, one warm, four cold, and the last with blue. Stop the works, open up. There are your clothes washed and blued.

These machines eat up about 15 tons of soap chips a month and about 16lb of blue crystals.

You "wring" the clothes in large metal cylinders called hydro-extractors.

Pile the clothes in, slam the extractor shut, press a button.

Inside, the clothes are revolved at 1500 revolutions a minute, and in eight or ten minutes they are ready for ironing.

Where starching is to be done, there is another quickness-of-the-machine-deceives-the-senses process, and re-dry-hydration.

In this industry, just as there's no such word as "wringing," you call it "hydroing"; there's also no such word as "mangling"—you have "ironers."

Mangling?

The great ironing machines are as gentle as lambs. It all seems to be done by steam and auto-suggestion rather than by any physical power.

Two girls feed in the sheets or tablecloths, or whatever it is at one end of the machine.

Eight huge rollers, heated by steam at 100lb pressure, continue to turn. After a while out comes the article at the other end, when it is quickly folded up and whisked away done!

Despite the great size of this machine, it is so nicely adjusted that a sheet was recently put through it 432 times without showing wear.

The variety of ironers and presses, special machines for handkerchiefs,

MODERN power laundries rank sixth as an employer of female labor in the mechanised world. In Australia they employ 30,000 operatives.

The United States Association conducts remarkable laboratories. Australian laundries send young men, at a cost of £200, for a course at this Temple of Laundering.

coats, shirts, trousers, dresses, and so on, is amazing.

The presses mostly consist of a table, a sort of ironing-board-deluxe with a lid hinged to it.

Place the garment on the table, press a button, and down clamps the warm, shining lid with a pressure of 70lb to the square inch.

Press another button, up goes the lid, and—hey, pressed-on! the article is ready for wear. Fold it up. Next please.

That folding up and pinning process, which is a source of wonder and admiration to everybody every time the laundry comes home, is done in the twinkling of an eye by a skilled girl, but the most highly-skilled operative of the lot is the girl who puts that polish on the collars. She is specially trained for it.

Some articles need more than one kind of press. Shirts need three.

In the delivery department all is sorted back again, checked, packed, and wrapped.

And there's the "wash," sliding down the right chute, to be picked up and delivered home by the outgoing car.

The whole plant swings along in rhythmic harmony, and the refrain it sings in this:

Rain, rain, come and stay—
Every day is washing day.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Art and Music Interests
MR. H. E. FULLER, F.R.A.I.A.
Adelaide architect, has been honorary secretary of the Royal Society of Arts in South Australia since 1921. For thirty-four years he acted as secretary to the Adelaide centre of the London Trinity College of Music, which he founded in 1896. He is a past president of the South Australian Institute of Architects.



J.P. For New Guinea
MRS. T. J. RYAN, who has represented the Queensland Government in Melbourne since 1933, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace for New Guinea, and also for the Federal Capital.

Widow of the late T. J. Ryan, Premier and Attorney-General of Queensland during the war years, Mrs. Ryan is noted as an organiser and has a charming personality. She was recommended for an O.B.E. for her war work, but, while appreciating the honor, refused it.

Mrs. Ryan is also an honorary magistrate for Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania and West Australia.



Lecturer in Biophysics
DR. HUGH WEBSTER, lecturer in biophysics at the University of Queensland, is a graduate of the Tasmanian University and later took his degree of M.Sc. in Natural Philosophy at the Melbourne University. Dr. Webster worked at Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, under the late Lord Rutherford and Dr. J. Chadwick. He was research assistant and lecturer at the University of Bristol in 1931 and has published several papers of scientific importance.



A Tour Through "Quinland" with Doctor Dafoe

Lesson for Every Mother in Rearing of World's Wonder Babies



THE "QUINS"
DRESS UP: From left, Emilie,

Annette with Yvonne, and Marie.

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

By DR. ALLAN R. DAFOE

Physician to the Dianne Quintuplets

It is time that I, who brought the Dionne quintuplets into the world and have watched over their welfare since, give to their millions of friends a picture of the girls as they are to-day.

At the same time I can give an accounting of my stewardship in guarding the lives and health of the famous babies.

AS a preface to any account of the development of the quintuplets, it must be realised that they began life under tremendous disadvantages imposed by multiple birth which came two months too soon.

It was in all truth a modern miracle—first, that the five little girls were born (for the odds are 57,000,000 to 1 against such births), and, second, that they survived (for in no other of the 60 quintuplet births recorded in medical history has the set remained unbroken for more than 50 minutes).

And now, as they begin the fifth year of their lives, a third modern miracle is taking place—and to a medical man it is perhaps more miraculous than those of their birth and early survival.

For the "Quins" not only are making tremendous strides towards overcoming their disadvantages and achieving the normal for their age, but in some phases of development they have even surpassed the normal.

Less Than 10lbs.

CONSIDER first the matter of size. The average weight at birth for female babies in the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, is a little under eight pounds each.

On the second day of life for the "Quins" the combined weight of all five was only 13 pounds and 6 ounces.

A few days later their combined weight had decreased to less than 10 pounds. Marie weighed only one and one-half pounds on that day.

Only an inherent vitality and a kindly Providence—aided by medical science and skilled nursing—kept the little girls alive through those first dark days.

And yet we find that on their third birthday the quintuplets had overcome their terrible handicap of underweight and had even surpassed the normal for their age.

Normal weight at 3 years is 30 pounds 5 ounces. Our babies' average weight at that time was 30 pounds 8 ounces.

Held the Pace

DURING the past year, as the "Quins" approached the age of 4, the girls have continued their normal gains in every respect.

Latest measurements showed the following weights, heights, and the amount of gain for the last 12 months:

	Weight Gain	Height Gain	Lbs.	Inches	In.	In.
Yvonne	371	61	38	32
Annette	363	5	38	31
Cecile	351	41	38	31
Emilie	351	51	38	31
Marie	321	41	37	31

So much for the size factor. How about their mental development?

Beginning at the eleventh month, the babies were given mental tests. Because of the handicap caused by circumstances of their birth, they showed a lag behind the normal for their ages.

But from that point on it was a different story. Scientific tests showed that their mental development paralleled the usual line in other children, but at a faster rate.

In other words, they have not only developed along usual lines, but are making up lost ground.

From now on, particularly during the coming year, the "Quins" rate of development will be greater than ever, and they should overcome in the next 12 months whatever is left of the retardation resulting from their premature and multiple birth.

Their vocabularies have increased amazingly. They now know between 400 and 500 words and are learning new ones every day.

The girls no longer converse in single words, but in sentences.

Once, when they saw a horse outside the nursery, they called out merely: "chaval". Now it's "Le cheval couru" (the horse is running), and off they go around the playroom imitating his gallop.

Sense of Fitness

THEY are developing swiftly, too, in such things as the pasting "projects". Previously, when their nurses cut out small pieces of colored paper in the shape of houses, roofs, chimneys, windows, trees and animals, and asked the "Quins" to

Inside Germany!

THIS week we give you the most sensational article yet written about life in Germany.

The author is the daughter of an ex-Ambassador, who lived there almost five years.

Her article lays bare the whole German drama . . . its public, domestic and cultural life . . . the terrors, privations and hysterics that the people suffer under Hitlerism.

She predicted the alarming collapse of the German money market last week and the growing tide of unrest in Germany.

The article begins on page 12.

paste them together, the results were amusing, to say the least.

But now windows are on houses instead of off in space and cows lie under trees instead of in the branches.

The "Quins," in other words, are developing a fine sense of the fitness of things.

As to deportment, the best way to describe the "Quins" is to say that they are good—but not goody-goody—girls.

Zestful, full of life, mischievous, the sisters are at the same time tractable, eager to please and quick to co-operate as they go through their routine of play, study, religious activities and health care.

Playing at Work

THE "Quins" love games, and some of their duties which otherwise might be considered chores become happy tasks when made to seem like play.

Nowhere is this fact more evident than in connection with care of their teeth. The quintuplets are not afraid of their dentist.

Dr. Arnold D. Mason, Dean of the Toronto University Dental Faculty, got a rousing reception when he came to the hospital recently to take the "Quins" annual dental impressions.

He made a game of the task of looking into their mouths with his little mirror, and the girls loved the nice, warm piece of wax which he popped into their mouths, and on which they could bite down hard and make themselves look puffy and horrible in the mirror.

The "Quins" teeth are now perfectly sound, with not a single trace of decay in any of them.



CECILE, smiling into camera, hand to cheek, ruffles about neck, is illustrating the theme, "Betty's a Lady," from "Rock-a-bye Baby."

Cecile and Emilie have a slight narrowness in the dental arch, but this is being corrected by oral exercises.

Finances Guarded

ALL of this emphasis on the care the "Quins" health does not mean that their financial affairs are being neglected.

The "Quins" estate now amounts to about £150,000, all of which is being guarded with utmost care to ensure future financial security.

The "Quins" income, coming mainly in revenue from movies, news pictures and advertising endorsements, is all invested in Canadian Government bonds.

The income from the investments is used to operate the extensive establishment in which the girls live with their nurses, housekeepers and attendants.

There is another side, too, to the aura of happiness sur-

rounding the quintuplets. Not only have they thrived and gained a goodly proportion of the world's goods, but they have brought prosperity to this region of the Canadian backwoods in which they were born.

In many ways they might be considered Callander's "basic industry," for most of the town is dependent in one way or another upon their existence. Lumber used to be Callander's main business, but the timber is cut over and the sawmills have moved away.

Now the population drives taxis, works in restaurants or operates tourist cabins for the thousands of visitors who come to see the "Quins." Some estimate that as much as £1,500,000 is left in Canada every year by visitors.

New no-friction Dental Cream cleans both



Natural Teeth

Kills Germs. Prevents Gingivitis, Pyorrhoea, Heals spongy, bleeding gums.

Artificial Teeth



The only Dental Cream of its kind. 20 years ahead of any other dentifrice. Acclaimed by dentists everywhere as the perfect Dental Cream.

Keeps mouth and teeth beautifully clean and fresh. The only toothpaste with these five advantages—

★ Cleanses by an entirely new method—without friction—including crevices where brush does not reach.

★ Wonderful ingredient "Depression" dissolves all mucoid film and stains without injuring enamel.

★ Includes LANTIGEN "D" to prevent gingivitis and pyorrhoea, heal spongy gums, and dissolve bacterial organisms in the mouth.

★ Contains no scratchy abrasives, no excess soap (no soapy taste)—no irritating antiseptics.

★ Cleanses dental plates easily and thoroughly.

AT ALL CHEMISTS, 2/-.

Product of EDINBURGH LABORATORIES, Sydney.

The Double Purpose Dental Cream
Ideal for ALL the family
"5-In-One for Everyone"

Strange Search For Lost Heiress

Disappeared on Atlantic Flight
Ten Years Ago, Ex-Husband Now
Told She is Alive

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special
Representative in Europe

A strange story is now revealed of a wealthy young woman flier, who disappeared ten years ago on an Atlantic flight.

For a decade she has been presumed dead — now a reputable witness declares he has seen her living in seclusion in Peru.

The flier was the Hon. Elsie Mackay, daughter of the late Lord Inchcape, famous shipping magnate.

WITH Captain Hinchcliffe, she embarked on an Atlantic flight, from which neither returned.

Now comes the amazing report that Miss Mackay is living in Peru.

A search to investigate this will be at once undertaken by her ex-husband, Mr. Dennis Wyndham.

He believes the woman to be the missing heiress.

Though the courts have declared her presumably dead, and Captain Hinchcliffe's widow has again married, nothing will convince her former husband that Elsie is not still alive.

Mr. Dennis Wyndham, a well-known actor on both stage and screen, refuses to believe her plane came down in the Atlantic. He thinks she made a safe crossing, and,



after landing, journeyed secretly to South America.

IN his West End flat he told me the whole story—his clues to her whereabouts; his theory she is still alive; their romantic runaway marriage; Lord Inchcape's disapproval, and the annulment which followed.

"I have never for one moment felt that Elsie had gone," he declared, "and now I have evidence that has not only strengthened my belief she is alive, but has given me a new hope."

"I intend to make every effort to find her, with this new clue to work on. As soon as my contracts allow me to leave, I am going to look for her and bring her back to England and the old life which, as Poppy Wyndham, she loved so well."

THIS story which will take Dennis

Wyndham across the world in search of the girl with whom he fell in love when, convalescing from war wounds in her father's hospital, she nursed him back to health and strength is a strange one.

"I was on the set at Elstree making a picture with Will Hay," he said, "when a ship's officer—a former employee of the P. & O. line, of which Lord Inchape was the head—asked to see me."

"He had journeyed up from Falmouth that day, after a round voyage from England to South America.

"This officer knew Elsie well, and because I, too, remember him as a very reliable employee and his story supports the theory I hold so strongly I have no reason to doubt his words."

"While in Lima, Peru, he said, he heard of a mysterious Englishwoman, living the life of a hermit in a little bungalow on the outskirts of the town."

"She has been there for more than nine years, yet no one knew anything about her, not even her name."

Mystery Woman

"**S**O intrigued was this officer by the story that he paid a visit to the bungalow only to be refused admission."

"A strong feeling that there was more in the story than an Englishwoman merely wishing to retire from the world took him again and again to the bungalow."

"But he never spoke to the lonely occupier."

"On his last visit, however, he caught a glimpse of a mystery woman."

"He told me that he immediately recognised the face as that of Elsie Mackay, and, though she looked very wan and weary, she was undoubtedly his former chief's daughter."

MRS. WYNDHAM has been deeply stirred by the story which the ship's officer unfolded. It is the first definite clue in the slender chain of evidence he has worked on all these years.

Over and over again since her disappearance ten years ago he has tried to establish contact with her in the spirit world, but the voice which has spoken to him many times has only served to increase his belief

THE WEALTHY Elsie Mackay and Hinchcliffe took off on an Atlantic flight . . . and were not seen again.

in the theory he holds that she is still alive.

Both were interested in spiritualism, and gave each other a promise that the first one to pass on would communicate with the other from the spirit world.

"No one knows the pet name we were to use, or of the promise we gave each other," Dennis Wyndham said.

"Time and time again at seances I have asked the voice supposedly Elsie's to give me that name, yet it is always 'Elsie' in reply to my question, and the voice fades back again into the spirit world."

"That is how, deep down in my heart, I know that Elsie is still alive, for if she had passed on she would keep her promise to communicate with me."

"It was a promise we gave each other; the first to die would get into communication with the other from the spirit world and would use the pet name."

Secret Name

I ASKED him what the name was, but Mr. Wyndham refused to tell me.

"It is a Hindu word," he said, "and means 'my tiny one'—for she was such a little thing, full of spirit and gaiety."

"Once the name is known, all hope of identifying her if she is in the spirit world will be lost to me forever."

"We were the best of friends right up to the time she left in that big black and gold plane, and was never seen again."

Though the runaway marriage was annulled some years later, the Hon. Elsie Mackay and her actor husband had a genuine and lasting affection for each other.

It was always the intention of these two people to remarry should her father relent and give his approval to the marriage and her return to the theatrical environment which surrounded her as the wife of one of London's leading actors.

"I shall never forget her that last night she was in London," her former husband said. "I was in my dressing-room when she came to see me and say good-bye. She wore a lovely shimmering black frock and her string of almost priceless pearls.

"Amazed that she should be bidding me good-bye, I asked her where she was going, and why."

"It was then she told me she planned to fly to America and leave the plane disguised as a boy. She had a stage wig, she said, which she would wear."

**Oh! Jenny,
you get
your clothes
so filthy**



**Don't worry.
Bess-PERSIL
gets out dirt
and leaves the
colours bright**

**She was right...
PERSIL DOES WASH
COLOURS BRIGHTER
because it washes cleaner**

Don't sigh when you come to colours and woollies on washday! Use Persil and they'll come out of the wash just as clean and bright as the day you bought them. Persil's gentle oxygen-charged suds cleanse so thoroughly that water need never be more than tepid, and cold water may be used for very delicate shades. Every speck of dirt is chased out with the least possible handling and no hard rubbing. Because Persil cleanses so quickly, clothes are in the water for the shortest possible time. Use Persil for the whole family wash — no other soaps or extras needed.

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THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER
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Complete Short Story

Illustrated by
FISCHER

Conscious conspirators, but neither of them anticipated such a delightful climax

HOW'S Sixteen?" inquired the freckled nurse.

"Fading out, if you ask me," said the fat one. "Bunkum!" said the motherly senior. "Young stalwarts like him don't pass out from an infected hip-joint."

"They do if they're put into Room Sixteen," prophesied the little probationer, and got herself abashed, it being unprofessional to give a hospital room a bad name.

The fat nurse sniffed the air. "Again the dark and midnight salmagundi," she murmured disconsolately. "Third time this week . . . If only we could stir him up to show some interest in getting well," she added, as the group moved towards the dining hall.

"It's a shame if he pops off," asserted the probationer, who was romantic. "He looks a bit like Robert Taylor. I'll bet he's got a secret in his life."

"I'll give him two weeks," announced the fat nurse oracularly, which roused the probationer to declare: "Well, I think it's rotten," without specifying exactly what.

Having consumed the sausages, the nurses scattered to their posts. The busier in the Men's Private Ward sounded; Room Sixteen needed help in turning over on his side. Noting the lines of pain on his forehead, the senior nurse compassionately suggested:

"Shall I give you something to ease it?"

"No. It isn't too bad. I'm just restless."

"Do you know, Mr. Lindsay, you need something to occupy your mind. I think it would be a good thing if some friends came in to see you."

FRIENTS?" He smiled warily. "When you've been six years off the map you lose your place in the world."

"Well, then, write some letters and pick up the old threads."

"To whom?"

"How should I know? To some girl."

"I've lost track of them all."

"Get to know some new ones, then."

"How and where? Anyway, it's too much effort."

"What a man! Want to try a chance? I believe in numbers. There's a Room Sixteen in the Women's Private Ward over in the East Wing, where I used to be. Let's write a card and see if we don't start something. No harm done if we miss."

"Will you write it for me?"

"I will not! You'll do it yourself. The most I'll do is send you up some cards."

The cards duly arrived, likewise pen and ink. The patient in Room Sixteen, Men's Private Ward, was spurred on to effort. Letters began to fly.

From Room Sixteen, Men's Private Ward, West Wing, to Room Sixteen, Women's Private Ward, East Wing, by postcard:-

WEST to EAST

By . . .

WARNER FABIAN

"As one Sixteen to another, good morning and good luck. How are you?"

From Room Sixteen, Women's Private Ward, East Wing, to Room Sixteen, Men's Private Ward, West Wing:-

"What a pleasant surprise! Good morning to you. And how are you feeling?"

Reply, by return post:-

"Better since hearing from you. What is your speciality, if not too personal?"

Answer Number 2:-

"No more personal than one's leg usually is. Ankle with complications. And yours?"

There was a hiatus over Sunday, but Monday's first delivery supplied the information.

"Mine's a hip with frilla. How long are you in for?"

"About a month more."

"Good. I mean I'm sorry. Does it hurt much?"

"Not any longer. Did they stick you in a plaster cast?"

"Yes. Lined with iron filings and porcupine quills. Was yours?"

"Something of the sort. Did you try to kill the first fool who asked you if it tickled? I did. So they shut people out for a while. Do you get bored with too many visitors?"

"Don't have any. But I've made friends with a spider."

"We don't allow spiders in the East Wing."

Now East is East and West is West in the hospital world of Winchester, and never the twain shall meet except upon a basis of lively and stimulating rivalry. For the honor of his institution Mark Lindsay could not let this pass. His card went back, express delivery:-

"Neither do we. But I argued for his life and won. I swore I saw him catch a fly."

The obvious retort, by return, also bore an express delivery stamp:-

"He couldn't have in our hospital. Files are strictly contraband."

West contented himself with the regular post to convey his retort:-

"Don't be stupid. I lied to save my spider. He's a very endearing insect, and so athletic."

Naturally this annoyed East:-

"You're not improving my opinion of you. I don't like lies."

Which failed to squelch West, as his answer plainly showed:-

"What! Not in a good cause?"

East relented:-

"Well, of course. That's different. But you must never lie to me if we are to be friends."

This was distinctly encouraging. At least, West so regarded it.

"Certainly we are to be friends. Isn't it about time that I knew your name?"

East took a whole twenty-four hours before despatching a card to this effect:-

"Ann Hemingway. But you are not to ask any more questions. On your honor."

West could hardly come back quickly enough.

"I like it. I like it a lot. It helps me to get a picture of you. Mine is Mark Lindsay."

SAID the tall, plump, snoopy nurse in Women's Private Ward, East, to another:-

"Our Sixteen's got a new boy friend. Writes to her every day."

"Who is he?"

"Don't know. But he certainly picked our prize exhibit."

"I'll say he has! Flowers by the ton. Fancy eats and drinks by the wagon-load. Oh, boy!" She smacked her lips for the overflow from Room Sixteen had benefited the whole ward.

"He's funny, too," said the fat one. "Gives me a laugh every morning."

Her source of innocent amusement was rudely cut off when the daily communication began to arrive under a three-halfpenny stamp. It was still written on a postcard, as he superstitiously feared to

change the medium lest he lost his luck. But the writing could not be deciphered through the envelope. The fat nurse was quite disgruntled about it.

"Just as it was pepping up," she complained.

As indeed, it was. West had been devoting himself to an intensive study of his correspondent's chirography, which he found absorbing.

"Character fairly bulges out of your writing, Ann. I'm sure you've got a marvellous mind. And I'll bet you're pretty, into the bargain."

East stuck to the open postcard, which he (or she) who ran might (and did) read, for her cautious response.

"Some people have said so. But I thought it was character you were reading."

"So it is. But wouldn't you allow a fellow a little human courtesy? And isn't it about time we arranged to see each other?"

He considered the return to this evasive.

"Tell me where you've been living and what you were doing there."

Well, that showed personal interest, anyway. He replied modestly:-

"South American Jungle. Six years. The details are too technical to interest you."

"How do you know?"

Of course, he didn't know. So he wrote with enthusiasm of his great idea for extracting rare and profitable drugs from certain jungle growths. As soon as he could raise enough capital to expand the scheme he was going back. Number Sixteen, East, was flatteringly interested.

"I don't know much about such matters. But I have a friend who is something of an expert. And I sometimes have a little

money to invest on his advice. If he thinks well of it, we might take it up between us."

"Many thanks. But I don't want your money. Or his."

There was a pen-splatter, indicative of emotion, at the end.

"Tut-tut!" said Sixteen, East Wing, shaking her head. "Temper, Oh, my!"

Nevertheless, she enclosed the report to a name of some note in the City, having first edited it for personal interpolations. While she was studying the opinion which came back to her on the second day, she heard a progressive tumult in the corridor. Somebody was arriving under escort, and Number Sixteen had a good guess as to who it was. The door opened, confirming her guess in the revelation of a girlish vision, accompanied by three medical students who reluctantly let her go.

DARLING!" cried the vision, making a rush towards the bed. "How rotten!" Her eyes were wet, and all the lovelier for it.

"Hello, Ann," returned Sixteen. "Just in?"

Berthed this morning. Came straight here from the dock."

"You would." The convalescent smiled up into the concerned face.

"But you look marvellous. Was it awful?"

"Not after the spine got back into line. There's only the ankle now. What about you? Triumphant trip? Whom are you engaged to now? And how many?"

"None. It's all off. I've stopped trifling. You needn't grin. I have. What unbelievable flowers! And has everybody in the world written you? May I prawl?"

The girl moved about the luxurious room with the swift and detailed progress of an investigatory bird. "What are these postcards? All in the same writing. Cards are never private and personal, and all those dreary things, are they?"

"These are. But you may look."

Ann Torrance went through the first, or open series. "What does he look like? How old is he? What's his name?"

Please turn to Page 18

MARY-Mind-the-BABY

*Another short
story of "The Little Black Bag"
Series of Love and Adventure*

By ...

A. J. CRONIN

Author of "The Citadel"

THAT was what Finlay called her — though her name was Mary Reilly. As he passed on his round, seeing her standing at the opening of College Court with the enormous baby in her skinny arms, he would call out cheerfully: "And how's Mary-Mind-the-Baby to-day?"

Her eyes smiled back at him, those big, serious eyes that somehow seemed enormous in her inadequate little face. Then she would tighten the ragged scrap of shawl that bound the baby to her small, skimpy person, and very bashfully answer, "Fine."

The Reilly family lived in College Court, which is a small cul-de-sac leading out of College Street as you pass from the High Street to the Bankend Road.

Though the name sounds so delightful, conjuring up the uninitiated a vision of cloisters or some cathedral close, College Street is the worst slum in Levenford. Because of its narrowness it is locally known as the Vennel. And College Court is the foulest corner in that sewer of an alley—a rabbit warren of apartment houses with a single access through a damp and ill-lit "pen."

In one of these houses, then—that is to say, in a single room of this squalid tenement—the Reilly family had its being.

It was a large family, the Reilly family. Indeed, you might go so far as to say that, in relation to the total cubic capacity of its mansion, the Reilly family was enormous.

To be exact, there was the mother, the father, and children to the number of nine. Of these, Mary, aged fifteen, was the eldest, and Josey, aged six months, the youngest—though when Mary and Josey were together, which was always, the discrepancy in their years was not so manifest—for Mary looked so little, and the baby looked so big.

The Reillys, as their name implied, were Irish—Irish immigrants who, led by the "ould Paddy," as the father was known to his intimates—had come to Levenford from County Wexford to seek their fortune.

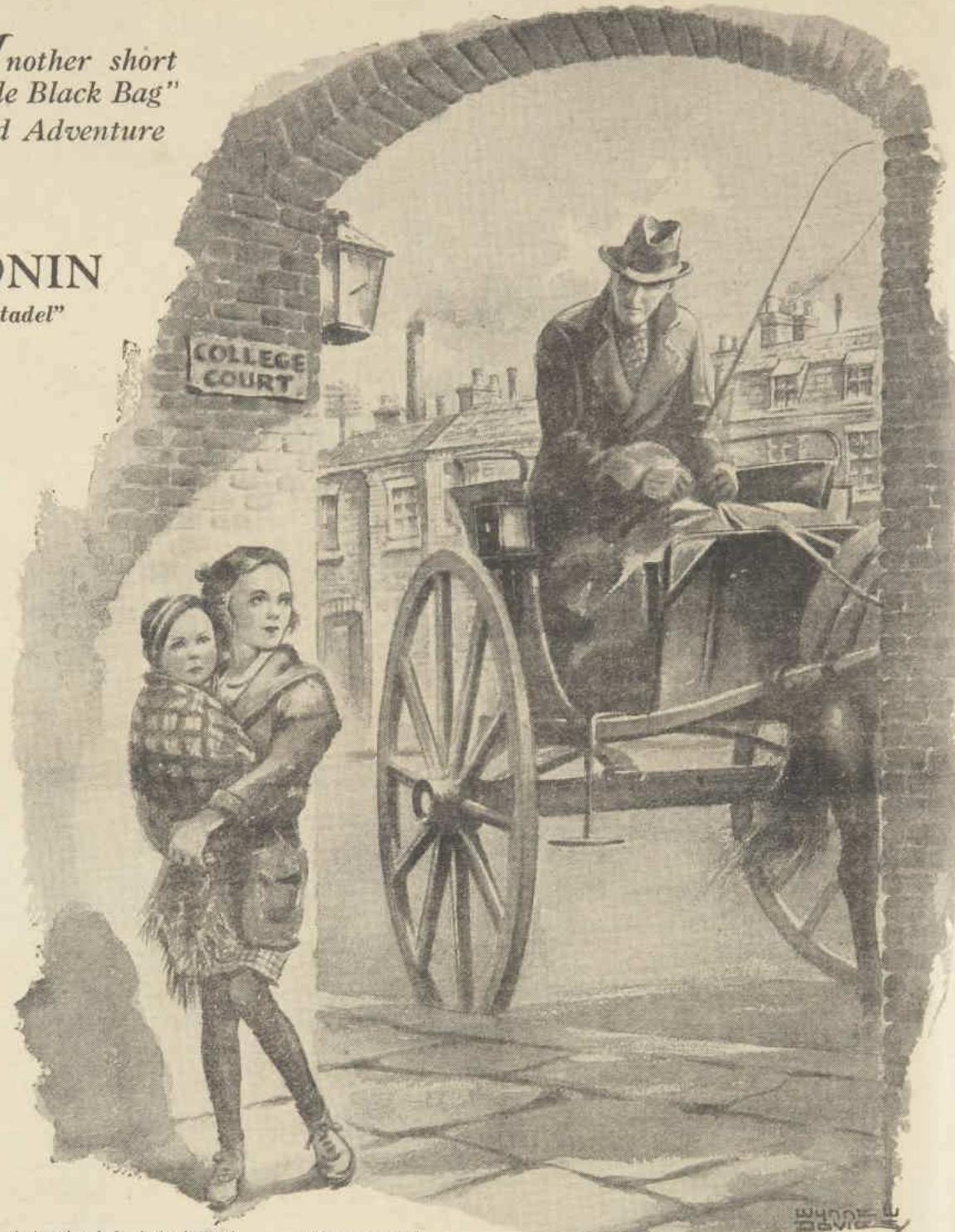
PADDY wasn't a bad chap, a great burly fellow, who sweated like a nigger, laboring in the shipyard. But Paddy's throat was as active as his pores.

Paddy had a thirst, a healthy thirst, for which, alas! his earning capacity was totally inadequate. In consequence, on pay days, Paddy would go up drunk and happy in the Fitter's Bar. Then he would come home without a penny of his wages and sing Irish melodies till warm, sentimental tears ran down his cheeks.

Teresa, Paddy's wife, would often weep, too, on those occasions, especially if she'd had the luck to be taken to the pub by Paddy. But whether or not, she never reproached her easy-going, good-for-nothing spouse. "Aah, well, devil the bit—a man must have a sup av porter in his time."

A lazy, shiftless, spineless, utterly good-natured person, that was Teresa Reilly, with her blouse undone, her hair half down her back, and her tongue clack-clacking all day long.

Endless cups of tea she would drink—while she gossiped away the hours; and then with a spectacular



Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

mother, he was in an extremely bad temper.

Cameron was on holiday at Rothsay, and for the last week he had been worked off his feet. An epidemic of enteritis was going strong; three nights running he had been disturbed by confinements, and here, to crown it all, was another.

"I'm not booked for this case," he declared crossly.

"Mistress Niven says you've got to come," panted Mary.

"Mistress Niven!" he exploded. "And what earthly good is Mistress Niven?"

"No good at all," she agreed, with those big, serious eyes glued beseethingly upon his. "But you're good. You're terrible good. You've got to come to help my mither. I'll pay you when I go to work. I'll pay you everything, I swear I will."

And to add to her entreaty she placed her thin hand upon his sleeve.

Standing at the opening of the College Court with the enormous baby in her skinny arms.

Finlay fumed. But he really had to go. Some quality in this grimy little child impelled him against his strongest inclination.

He left his lunch upon the table and followed her to College Court.

From the first, then, Finlay sensed the temper of Mary's spirit. But the more he knew of her, the more he marvelled.

Her competence really was amazing. She had the slum child's elemental knowledge—an absolute unblushing knowledge of life's mysteries mingled with an innocence that was sublime.

Those wide Madonna eyes, set in that small, unlovely face held the wisdom and the purity of the ages. But more than that—they held a fathomless fount of love.

Finlay discussed it often with the curate of St. Patrick's. They were

the best of friends, Father Scanlan and himself.

"She's a mother," Scanlan would say in his fruity brogue, "a perfect little mother. That's the force that fills her life. Sure—and his eyes would light with a religious fervor—"sure, they did right to call her Mary."

When Josey was six months old Finlay stopped at the pen of College Court. Mary was there as usual, minding the baby, nursing the precocious, pappy-faced infant with gentle, swaying movements of her body.

"By the by, Mary," he declared abruptly. "I want to give you something. You've been such a little brick—you know—helping me like you did. Come on, now, tell me what you want."

Please turn to Page 30

The ROAD to RENO



*Second Thrilling
Instalment of Our Grand,
Romantic New Serial . . .*

—By—

I. A. R. WYLIE

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

WHEN beautiful Gillian Meredith and her brother, Peter, last of an aristocratic English family, find themselves in financial difficulties and in danger of losing the ancestral home, she decides to marry for money. Charles Crawshay, who is in love with her beauty, marries her knowing she is sacrificing herself for financial security, but is satisfied with the arrangement.

After her marriage Gillian discovers a sadistic strain in her husband's character, and realises her mistake.

Meanwhile in Nevada, Jon Fortress, the embittered owner of the state's largest ranch, is faced with failure after torrential rains in which he loses most of his cattle. He attempts to withhold facts from his great-aunt, Minerva, half-paralysed and blind, who has lived her long life on the property, and finds a solution to his financial problems when he is approached by a syndicate to turn his property into a "dude" ranch. Though reluctant to adopt this plan, he feels there is no alternative.

THE tall fair young man lounging in the embrasure of the big studio window took curious note of Gillian. The last thing he had done on arriving with Cecil Bragdon was to desert her for the supper-table, from which he had snaffled a glass and an unopened bottle of champagne.

He was feeling better now and able to pay attention. He knew everyone in the room except this girl. She was by herself, too, standing under that ghastly Spanish primitive representing the artistic disembowelling of St. Somebody or Other. He had seen quite a few of this crowd look as she did now. But it didn't last long. It was extraordinary how quickly Charles' people took on his tone and color—perhaps out of an instinct of self-preservation. But she was still provocatively herself—whatever she was. He wanted to know. Her thick short hair, brushed back from a low broad forehead, looked black until she moved and then it had a brumé sheen like a helmet.

The girl was coming across to him, weaving her way in and out of the crowd with an air of cool purpose. "She's running away," Belmont thought, "and trying to pretend she isn't." She stood beside him in the window, not seeing him, her hands clasped behind her back in an unselfconscious schoolgirl attitude that in that setting was rather touching. She wasn't an American. No American girl of any age would be quite so young. As she turned to move away he felt an overpowering desire to talk to her.

"You're taking an unfair advan-

As she turned to move away he felt an overpowering desire to talk to her.

tage of us," he said. "You're cold sober."

She turned this time quickly, startled and distrustful. But then, seeing perhaps how young he was, she smiled faintly.

"Why is it unfair?"

YOU see us making unpleasant fools of ourselves just when we think we're being unusually brilliant and amusing. It's not really fair to you. It would be much easier for you to see life through the bright veil of slight obfuscation. You'll come to it in time—"

She took his glass.

"I'm cold," she said like a child.

"You're not really. You're starved for fresh air. Let's go out on the terrace. It's a lovely night. You're used to be out-of-doors, aren't you? I guess you're English."

"Am I? I don't know. At home they say I'm not—and here they say I am. So I suppose I'm nothing—"

"Married?"

CHARACTERS YOU WILL MEET IN THIS STORY

GILLIAN MEREDITH, aristocratic English beauty, who marries for his money.

CHARLES CRAWSHAY, wealthy American, noted for his ruthlessness.

PETER MEREDITH, Gillian's brother, ambitious for political power.

FRANCIS BELMONT, young painter.

JON FORTNESS, rancher.

MINERVA, his great-aunt, colorful figure of the family's more prosperous days.

JENNY, his frivolous wife, who deserts him for a cabaret career.

JESSE LAWSON, divorce lawyer.

She thought that over.

"More or less. The goods delivered are as specified—"

"—but not good for much," he suggested, grinning. "Well—you shouldn't, you know. What I mean is you can't honestly be here at all. I can't imagine what Charles has got on you. But it looks as though he'd got a lot. He's a fine fellow, Charles. Or perhaps you don't know him very well?"

She laughed to herself. Her elbow rested on the parapet, her chin framed between her hands. The wind was blowing her hair sleekly back from her face. She looked, he thought, like the figurehead of a small ship setting out on an unknown, fathomless sea.

"I don't think I do."

THE soul of kindness. I owe my life to him. Yes—absolutely. I'm a painter. I'd be a greater painter if I lived. But a certain little affair du coeur will see to it that I don't. I painted a picture once—an Old Master—I'd picked up some tricks from a dealer. It was the only picture I ever sold. A purblind millionaire gave me four thousand bucks for it.

"A tidy sum for an opus by Francis Belmont, but not much for a van Brueghel. Then just as I'd tucked my hard-earned money away safely Charles blows in. He spotted it. He spotted me, too. He's a connoisseur, you know— He said the picture was a bargain and offered the old gorilla what he paid for it. So, of course, afterwards he wouldn't listen to the other big-pots—" He laughed and his laughter failed suddenly. She saw him grimace with pain. "Never go out into the fresh air when you're drunk," he gasped with a mock earnestness. "It makes you drunker and you talk a lot of nonsense—"

She turned to him, considering him intently.

"Is it nonsense? It sounds as though you'd done something rather silly and Charles had done something rather kind—"

"Devilishly silly. Devilishly kind. But that's me. And that's Charles. I assure you there isn't a soul back there in that very peculiar room who doesn't owe him a kindness. A big kindness, mind you. The sort you can't pay off or escape from. He couldn't bear it if you did. It would almost kill him." He put his hand on hers. "Don't owe him a kindness. You really shouldn't. You're young and beautiful. You may be good, too, for all I know. Charles is a connoisseur—"

He broke off. The glass door behind them had been pushed softly open.

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WOMAN on BOARD

Thrilling story of
the sea, and of a woman's
quick wit and stratagem

EVERYBODY had been very kind, but as Mary Breen closed her cabin door a peculiar, soundless warning seemed to pulse through her brain.

The ship was steady, outside was a rising sea domed with a black vault brilliant with stars. Someone had said something about the glass failing, and there had been a quickening in the eyes and actions of the officers and crew, but curiously enough the coming storm itself was not the reason for that chilling, indefinite something that could not be dismissed from the mind.

Up to a point the voyage had been a joy. It was not a passenger ship, and Mary was the only woman on board. She did not realise, of course, that deep-rooted are the superstitions of the sea, and that while all were kind to her the eyes of many of the crew veiled resentment and anger at this flouting of fate. A woman on board!

Sydney was now only a memory, although a vivid one. That swift swan of the seven seas the Sobran, attended by a thrashing, paddle-wheel tugboat, had followed them through the Heads, had spread her wings and gone over the blue into the south.

Mary, neat in straw hat and wind-blown veil, silk blouse and Holland skirt, as charming a Gibson Girl as any who affected the fashion, sent a kiss after the vanishing ship and wished all on her a good voyage.

But not until this night, a fortnight after leaving Sydney, did premonition send its first frosty little chill into her consciousness. This strange foreboding momentarily banished the smile from her eyes and lips.

SHE bolted the cabin door, thankful that she was alone, yet realising premonition sprang from that fact. What was wrong? What was the matter? Was it that the eyes of the men were more direct and searching than they had been? Was some intuitive sense of disaster the reason and cause of her present fear?

Yes; it was fear. As the bolt shot home she knew it. The ship was different, the men were different. Lips that had smiled grimly now lifted in a sardonic snarl. Mary stood swaying, aware that the ship was pitching more heavily than before. There was a sharper hiss in the passing waves, a deeper whine in the wind beyond the glass. The screw throbbed heavily, and raced a little as the stern lifted, while through the high rigging heard even down in the cabin where she stood, was that ominous moaning note that sounded like the far call of sea devils.

It came to her now that a situation at first regarded as daring because of an innocent defiance of convention was in fact at this moment developing into menace. Circumstance had willed that she be accepted on this man's ship, for after the call from Suva had come she had had no time to pick and choose any other vessel. A letter, an hour at the bank, a few minutes in the agent's verminous office, and then a swift packing and then the ship.

And now fear. It mounted with the storm. She would not undress. In the tiny cabin she paced and lurched, hanging on to her bunk when the ship seemed to curl over like a windblown leaf. She knew the crew were fighting the cyclone. Above the screaming of wind and

sea faint shouts were burled from point to point. She heard these voices, puny sounds against the booming diapason of the hurricane. More than once was she tempted to go out on deck, but fear, and not of the storm, kept the cabin sealed.

The storm had come like a sudden clap of hands. It was only a matter of minutes, it seemed, since she had bolted the door. There had been no storm then, but now the ship was writhing and tortured, and blood oozed from a tiny cut where she had struck her forehead against the jutting clothes closet. She wondered what Matthew Scott was doing. Was he also shut in his cabin? But it did not matter. He was a silent fellow, aloof and quiet. Only once had they spoken together.

She had said something about the call and charm of the sea. He had looked at her, had murmured "Indeed?" and had walked away. A sudden hammering on her door made her whirl and stare at it. Again the door shook under a powerful fist.

"Who is it?" she called.
"Scott," came faintly. "Better get out of there. I'll wait for you here."

She drew the bolt and dodged the door as it crashed back.
"What is it?" she panted.
He gave her a quick look.

"Never mind your clothes—never mind anything—"
Her voice came up.
"What is it—"

The door swung again and threw her towards him. He steadied her.
"Quick—can't stay here—" he rasped. "We're right under the cliffs of the land we watched at sunset—"

"But that land was miles away—"
"It's yards away now—"

The heaving passage-way was a blur of dim light, shadow, and movement. As she ran with him the ship struck and sent them crashing against the wood. The lights went out.

"Hold on to me!" he shouted.
"Yes!" she whispered.
She felt herself dragged and lifted up the heaving stairs. Speech was impossible in the thunder of grinding timber and the furious howl of the sea.

"Deck—"
The word seemed to mean nothing, yet she knew he had carried her up from the splintering chaos below. There was no throb of engines now, darkness was over everything. The bright stars of the early evening were smothered behind a pall of raging cloud.

"Can you stand?"
"Yes."
"They're working at the boats—"

A thin, metallic knocking penetrated the steady roar.
"Davis—swinging out—in with you—"

Something struck her back, and she seemed to crumple and collapse. Then she was lifted again, and above the cries and the wind the jerking of the seat under her told of the ship's boat going down to meet the sea. That second blow seemed to jar her spine and leave her ears empty of sound. The boat had been hit, lifted and then

Seamanship cast off dragging ropes, the swirl of the sea twisted the boat like a top.

Complete Short Story...

By E. V. TIMMS

dropped. Seamanship cast off dragging ropes, the swirl of the sea twisted the boat like a top. There was a tumult of storm, of thudding oars, of screaming commands, of deep, wind-clipped oaths. Scott's voice seemed to come from the other side of the world.

"Hold on to me—"

She had forgotten him, but now she became aware of iron-like fingers biting into the flesh of her arm.

"Yes—" she said again.

And that was all. Sound, movement, consciousness—all seemed to sweep past and away. Scott held her as she slumped across him, held her throughout that night of despair, held her until the dawn showed the tumbling sea to be empty, showing no sign of land or ship.

Slowly she sat up, unable to bring the night and the wreck back into focus. She looked at Matthew Scott.

"Better?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Good. You're lucky to be alive. So am I."

"Yes."
"Feel drowsy? You've had a bad shaking."
"Yes."
"Prop yourself against me. You might as well sleep."

She slept. It was dusk when her eyes opened. The sea was down. Exhausted seamen sprawled about in heavy sleep. The boat lapped its lazy way to nowhere under the early stars. She looked at Scott.

"Thank you," she said.

He grinned at her.

"The call and charm of the sea—" he murmured.

She nodded.
"Where are we?" she asked.
He shook his head.
"I don't know. Just adrift."

Illustrated by VIRGIL

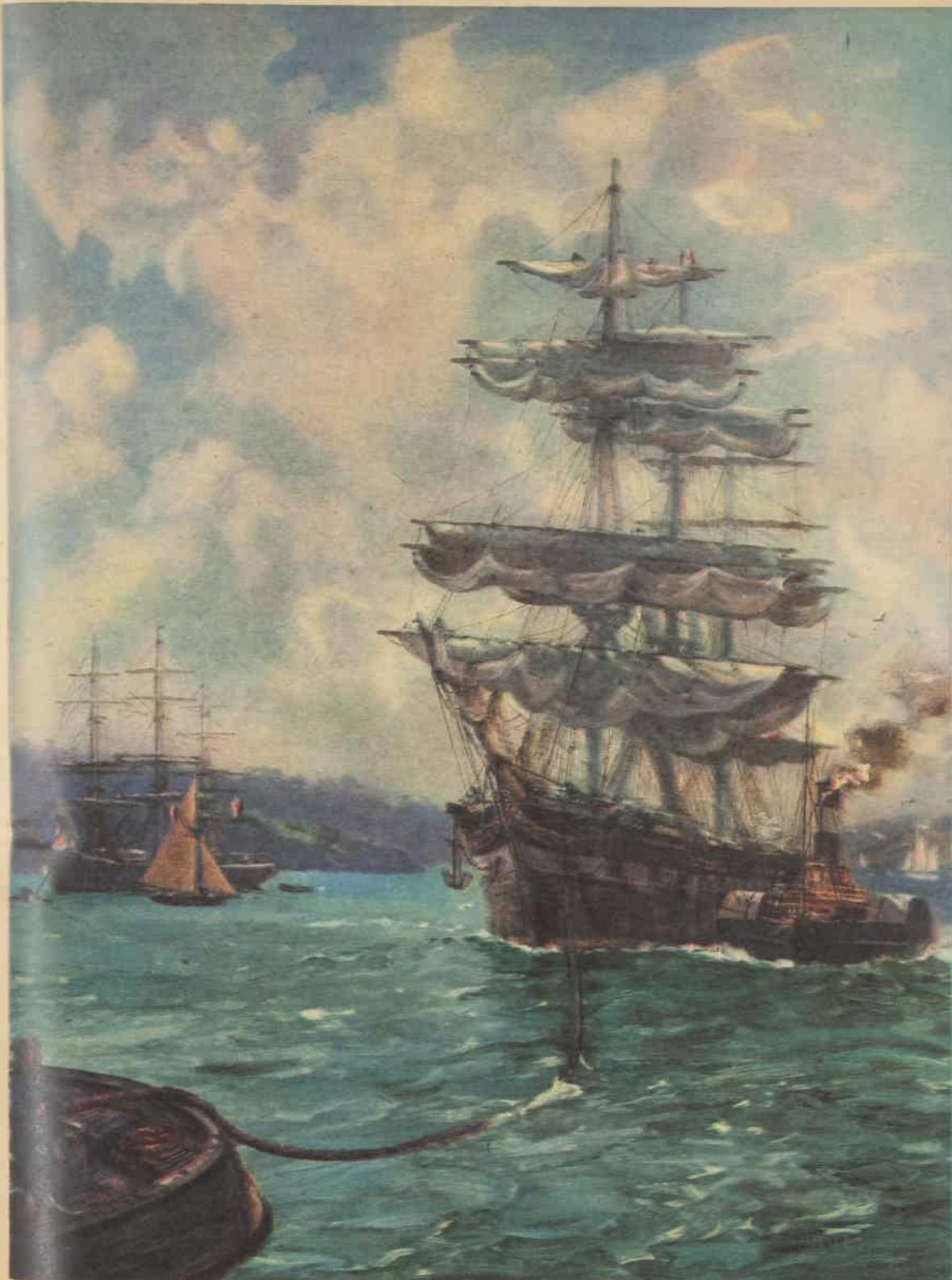
She saw him glance at the men and frown, then her eyes turned to look at the sea. It was again silky and deceitful. Gone were the awful power and rage. Smooth now the darkening sheen went away to illimitable distances on all sides. All at once she realised that the little boat was as a tiny world in space, and that on it were seven men and a woman. One by one she looked at the sleeping men. Scott watched her. All the fear that had been known in the cabin before the storm had struck was flooding back upon her. Scott saw that sudden shrinking, the swift narrowing of her eyes, the thinning of her lips.

"I thought . . . there were more in the boat . . ." she muttered.

"It was full when it swung out from the ship," he said quietly.

Continued on Next Page





The Sobroan, attended by a thrashing, paddle-wheel tugboat, had followed them through the heads.

"Then where are the others?" she asked quickly.

He looked away from her.

"The boat came down with a dash—all except ourselves and these men are—"

I understand. Have we food and water?

He hesitated for a moment.

"No," he said.

"But—" she began.

He struggled as her voice trailed away. There was nothing that could be said. Presently she asked:

"But what shall we do?"

He spoke quietly.

"Just wait, I suppose."

"But for what?"

He looked out over the water. She spoke again.

"But if no ship comes—"

He nodded.

"The men are waking," was all he said.

She watched them. They did not speak when one by one they awakened, but one by one they turned

and stared at her. It was the red-haired man who growled:

"We said it, mates—a woman aboard."

The man next to the speaker, a foxy-faced, ferret-eyed dock rat answered:

"An' she's still aboard—"

Scott spoke.

"Do any of you men know where we are?"

The red-haired giant snarled:

"You got eyes, ain't yer? An' only for 'er—we wouldn't be 'ere—"

Another man said:

"An' Darkie, an' Swift, an' Jones, an' Barker . . . wouldn't be dead. That's what comes of 'avin' a woman aboard."

Scott spoke again.

"All that gets us nowhere. Miss Breen is here, and it's up to us to do what we can for her—"

A pair of ferret's eyes blazed at him.

"That ain't for you to say, Mister. There ain't no water an' no grub in this boat—"

"Then I can't deprive you of either food or water," said Mary.

"No," the red-haired one flung at her. "But we got lives to lose, same's our mates 'ad—"

"Then if you would save them, you'd better do something about it," said Scott grimly.

"Maybe we will, Mister," said Ferret-eyes slowly.

"Meaning?" came Scott's cold voice.

"Pipe down, pipe down," said another man. "There's time enough, an' maybe we ain't sunk yet—"

But Ferret-eyes showed his teeth in a snarl.

"I'm sayin' now what I said at first—we're all dead men with a woman aboard. There's only one place for 'er—"

No one spoke as he paused. White faced, Mary sat staring at them. Scott was watching them coolly.

"Very well," he said at last. "You'd better throw her overboard. Who'll do it? It's murder, you know—if we get through—"

From a painting by the celebrated marine artist

JOHN ALLCOT

"Murder—" muttered someone.

"Pipe down, pipe down," the thin man behind Ferret-eyes advised.

The red-haired Hercules stood up.

For a moment he stared round at the empty sea. Then, without looking at the girl, he sat down again.

"Murder," she heard him growl.

"So—you can't do it, eh?" said Scott. He looked at Ferret-eyes. "What about you? You'd look well later on with a thick rope knotted under your left ear—"

"Pipe down, pipe down—" said the thin man.

Ferret-eyes swallowed hard and said nothing.

"It's near dark, anyway," complained Red-head.

"But," Scott went on pleasantly,

"all the better for that—"

"Pipe down, pipe down," said the thin man.

Scott shrugged as he turned to Mary.

Beauty

I shall never tire of loving,
Never tire of wonderment,
Wells of infinite completeness,
Ecstasies, and high content.
Life has all my heart is seeking,
Sadly old or gaily new,
Freedom and a winding pathway,
Beauty, and a song for you.
—Yvonne Webb.

"They'll put up with you," he said with a laugh.

"It ought to be done," said Ferret-eyes stubbornly.

"Pipe down, pipe down," said the thin man.

"Now," said Scott, "where are we, and where are we going?"

"Dunno," said Red-head.

"Dunno—" muttered the others.

"I know . . ." faltered Mary.

Instantly all eyes stared hard at her.

"She knows," sneered the Ferret.

"Pipe down, pipe down—" shilled the thin man.

"And what is more," the girl said slowly, "I can read the stars—"

"She can read the stars—" scoffed the Ferret.

"Pipe down!" snarled the thin man.

"You mean—you can navigate, Miss Breen?" asked Scott.

She nodded.

"Yes. But why should I? These men—"

"Will do just as you say. Without a navigator they haven't a chance. If you can read the stars for us, and set a course for Suva—they have a chance. And . . . they'll take it . . ."

"Well . . ." growled Red-head awkwardly. "That's different—"

"There's only one place for 'er—" said Ferret-eyes viciously.

"Pipe down!" howled the thin man. "If this 'ere lady can set a course—"

"Grab them oars," said the red-haired one gruffly. "You take the steering oar, Miss—"

The girl sat still and silent.

"Ain't you goin' to set a course, Miss?" the giant asked.

"A moment ago you threatened me, came in cold, measured tones. It was in the minds of some of you to kill me—"

Pipe down—I mean—oh, blow me down, don't you take any notice to them tools, Miss—" panted the thin man.

"You," said the girl, staring at Red-head. "And you," to the Ferret, "accuse me of being responsible for the wreck—"

"We was mistook—" rumbled Hercules.

"Wasn't we, Durby?"

The Ferret blinked.

"No, we wasn't—"

"Pipe down!" choked the thin man.

"I'll knock 'im down," said Hercules.

"Don't touch him," said the girl. "You forgot the rope. He threatened me with intent to murder—and for that he can hang—"

The Ferret sat still. Then slowly he put one gnarled hand up to his ear and stroked the side of his neck.

"I didn't mean nothin'—" he muttered humbly.

"And you?"

The red-haired colossus breathed heavily.

"I didn't mean nothin'—" he said gruffly.

"I take the steering oar," said the girl.

"I'll come with you," said Scott.

"I'll do the steering for you—"

"Thank you," she whispered.

"Which is the star?"

Scott spoke out of the side of his mouth as the oars dipped.

"Just point to the east—they'll think you're setting the course—"

"If you hadn't been a navigator—" she panted.

"Don't let them hear that," he chuckled. "Suva's just over the rim—"

The hoarse voice of Red-head interrupted.

"I alias said a woman was good luck—"

"It was me that said that—" snarled the Ferret.

"Pipe down, pipe down—" said the thin man.

The girl turned to Scott.

"Thank you—"

He drew her arms through his.

"Pipe down," he retorted. "We'll navigate together from now on—"

(Copyright.)

I HAVE been looking for you, Gillian. You will catch cold out here. I'm so glad. Francis, that you and my wife have met each other. I expect he's told you—he paints marvellous pictures. Perhaps one day he'll paint—shall we say—an Old Master of you. Or might I be allowed a slightly ribald jest?

They had both turned to him. His face looked abnormally large and white in the vague darkness.

"His wife! I told you it wasn't fair!" Francis Belmont said.

Old Luigi felt that his money had been well spent. It was astonishing what a lick of paint and a lot of intelligence had done for the old place. It had kept its rugged he-man quality and had acquired twenty blue-and-white creameen bedrooms and tiled bathrooms.

The huge living-room built by that megalomaniac, Ezra Fortness, had a dance floor and an alcove with a roulette table. Luigi had had a furious fight over the roulette table. The peculiar young man had behaved like a haulking horse.

There was a tang of frost in the still air and Luigi shivered down into his thick citrine coat. But he wasn't worrying. Most of the dude ranches closed down for the winter, but Grey Timber was going to start a winter-cure that would make a lot of couples who were preparing to tolerate each other until the spring advance their schedule of matrimonial grievances. His own plans, piling one upon another, made him feel a little giddy.

Dances, orchestras, bridge-tournaments, maybe winter sports back in the mountains. He had run up a guest-house for visitors from the town who didn't want to face the fifty miles' drive back—or who just

couldn't. He'd send down one of his best croupiers for the week-ends. It would be a sort of Country Club as well as an honest-to-goodness cattle ranch with an honest-to-goodness cattle man of straight pioneer stock looking as though he hated the whole show and everyone in it.

"His feeling the way he does," Luigi said to Jessie Lawson as they tramped back from the new building to the Ranch House, "is an asset. There ain't nothing that a lot of society folk like better than someone all faced up with righteousness. When the women find out what he thinks of divorce they won't rest till one of 'em marries him."

"They won't get much rest," Lawson said. "He reckons he is married. He means Bess to come back."

Luigi chewed on his cigar. "She may at that—when she sees things humming. Or when that voice of hers cracks once too often. She's what they call a torch-singer now. Maybe they don't have to have a voice."

It was rather like a funeral procession, Lawson thought, with an invisible corpse and Jon Fortness following it alone. Behind them trailed Cousin Mabby and Salt and Cockeye, and Lin Wong bringing up the rear.

Fortness stopped on the Ranch-House steps and turned on them.

"I guess, gentlemen, you've seen everything—"

He wasn't even going to ask them in for a drink. Well—he looked as though he had taken all he could stand. Even Luigi could see that. He began to feel uncomfortable and anxious to be gone.

"I guess so. We're all set. Everything but the boarders. The first batch'll be arriving next week.

The Road to Reno

Continued from Page 7

You've got the lists, Jon. And if you don't feel like meetin' em—"

"No—I'll meet them. I'll be all right—" He added quickly. "I'll do my best—"

Somewhat that was disconcerting, too—almost moving like a kid setting his teeth to face a bad pain. Luigi shuffled into the driver's seat of his big car and Lawson was glad to crawl in beside him.

"Sure, son. I know you will."

Fortness watched them till he reached the bend of the first grade. Then he turned to the rest of the procession. He looked them over with hard unsmiting eyes. He wanted to say to them, "You're my family. You're all I've got left. We've got to hold together against what's happening to us." But he wasn't strong enough to risk it. He said curdly, "There's just one thing—Anyone who tells Great-Aunt what's going on here—gets set-down—after I've done with him."

He didn't have to say anything to Mabby. She understood as well as he did that Great-Aunt had to be protected. He turned and went into the house.

Great-Aunt Minerva's room was in the old wing of the house. Its shabby Victorian comfort hadn't been touched. It was like coming home.

"What's happening in this place?" she'd asked once. "There's been goings and comings enough to wake the dead—"

"The bank's standing back of me after all," he'd told her. "We're tidy—things up—making a fresh start—"

She'd said after a moment, "Well—I told you we'd pull out somehow—Mind you grade-up your stock, Jon

Fortness. Your Uncle Ezra always said that a strain of Durham was a good thing for this country— She had seemed satisfied. At least she asked no more questions. She didn't know—though she must have heard them stomping about the house and Luigi's loud emphatic voice. She looked towards him. Somehow he never could believe that she was really blind.

There was a book on her knees.

"I'm tired of myself, Jon. Read to me."

He settled down meekly to read to her.

T

HEY met by accident outside the Ritz. Francis Belmont hadn't seen Gillian Crawshay since the night of the party nearly two months ago. Not a long time. But he hardly recognised her. She was just like all the other women—too well-dressed, too smooth, wearing her carefully made-up face like a visor. But she recognised him at once. Which was surprising since he had gone down hill so fast and so furiously. She even seemed glad.

"Let's have a drink together—"

"Sure. But you'll have to pay for it. I'm broke—"

She laughed.

"I've got money—nothing but—"

They had a couple of cocktails before they got beyond the usual exchange of commonplaces.

"How are you?"

"Dying nicely on my feet. They're more comfortable than my present bed and nobody bothers me about their rent."

"Why haven't you been to see us?"

He looked at her quickly.

"Well—I fell in love with you. Regardless of the cracked and leaky state of my heart, I fell violently. That gave me a curious disillusionment to adore you as Charles' wife or to eat even the choicest morsels out of his hand. I've been painting soft pastel colors on the photographs of dewy debutantes and making a living. As you see—I'm not living much." He let her order another round. "I wish more and more that we hadn't met again."

"Disillusioned?"

"Hardly that. Maudlinly regretful for the inevitable. It all comes of earning an honest living—"

She met his quizzical eyes with a hard bright reticence.

"I'm earning it all right."

"Sure you are. Just one of those fine modern girls keeping the homefires burning for the whole family."

"I'm not. I'm frightfully happy. As a matter of fact this is my red-letter day. My brother's flying down from Montreal. He's a secretary to a big pot and the big pot's given him three days' leave. I haven't seen Peter since I was married—"

"Nearly three months ago. What an eternity. And a brother. So you do love someone—"

"I don't want to love anyone else."

"You will. Not me, of course. I wasn't hinting. But someone. And then what—"

"Then nothing. It's just not going to happen."

"H

OW final. I see that a change of conversation is now in order. And how do you like America, Mrs. Crawshay?"

She looked around her.

"Is this America?"

"My pa and ma wouldn't say so. My pa and ma came from the wide open spaces where men are men and women are women and you can tell the difference at first glance. They're so big and fine themselves that there was nothing left over to give me—except an inappropriate, unappropriate for a paint-brush."

"In the good days pa used to run cattle. But he was just one of the little fellers and the depression busted him. But they've got a shack of their own again and a couple of chickens and pa says when I come home to lend a hand he's going to stock up in a big way—" He laughed softly. "So I don't go home."

"Don't you want to?"

He stared intently at the bottom of his empty glass.

"I did. If you want to know that's what made me put van Bruegel's mark on a perfectly nice opus of my own. I couldn't get back to them with a cracked heart and a busted bank account. They didn't know what I was all about anyhow. But they'd done their best by me. They'd had trouble enough."

Y

OU had that four thousand. Why didn't you go—?"

He met her intent demanding eyes fleetingly.

"Charles seemed to take such a fancy to me. He said it would be a great mistake—"

She relaxed like someone who has received a dreaded but expected answer.

"What does he want with us?" she asked.

"Ah, my child. That's another interesting question. Perhaps our old friend, Freud, could answer it. Charles is a very interesting man. He likes to own things. Have you noticed that? He likes to experiment with his possessions—just to see what makes them work and to be quite sure that they are his possessions and not running a little secret revolution against him."

"Let's have another drink—" she said.

"You've had enough."

"You don't know what I need. We're giving a dinner-party. And afterwards we're driving to the aerodrome to meet Peter. It sounds so jolly—"

"Only Charles' parties aren't jolly. You've found that out—"

She looked at him with a direct bewildered pleading.

"Why aren't they? Why do I have to make a beast of myself to go through with them? What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing," he said. He sat quiet for a moment looking at the crowded bar with a morose dullness. Then he went on hurriedly—"If I had a heart I'd pick you up by the scruff of your neck and take you home with me. I'd show you the real country—the real people. I'd buy you one of those nice cheap little divorces we grow out with and a farm. And we'd raise chickens and live by the sweat of our brows and forget we'd ever been so scared—"

"I couldn't go—not if you had three hearts."

"No," he said. "Of course not. You're earning somebody's honest living. And I haven't a heart anyway. It's foolishness on my part to care what becomes of you—"

"It's silly—but I care what becomes of you, too—"

"Well—isn't that nice?" he said grinning.

They had their fourth drink. And then he saw her into a taxi.

T

HE house was very quiet and she moved softly as though she were afraid to wake someone.

She dressed and came down early. The drinks were already set out on a side-table where Charles liked to mix his special variations. She helped herself. She'd got to get through dinner and then meet Peter and convince him she was happy. She wondered vaguely where Mitzi had gone. Mitzi always came when she was alone. She seemed to know by instinct and then nothing would hold her. Gill missed the sound of the hurried, scratching little paws. She rang, and the Filipino butler answered her with a familiar but always disconcerting immediacy.

"Mitzi not here," he answered, looking at her with empty eyes.

As though their voices had been a signal the door on the gallery opened, making a bright square of light in the deep shadow. Charles stood against it, looking down at her. He was in full evening dress. An immaculate figure, his face white and blank as his shirt-front. For once he did not close the door behind him.

"I was listening for you, my dear. Did you enjoy yourself? Francis is an amusing companion—especially after the third cocktail. I used to be very fond of him. But he has not been grateful—"

She felt stricken, as though a nerve centre had been injured.

"How did you know—?"

"That you were with Francis? Is it a secret? Surely, my dear. It is my privilege to watch over you. I shouldn't have a moment's peace not knowing where you were—or whether you were safe in this mad city. It may be an old-fashioned form of devotion. But then in my quaint way I am old-fashioned." He smiled. "You were looking for Mitzi. Won't you come up?"

She seemed to have no control over her own limbs. They obeyed him. He waited for her without speaking, as she slowly, leadenly climbed the narrow staircase to his side. She knew that he was angry with an anger beyond her imagining. For the first time she was to know him. She was as terrified as a child caught in the toils of a shapeless nightmare.

Please turn to Page 14.

SPRING TONICS



EVERLOC

SHARKTEX

floraloc

STYLED EXCLUSIVELY BY

Spectator
SPORTSWEAR

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen, when we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"I say, Harry, what's Dick's handicap?"
"A bad temper."



1ST BURGLAR (examining papers in safe, to mate): It's going to be tough on this fellow, Harry. He's let his burglary policy lapse.



"Mopsy, ask Jim if he'd like to stay to dinner."
"Hush, Mamma, we've quarrelled and aren't speaking!"



Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

TEACHER: Now, Tommy, I want you to give me an instance which proves a proverb true.

Tommy: My uncle, who was a pig farmer, left £3000 when he died, and my grandfather, who was a soldier, left £200.

Teacher: And what proverb does that prove, Tommy?

Tommy: The pen is mightier than the sword.

TOM: Are rosy cheeks a sign of health?

Sister: Yes, of course.

Tom: Well, you're more healthy on one side than the other.

JESSIE: Hermione has broken off her engagement to that young man who wrote such beautiful blank verse.

Tessie: Yes. She has accepted a man who writes beautiful blank cheques.

SMALL BOY: Mamma, do fairytales always begin, "Once upon a time?"

Mother: No, dear; often they begin with, "I have been detained at the office."

MAGISTRATE: Young woman, I am afraid you have been fined for motoring offences far too often.

Sweet Young Thing: Really? Do you mean that I can get a refund?

FIRST HUSBAND: Has your wife been fighting?

Second Ditto: Fighting? Why, no.

"Well, what's that pad over her eye?"

"Pad? That's not a pad. That's her hat!"

ARTIST: Nice studio you have here, George! How much a month do you owe for it?

"The horse wanted to go one way and I wanted to go another—so he tossed me for it!"

Put an End To Those

CHILBLAINS & FOOT TROUBLES

With The Aid Of

Zam-Buk

ARE you subject to annoying chilblains every time there's a return of cold weather? It's not only the pain and discomfort you have to contend with but there's always a danger of chilblains breaking and becoming septic.

You can be free from chilblains all winter if you follow this easy treatment. Just give your feet—and your hands, too—a nightly rub over with Zam-Buk. This restores circulation, ends

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

and where the skin is broken gives complete antiseptic protection. If your feet are aching or tired, or you have hard growths, before applying Zam-Buk bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly, especially between the toes.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus, with Zam-Buk's aid, corns are softened and easily removed, aching joints, ankles, toes and feet are soothed and strengthened and real foot comfort is assured.

1/6 or 3/6 a tin. Of all chemists & stores



"The chilblains on my feet were swollen and extremely painful. I was persuaded to use Zam-Buk Ointment, which brought great ease, reduced the swelling and completely removed the annoying chilblains.—Miss G. M."

"As a health writer I'm on my feet a lot during the day. I find Zam-Buk very valuable in keeping my feet easy and comfortable. My father, too, enjoys sound sleep by using Zam-Buk.—Nurse B. S."

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

THE 60 YEARS OLD REMEDY FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

An Editorial

AUGUST 27, 1938

WHAT DOCTORS SHOULD TELL

THE medical profession is very much in the public eye these days.

It is almost tragically silent on issues vital to the health of the nation, but it speaks with a very definite voice when issues touching its own interests are opened up in the Commonwealth or a State Parliament.

The people of Australia have heard a great deal about the privations which doctors would have suffered if the original capitation fee provided in the National Health Insurance Bill had been definitely retained by the Government.

Quite right for the doctors to present a case for the reasonable recognition of their rights. It is clear that they have a strong organisation to argue for their claims and rewards.

In disturbing contrast is the absence of any effective organisation to bring home to the masses the value of the advances made in modern medical science.

Medical science has advanced amazingly, but, according to Professor J. B. S. Haldane, it is becoming harder and harder to apply its results in practice.

People die every day because of their ignorance of simple health safeguards. Women and babies die every day through sheer ignorance.

How many women know that, according to British statistics, 91 per cent. of the cases of breast cancer and half the cases of uterine cancer operated on at a sufficiently early stage five years ago are still alive and have had no recurrence of the disease?

How many people know that the worst cases of diabetes can be cured by two or three daily injections of insulin?

Professor Haldane suggests these questions. They are a challenge to the medical profession.

The efficacy of preventive measures and the splendid results obtained from early treatment of diseases once considered hopeless should be brought home to everyone.

Surely the time has come when the doctors should set up an organisation to spread to the public the good news of modern developments in medical science.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRIC OF LIFE

PERHAPS

Tread gently, if you tread at all,
Over the dreams you used to know,
The fragile fancies of your youth
That lived and blossomed long ago.

Tread softly, for your child may find
They lie upon her own young way,
And clasping them with eager hands
Will LIVE the dreams you've lost to-day.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

My Years in Germany

Sensational Disclosures About Women's Life Under Hitler Regime

A GIRL has written this amazing article, which takes you behind the scenes in Hitler's Germany.

The author is Martha Dodd, young daughter of Mr. W. E. Dodd, who was U.S. Ambassador to Germany for four years, until his return to America early this year.

The article has a special authority, because of the official status of the Dodd family while in Germany. Its revelations stirred America. They will stir you also.

By MARTHA DODD

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

TO be thrust from a pleasant, productive and quiet life in literary and academic surroundings to the glamor and intrigue of one of the most important countries in Europe was like coming from a peaceful soft country scene to the flame and excitement of Broadway.

My father was chairman of the history department at the University of Chicago and I was working on the literary page of a big newspaper in Chicago, writing occasional short stories and enjoying an average American life.

His appointment as American Ambassador to Germany came as a tremendous surprise to all of us. We left Chicago in July, 1933, for Germany.

I found myself the next moment in the most interesting international society of Europe, in a position of whose meaning and importance I had not the slightest notion.



I don't mind confessing that I was dazzled and that my dazzlement lasted for months.

Below the Surface

BUT I stayed four and a half years. I learned to know the men and women, the leaders and the simple folk over the whole country.

I know the good impressions one inevitably carries away but I know how these good things were effected, at what cost to the lives and spirits of human beings. After almost five years one is bound to penetrate below the surface.

I discovered that many of the leaders of the Nazi movement were not idealists, but ruthless opportunists, prompted by the instinct of self-preservation, endangering the peace of the world and the prosperity and happiness of millions of people.



MISS MARTHA DODD, the ex-Ambassador's daughter, who tells what she saw in Germany.

I found out that espionage and terror are not words to be thrown lightly about in a fashionable drawing-room but words that drain the blood from the heart of a man, weaken or destroy his soul.

In a few months the clouds began to gather and the air to darken for me. A month after I arrived I witnessed a scene of brutality against a Gentle woman because of her relations with a Jew, which left a lasting impression on me, though I tried to minimise it in the face of the good I thought was being done.

This led me to question the remarks and propaganda, unknown as such to me, I had so glibly accepted. I looked further and asked more questions.

What I shall attempt to describe is by no means the last word or the fullest, but it is a sincere effort to analyse conditions in a country I love and whose people I feel close to, where the talk and thought of war are as food and drink and whose destiny is vitally connected with our own.

Cannon Before Butter

WHEN I left Germany a few months ago the fear and tension of the population had reached a high pitch.

Hitler, after having exhausted the working people and middle classes by taxes, lowering standard of living and insufficient wage, now begins a cautious campaign to exploit the rich.

Industrialists talk and complain openly to people they trust of heavier and heavier taxes, of burdensome subsidies for export trade, of the growing lack of raw materials for their factories, of the expensive and uneconomic Four Year Plan by which

the German nation hopes in a few years to develop substitutes for all raw materials it now imports—thus becoming completely self-sufficient.

These businessmen and industrialists are caught up in the vortex of an economy expressed in the memorable phrase, "It is better to have cannon than butter."

They realise that if heavy industry—arms for the most part—stops or appreciably decreases they will have again the terrible problem of unemployment.

And they also know that a huge war machine cannot remain idle and



unused. But they are busier now than ever before and they still make their profits.

They do not want war because they are afraid, whether victors or vanquished, of the economic bankruptcy that inevitably follows. Yet they do not want too many restrictions.

They want a sane Conservative Government that will attempt no rash experiments.

They hope against hope that Hitler can keep frightening the other nations of the world to do his will without war; yet they realise that war is already raging and that England, France, and Russia are not preparing formidable armies and air forces for the fun of it.

Forbidden to Mourn

THOUGH the news in the German Press of the Spanish war is utterly perverted the common man nevertheless understands that after two years the end is not yet in sight.

Unlike Mussolini, Hitler has not announced through Press and propaganda Germany's part in this tragic struggle.

But the news leaks out from all sorts of sources, and there is not a man or woman in Germany who does not know his country is deeply involved, not so much in men but in arms and ammunition.

Occasionally a mother or sister or other relative will receive a curt note telling of the death of a loved one, killed for the Fatherland in Spain.

They are forbidden to mourn or to tell their friends. They do mourn and they do tell their friends.

A woman in heavy mourning met a friend of mine, by arrangement, in the park. Through her weeping my friend heard the painful questions. "What was he doing in Spain? When he left he told me he was going to military camp."

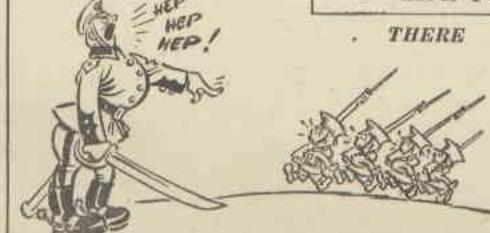
My friend explained to her that this excuse is often the only one the leaders can use.

Then the woman added, "We read in the newspapers that Communism must be wiped out in Spain. But what business is it of ours to stamp out Communism so far away? What connection is there between our Fatherland and the war in Spain?"

Please turn to Page 39

LIFE FOR CHILDREN

THERE



HERE



—With acknowledgments.

L.W.Lower Enters His Second Childhood



The Sad Story of Sam the Lift-Driver... For Children Only

This story is for children under five, so if you've got any complaints to make you can send them to the Fashions Department.

Still I would like you to take it seriously and note the moral which it so clearly points.

ONCE upon a time there was an old lift-driver who had a gammy leg.

He had ambitions to become a lift-driver in a Zeppelin, but he was thwarted in his early youth, and this soured him, and made him sulk in his lift on the top floor while people were ringing madly for the lift in the basement.

Well, you know that old mysterious rhyme:

"Last night I saw upon the stair,
A little man who was not there.
He was not there again to-day,
I wish to cripes he'd go away."

This little man got into Sam's lift. (Sam's full name, by the way, was Samovar Moses O'Grady, but everybody called him Sam.)

The little man looked at Sam

... By ...

L.W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

"He's asleep," said the little man. "I shall play 'The Death of Nelson,' and if he can sleep through that he must be drugged."

"You may go," said the little man. "You will find your lift in the basement. You will have to walk all the way down the stairs. I hope you break your ankle. Both of them. Let this be a lesson to you!"

And do you know, ever since

then Sam has never kept anyone waiting for the lift for more than a quarter of an hour!

Now, all of you, go and play with your blocks.

5 O'CLOCK



Stuffy, smoke-laden
air makes my skin
drab and listless . . .

6 O'CLOCK



8 O'CLOCK



but a FACIAL REFRESHER with

Pears' Tonic Action
braces up weary skin . . . gives it a
lovely glow and sparkle

REFRESHING, deep-cleansing Pears'! So stimulating to jaded cells and tissues! Pears' tonic action leaves your skin livened up . . . toned up . . . reveals new, exciting radiance. A facial refresher with Pears' tonic action pep's up weary skin . . . gives it bewitching, sparkling beauty.



ECONOMY NOTE

There's no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is time to use it. The water, mildness, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.



Pears
Original
Transparent Soap

ECONOMICAL BECAUSE IT LASTS FAR LONGER
A. & F. PEARS LIMITED

10.160.25

What is the Secret of Her LOVELY FIGURE

FASHIONABLE clothes show her figure off to perfection—thanks to her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, ensure internal health, and daily eliminate all food residue. Youthfulness and fitness go together; and you can make sure of that youthful figure — so necessary for modern dress—and keep in the best of health by taking a couple of Bile Beans nightly.

So, if you want to help keep your figure and good health, follow her example and take



"I work in a large store and hardly a day passes without someone telling me what a lovely figure I have and how nicely I dress. It is Bile Beans that help keep my figure youthful and attractive and make me feel more like a girl of eighteen than twenty-one."

Mrs. E. L. May

"I used to be a professional dancer, but when I grew up the stage I lost my youthful figure. I have since found that Bile Beans takes weight not only help keep my figure normal but also help cause better health."

Mrs. D. Edwards

A Nightly Dose of

BILE BEANS

Be Glorified BY GOSSARD



beneath the glamour... a GOSS-Amour*

THE "X-RAY" photograph reveals the reason for the lady's loveliness of line. Goss-Amours® are those breathlessly-talked-about elastic NET foundations. Here, Goss-Amour®, is shown in a beauty moulding girdle, with slender satin panels back and front. Model 5030. The lace bra is designed for the small bust.

Gossard Foundations are obtainable at most of the leading stores throughout the Commonwealth.



Today—prove how Tangee's magic Color-Change Principle will bring out your true natural beauty. See Tangee Lipstick, Rouge and Face Powder blend with your complexion as you apply them. Watch the lovely glow of natural color appear on your lips, cheeks, and skin—a color just right for you—never that glaring "made-up" look.

Begin Today to be lovelier.

Try Tangee make-up essentials. See how the magic Color-Change Principle in Tangee Lipstick, Face Powder and Rouge will give you lovelier, more natural color that is truly your own.

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
Sole Australian Agents, Turnley's, Melbourne and Sydney.



Beware of Substitutes!
Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical.

He stood aside to let her pass him.
"My old bachelor quarters are honored—"

An austere room. That was her first thought, the book-lined shelves of a student, a simple table with a reading-lamp and a spotlight device so that any of the pictures might be singled out for contemplation. There were a great many pictures. They crowded against each other, peering out at her through the half-light. After one glance she did not look at them again.

The spotlight rested on a red cushion on the table. It was Mitzie's cushion. And it was empty. But she could still see the imprint of that quaint pathetic body.

Gill asked without lifting her head.

"Where is she?"

"Gone, my very dear. We were having our evening lesson. Everything was going so well. Really it is amazing what powers of reflection and memory were stored in that minute space. You know how difficult and stupid she had seemed? Well, it was as though suddenly she knew everything I had tried to teach her—every trick. She went through the whole performance. And then she turned on me. She bit me through the thumb. Nothing serious, I admit. But I do not allow dogs—or people—to turn on me."

"Please—what have you done to her?"

"Nothing. Believe me. She has simply—gone."

"Where? I want her back—"

"That, my very dear, is no longer possible."

She made herself look at him. And now she was cold sober. It seemed to her that for the first time she saw his eyes really wide open and what the secret laughter really signified. The red empty cushion seemed to shine between them like a strange jewel.

"If you have done anything to her I shall not forgive you—"

"I have already told you—I did nothing. I sent her away. I did not inquire where she has gone. I have a right to protect myself against disobedience and ingratitude—"

"She belonged to me—not you."

She saw the blood mount suddenly to his eyes.

"You are not thinking clearly, my very dear. But then you have been drinking. And drinking does not conduce to thought. You're much too young—but Francis, I am afraid, is not a good influence. I made a mistake in covering up that flagrant forgery of his—it was one of my acts of sheer good nature that have not been justified. And that I am afraid I must redeem with a frank confession—"

"If you hurt Francis Belmont—"

"What would you do about it?" He broke off listening. His eyes seemed to retreat behind their defenses and to show no more than their normal amusement. "I think we must postpone this controversy. Our guests have arrived, my very dear—"

SHE sat opposite him at the end of the long Tudor table. Cecil Bragdon sat at his right hand.

He was telling some story—

"She was a marvel. Perhaps the greatest mare of her day. I spared nothing. I really lived for her. I got her a famous jockey who knew the course—A queen could not have been better guarded. But at the last jump she fell—two lengths ahead of the field. Such is the ingratitudes of this world." He looked at them each in turn. "I don't like ingratitude. The mare had torn a tendon. I sold her—No doubt she is pulling one of those melancholy victories that wait outside the Plaza for other revengers—"

Mrs. Bragdon murmured, "It would have been simpler to have had her shot—"

He smiled faintly.

"Much simpler."

"And the jockey—?"

"He acquired an unfortunate reputation—"

Gill allowed the butler to fill and refill her glass. She had only one thought. Peter was to be in New York three days. For three days she had to be convincingly happy. Peter would be a successful, happy man if she could deceive him long enough. It wouldn't be easy. He knew her as he knew himself. But it wouldn't be a sacrifice. It had never been that. She had never had anything to sacrifice—

The telephone was ringing. She heard the servant's soft-voiced answer. Presently he came and

The Road to Reno

Continued from Page 10

derstandable inclination to blast any woman's reputation.

The next game finished the rubber. It was no use starting again. The Young Things had just come back from their morning ride and could be heard shrieking down by the barn.

This morning Mr. Krock had stayed home. It was pretty raw outside. The huge log-fire threw out a comfortable warmth. And he had the kind of headache that didn't bother him till he moved. And then he felt that his brains had broken loose from their moorings.

He sat back with his newly-filled glass to the light and became very Western.

"You sure do meet all sorts in that Great Little City," he said. "Last night in the hotel bar I ran into a girl I'd never seen before. And her boy-friend. I guess they'd come in on the midday train. English—the girl, I mean. You could tell that accent a mile off. Not the lah-de-dah accent—the real thing—rather pretty when it comes with a soft voice. And she was a good-looker. Loveliest thing these sad old eyes have spotted for many a long day. And blind to the world. Her boy-friend—one of those weedy, seedy artist types—was trying to sober her up and talk sense into her. I was kinda sorry for her—I don't know why—"

"I do," Mrs. Kits said.

The three ladies laughed. Mr. Krock roared. At fifty-five a man was really mature—just getting into his stride. That was how he felt. And the women knew it. Even the Young Things. They'd rather go places with Daddy Krock than with any of the cubs.

"Well—anyway, she spots me, too. Pushes off the boy-friend and comes over to me. 'My name's Gillian Crawshay,' she says. 'What's yours?'"

Mrs. Kits found the approach divertingly new.

"I told her and she said: 'You look all right. Perhaps you can help me. I want a divorce.'

"I want someone good who knows how to fight. I thought perhaps you were a lawyer. Are you?" Of course I laughed. I said, 'No, I was taking the cure myself. But I could put her onto my own land-shark. I gave her Jessie Lawson's name and the boy wrote it down in a book. And she said, 'Thank you,' and wanted us all to have drinks together. But the young fellow wouldn't let her. She was sort of pathetic—"

Please turn to Page 43

GLOWING HEALTH RETURNS TO ANAEMIC TIRED WOMEN

For years Mrs. Withers had been gradually feeling less and less equal to keeping the big house going. Every day the children seemed to cause more work and worry. She was continuously snapping at them, but how tired and irritable she felt!

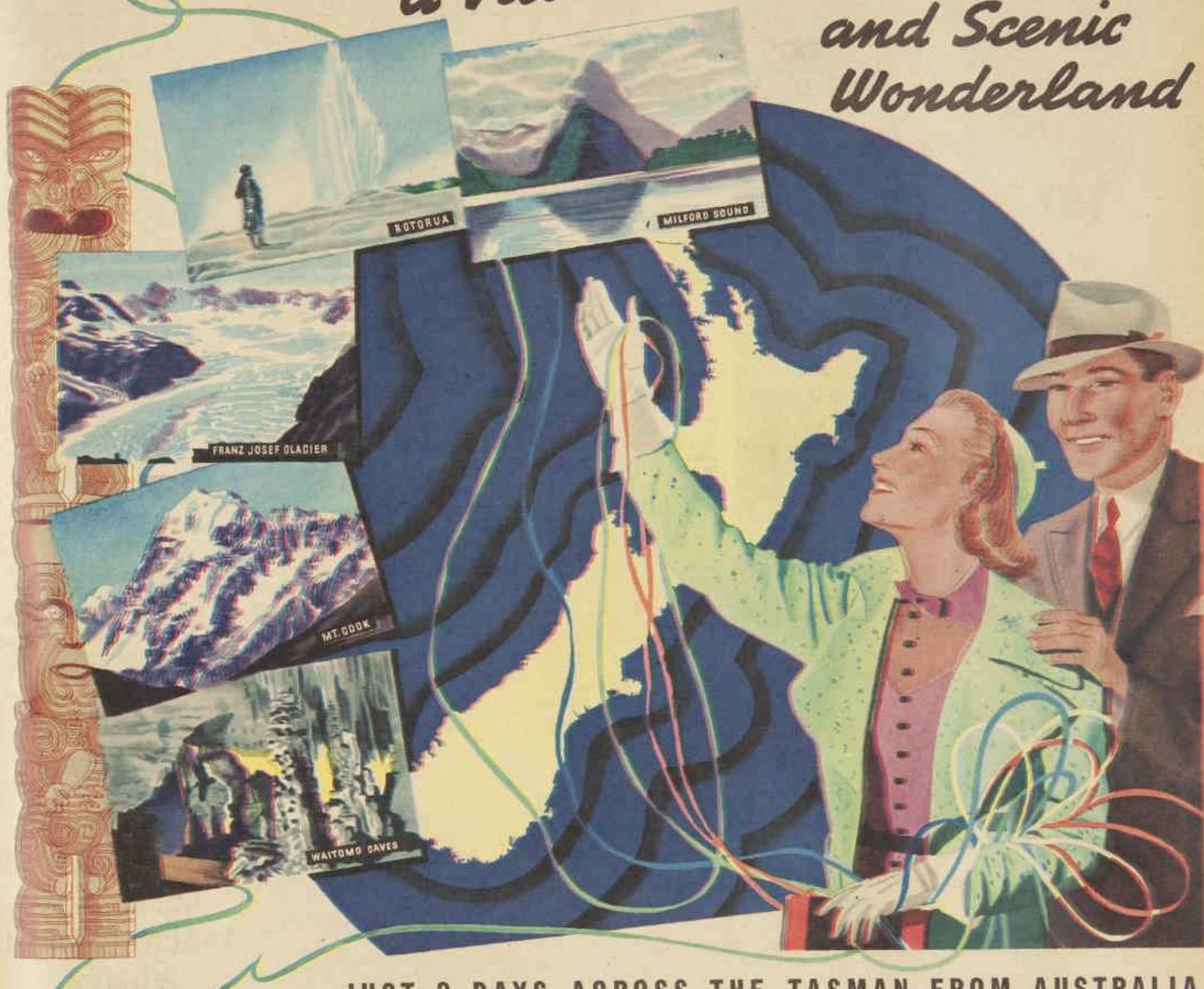
Mr. Withers was getting alarmed too. Was his wife getting old? "Yes," he said to his friend at the club, "she's five years younger than I am, perhaps she really should see a doctor." "Well," replied his friend, "my wife was feeling just the same until a friend put her on to Wincarnis, and now she's feeling ten years younger and fitter than ever before."

It is simply amazing how quickly Wincarnis brings back health and vitality to anaemic, tired people. Wincarnis is made from rich matured wine, prime beef extract and vitamin malt. Wincarnis builds up the whole system, creating rich red corpuscles and restoring energy and happiness.

Start a regular Wincarnis course to-day. But—make sure you get Wincarnis. No cheap, inferior tonic wine has the power to bring back glowing health. It stands to reason that such quality ingredients as used for Wincarnis cost money. Wincarnis can't be sold for less. But think how much more important it is to get the best and only the best in tone wines. Wincarnis is the road to that priceless asset—health!

NEW ZEALAND

*a Vacation Paradise
and Scenic Wonderland*



JUST 3 DAYS ACROSS THE TASMAN FROM AUSTRALIA



Spend your next holiday in a land which has excited the wonder of famous men and women who have travelled the world over.

Just 3 days of comfortable travel by fast, luxurious liners and you are in New Zealand—holiday mecca of the Southern Hemisphere.

Scenically, New Zealand has just about everything the world boasts of—the alps of Switzerland—the fiords of Norway—the thermal springs of all the spas of Europe—the geysers of Yellowstone—lakes, streams, waterfalls, magnificent forests and beautiful harbours.

Here, too, is fishing and shooting, of the type and variety one only dreams of in other lands.

Enjoy them if you will, or, if you prefer, just laze and forget your cares—where a tonic atmosphere and health-laden air will fill you with a new zest for living.

For health or rest, for thrilling sport or just touring through its

unrivalled scenery, New Zealand offers you the holiday which you have always desired—without worry or trouble.

FREE TRAVEL SERVICE. The experienced officers of the NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU will give you every assistance in preparing your own individual itinerary, planned to save you time and money—ask them, too, about their special Credit Facilities, which enable you to travel as you wish.

New Zealand
A WORLD IN MINIATURE

Ask your Travel Agent for free literature and full details, or write, call or phone:
NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

14 Martin Place, Sydney. Phone: B7043. (Directly opposite G.P.O.).

Colonial Mutual Building, 318-320 Collins Street, Melbourne. Phone: Cent. 3110. King House, 79 Queen Street, Brisbane. (And all Travel Agents.)

BOOKS TO READ

A POLLO FLIES. By Herbert Kahan. A book about two lovers, disturbing and beautiful, with a tragic ending.

SINISTER CRAG. By Newton Gayle. Plausible detective story with rock-climbing exploits as background.

WINKLES AND CHAMPAGNE. By Wilson Disher. Thoroughly entertaining book about the music halls of London in the good old days.

BEHIND THE WICKET. By W. A. Oldfield. A book of cricket reminiscences by the famous "keeper"—for those who have not had enough cricket lately.

HERE LINGERS LAUGHTER. By Renee Shann. Light, amusing story about two brothers who are so much alike as to be indistinguishable. Holidaying on the Continent, one brother finds that some unknown person has left at his hotel an engaging set of "quads" who really belong to his brother. The laughter follows.

UNFAMILIAR FACES. By Alice Grant Rosman. The theme of the story is the incompatibility of generations, and the family difficulties that result. Pleasant, if not entirely convincing.



The Nazi regime falls to pieces under the brilliant mockery of a young German girl, Irmgard Keun, in her latest novel.

LAUGHTER can be as destructive as an axe, and it is the axe of laughter that Irmgard Keun uses on the Nazi regime in her novel, "After Midnight."

Her axe is a very sharp one, and her arm is strong.

She shows the Nazis at their naughtiest through the eyes of Sanna Moden, a sensitive young girl striving to hold on to sanity in a mad world.

She writes as though innocently, and so her criticism is devastating in its apparent artlessness.

Sanna offers a large cast of characters, all struggling to adapt their lives to the demands of Nazi ideology.

"Whenever I hear that word ideology I always know there's trouble brewing," she says, plaintively.

Here's a good picture of Hitler as a procession goes by.

"A car drove slowly past with The Leader standing up in it like King Carnival in a procession. But he didn't look so merry and frolicsome as King Carnival and didn't throw the crowd sweets and bouquets.

"He only lifted up one empty hand . . .

"The Leader . . . seems to give up practically the whole of his time to being photographed on behalf of his people. Just think what a vast undertaking that must be.

"Having one's photograph taken without pause, day in and day out, with children and pet dogs, out of doors and in, for ever and ever. To say nothing of travelling about continually in aeroplanes and sitting through long operas by Wagner, since Wagner is German Art. And The Leader is willing to sacrifice himself for that, too . . .

"We're always being told that The

Leader eats nothing but radishes, black bread and cottage cheese. Well, that's a sacrifice, too, to fame. The film actresses in Hollywood often eat even less than that, because they're not allowed to get fat."

Gerti is Sanna's friend.

"Gerti thinks the Lord will provide because she's so pretty and the Lord is of the male sex."

Unfortunately Gerti has been so foolish as to fall in love with a man of mixed blood, and she is in constant rebellion against the Nazi standards of racial purity.

"She said that The Leader had once declared that all Jews stank of garlic. Well, she'd just jolly well like to know how many Jews The Leader had smelt. If you didn't like people you naturally weren't forever going up to have a sniff at them."

THESSE love affairs are a serious problem in Nazi Germany.

"Love is still allowed and German women are still permitted to have children, but certain preliminary emotions have to be experienced first, and that's where you mustn't make a mistake if you want to keep the right side of the law.

"Perhaps the safest thing is not to



E.V. TIMMS, whose latest novel, "Maelstrom," has just been published by Angus and Robertson. "Maelstrom" is an historical novel covering France and England at the period when Cromwell was rising to power. The characters cross the Atlantic to New France (Canada) to a hazardous new life.

fall in love at all, so long as falling in love isn't made compulsory."

After reading this book you feel that an edict to make falling in love compulsory would be little more ridiculous than some of the existing laws.

Betty Raff is a character not peculiar to Nazi Germany.

Suppose two people have a mild dispute. In a minute or so they would have made it up if Betty Raff hadn't come along to effect a reconciliation. Those whom Betty Raff desires to reconcile become lifelong enemies.

"She has bored her way into Links' marriage (with Algin) like a woodworm. . . . I'm sure he loves you, have no fear on that score." Well, Links hadn't till Betty put it into her head.

Betty is a vegetarian and proud of being concerned only with pure and spiritual matters, but I never yet saw anybody worry so much about bodily health as she does.

"I believe an apple would do me good now," she'll say. Then she mashes up an apple and eats it. Then she'll make herself a vegetable soup to heighten her vitality. . . . In the spring she follows a special spring diet, with five radishes every evening.

The love story of Sanna and Franz is like a bright ribbon run through a dirty camisole, for the background of Nazi domination is grim indeed.

Tragedies of Fear

THERE is a heartrending scene when Sanna is questioned by secret police, a scene that reveals the fear by which the people are ridden.

"More and more people strayed into the room as if the Secret Police Department had been their Mecca. Mothers were laying information against their daughters-in-law, daughters against their fathers-in-law, brothers against their sisters . . . friends against friends . . . neighbours against neighbours."

"From time to time mothers arrived whose sons had disappeared, wives whose husbands had disappeared . . . children whose parents had disappeared."

"These people in search of information were not so courteous and amicably treated as the people who were laying information."

"A mother who has gone crazy waiting for her son appears daily. All day long she cuts bread and butter, packs it up in that suitcase and brings it here. She is afraid he won't get enough to eat."

You can make what you like of this book. You can think it's merely funny, if you will. You may instead see it as a burning indictment of what Nazi rule is doing to the individual.

Irmgard Keun, the writer, is a German novelist in her twenties, whose first book was published in 1935. She has the power of drawing character in a few crisp lines. In her novel she gives you vividly the vast, seething, unhappy mass of people in Germany.

Needless to say, she no longer lives in her native land.

"After Midnight." By Irmgard Keun. Translated from the German by James Cleugh. Secker and Warburg, London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Hearts Skip a Beat

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

PERHAPS you've seen her—this girl whose wistful beauty captures the eager glance. You stare—a little breathless—waiting for that smile which will light up, intensely, her loveliness.

And then it comes—but with what bitter disappointment! For her smile is dull, dingy, listless. It erases her beauty as if a candle had been blown out . . . another tragedy of dental ignorance or neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

The warning may some day come to you—that faint tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush. It may seem harmless, trivial, unimportant—but never ignore it!

At the first sign of "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist*. He knows how to avert serious trouble. Probably you have no grave gum disorder. Modern menus—from which hard, fibrous foods have largely disappeared—are robbing your gums of necessary work. They've grown flabby, sensitive. "Pink tooth brush" is simply their plea for help. And usually your dentist's suggestion will be "more work and exercise: more vigorous chewing" and very often the additional suggestion, "the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to benefit your

gums as well as clean your teeth. Many dentists approve it. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every

time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases—helps bring a new healthy firmness to the gum walls.

Why not—even before the warning tinge appears—take steps to help protect yourself against tender, ailing gums? Make Ipana and massage a part of your daily routine. With your gums healthy and sound, your teeth sparklingly clean—there can be no disappointment, nothing to mar the beauty of your smile.

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.



A PAGE OF KISSES FOR SPRINGTIME . . .

Some Perfect, Unique and Novel Examples



Enemies make up—with a kiss!



Never too young—



—or too old.



A perfect example.



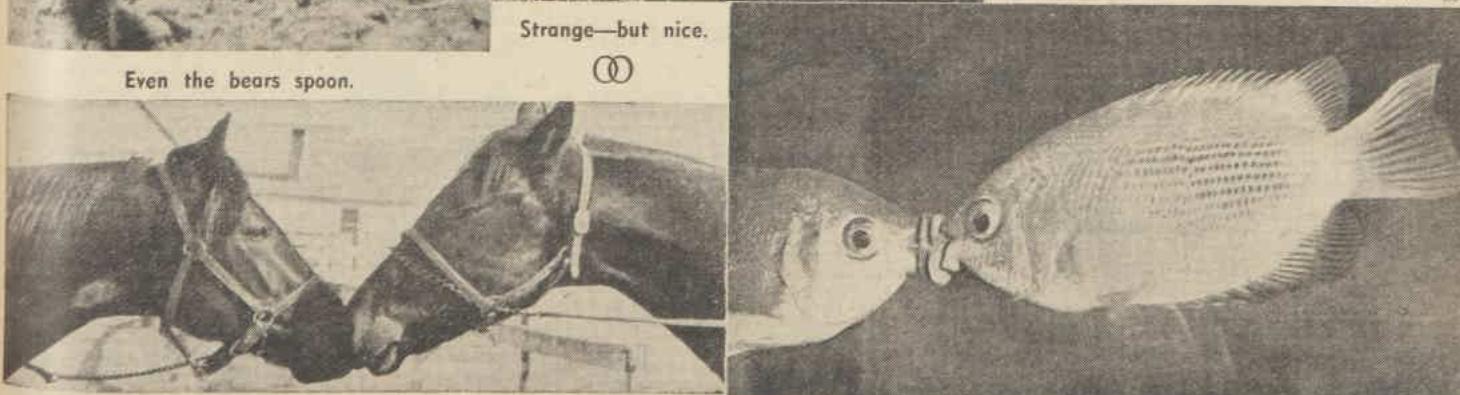
Out on a limb.



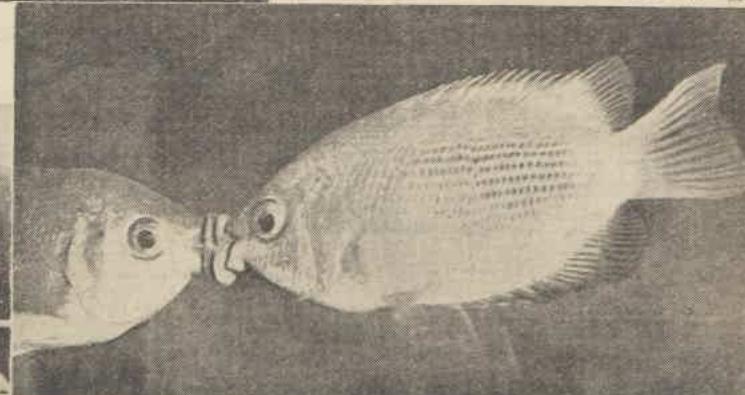
Even the bears spoon.



Strange—but nice.



Between pals



Beneath the water.

Mummy says "You've got to have a VIROL constitution"

What does it mean to have a "Virol Constitution"? It means you are armed at all points to resist the attacks of infection. Virol fortifies the system wherever it is weakest. That is because Virol is the one food that supplies every factor needed for robust health. Give your children a Virol Constitution. Virol builds for life.



Nervous, Weak, Get Up Nights? Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids



There is nothing that can make you feel older and more rundown than Kidney and Bladder disorders caused by Poisons and Acids in your body.

Poisons in your Kidneys and Urinary System are the "cause to suffer from one or more of the following dangerous and energy destroying ailments: Getting up Nights, Excess Acidity, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Headaches, Lumbargia, Neuralgia, Tension Algies, Dark Circles under the Eyes, Dry Muddy Skin, Physical Weakness, Loss of Energy, and Burning, Itching Passages."

Help Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers from Poisons and Acids in the Urinary System all chemists now have a twin-tablet treatment which will do the work of a doctor's prescription. Cystex ends the underlying cause of your trouble in 3 ways: 1. It kills the Germs in the Kidneys and Urinary System. 2. It soothes and tones irritated membranes and relieves pain. 3. It removes acids. Urine Acid and other poisonous wastes from the Kidneys and Bladder.

Millions Praise Cystex

More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have used Cystex. Letters in praise of it are written every day. For instance, Mr. George L. Hammill, St. Kristen Estate, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I

West to East

Continued from Page 5

I don't know what he looks like. He must be about thirty."

"Haven't you ever seen him?"

"No."

"Or talked with him?"

"Not yet. He's having a telephone put in, poor lamb, I'm sure he can't afford it."

"You're a wicked vamp; that's what you are. You're leading this nice young man on. It isn't fair."

"Pooh! It's doing him good. He was dying of boredom. This will occupy his mind." Nevertheless, Ann Hemingway's expression betrayed a conscience not wholly at ease. "Besides, I'll make it up to him."

"How?"

"By helping him out with his scheme. That is, if—"

"If it's good enough. It must be fun to be so rich."

"No. If he's good enough. If he comes through without whimpering."

"Let's see that one again about his operation." The caller re-read the longest of the postcards.

"If you insist on the gory details, here they are as I get them at second-hand, not having been exactly present at the sacrificial rite. First, they filled me up with gas until I hit the ceiling. Then they pulled me down and poured ether all over me, and set me on fire, I suppose. I must have passed out, for a couple of apprentices from the Butchers' Union carved open my right leg, chiselled out the joint, sawed off a section of hip-bone and stuck it somewhere else, drove in some shingle nails

Youth

Oh World of Glory!—the heart of me

Aches with the splendor of dreams to be—
Melody poured from thy pulsing heart

Tears the locked doors of my soul apart:

Song of the hills and the shining sea,
Torn from the green earth's witchery—

Laughter and magic, joy of flight,
Burn in the radiant birth of light . . .

Oh World of Magic—the heart of me

Throbs with the gladness of Life to be.

—Gwen Cope.

to hold the job in place, and were just getting busy with a jack-plane when the whistle blew, so they dropped everything and sewed me up. And here I am."

"He won't whimper. I'll bet he's a game lad." She put on a consciously dreamy and distant look. "I almost think I might learn to love that young man."

"Behave yourself, Cat!"

"Oh, of course, if it would make you jealous, darling, there's nothing doing."

The patient laughed. "It might have once."

The telephone rang. "Perhaps that's your young man now."

It wasn't. But half an hour later it was. Ann Hemingway, looking uncertain, dangled the receiver in her hand.

"Let me talk to him," besought her visitor in an urgent whisper.

"Why?"

"Just for the fun of it. Please! I know this kind of game better than you do."

"I daresay you do." She handed over the receiver. "Be careful what you commit me to."

"Leave it to me . . . Yes . . . Yes; this is Ann . . . Of course, I know it's you. How are you feeling to-day?"

"I don't think that's so wonderful," interpolated the listener-in.

"Give me a chance . . . Yes." She shifted the instrument so that both ends of the conversation would be audible from the bed. The masculine end said happily:

"Your voice is exactly what I hoped it would be."

"That's nice of you. Now let's get to know one another. You begin by telling me just what happened to your poor leg."

"I fell out of a tree."

"That's a queer place to be."

"Not for me. I was there on business."

"Yet you talk exactly like a human. I thought only birds and monkeys had business in trees."

**Thanks to
MONKEY BRAND'S**
*smooth scratchless
cleaning my sink.
looks as clean and
glossy as it was
when new!*

MONKEY BRAND

Cleans Smoothly PRESERVES the Surface. A LEMON PRODUCT

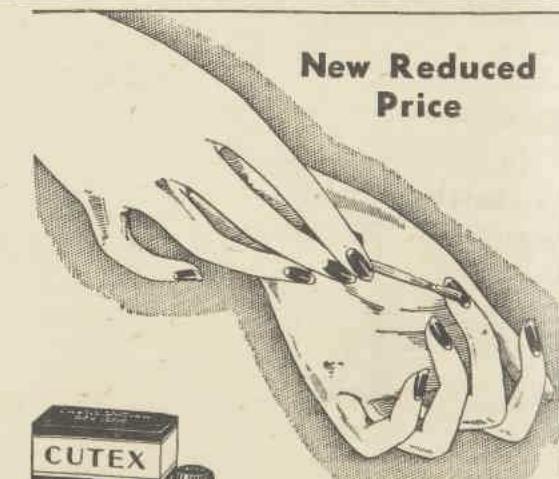
New 3-Second Relief CORN

PAIN GOES
Corn lifts out

Actually . . . in 3 seconds after touching it with a drop of Frozol-Ice you can feel the pain die out of any nasty nagging corn or callus. This better-type of anaesthetic action works that fast every time. Soon after, the corn begins to shrink—then works so loose that you can lift it out in your finger-tips. FROZOL-ICE is the safe, instant-drying, antiseptic treatment that does not spread out on healthy tissue. Only 1/8 at all chemists and stores.

Please turn to Page 20

New Reduced Price



REGULAR SIZE CUTEX NOW COSTS ONLY 2/-

It is an economy to buy the regular size Cutex Polish at the new reduced price of 2/- because it contains nearly three times the quantity of the 1/- trial size. Cutex is economical not only in price, but because it is usable to the last drop.

Try Cutex in one of the new lovely soft shades to harmonise with the current favourites in dress fabrics. Cutex wears for days without chipping, peeling or fading. It flows on to the nail smoothly and easily—leaving a jewel-like lustre on every fingertip.

CUTEX
Nail Polish

- TRY THESE EXCITING NEW SHADES
- CLOVER
- TULIP
- THISTLE
- LAUREL
- OLD ROSE
- HEATHER

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.

JUNGLE LAW TO-DAY

OF late there has been much criticism of our sex from men in responsible positions.

We are certainly long past the stage when intelligent women pay any serious attention to such superficial viewpoints, but is it not time we realised that so long as the world is ruled by the merely expedient measures of physical force and jungle law we cannot possibly come into our own?

There can be no question that in such an environment woman's personality must take second place, for these shortsighted policies, practised in nearly every sphere of life to-day, are fundamentally opposed to our natures and to our first responsibility as life-givers—the true progress of the race.

Should not this fact urge us to take a strong, united stand against these dangerously growing elements which are hindering us? Only when mental and spiritual values are made the ruling forces will civilisation begin, and only then will women be able, quite naturally, to find a place which is unassassable.

El for this letter to Mrs. Anne B. Weller, 15 Lansdown Rd., Hampton St., Vic.

MANNERS AT HOME

I WONDER why it is that so many people think they should keep all their courtesies for people outside their homes, while to those nearest and dearest to them they are anything but courteous!

It's wonderful how good manners and courtesy smooth the way of life.

Miss D. Quick, 84 Queen St., Ararat, Vic.

She's bathed in Day-long Freshness

THE picture doesn't do her skin full justice. Only by actually seeing it with your own eyes, by touching it with your own hands, could you know the silky loveliness and radiant freshness of this skin tanned for with Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

What Wright's does for baby's tender skin it can also do for yours. Its mildly antiseptic lather gets deep down into the pores, removing every trace of dirt and danger. It leaves your skin soft, supple, and aglow with radiant freshness.

2s.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

So they say

Have Children To-day No Ambition?

I DO not agree with Miss V. Rose when she says that the modern child is not ambitious (6/8/38).

Even the smallest toddler has its queer little notions of grown-up days, and many of the elder children are more reserved in their married life.

A child with no dreams whatever for the future will rarely be found, and should a child appear to be of that nature it seems to me that the parents must be entirely to blame.

Miss A. Farrar, 66 Outram St., West Perth.

Why Be Ambitious?

MISS ROSE, I think you are wrong when you say that a child should be ambitious for the future.

What does the growing child want with ambition? Childhood is our most carefree time in life and should not be marred by thoughts of the years ahead.

Ambition very seldom does anyone any good; instead it breeds discontent and greed.

Rather should we all be taught to enjoy the simple ways of living and to enjoy the natural beauty of the world.

Miss M. Devine, c/o G.P.O., Melbourne.

Parents at Fault

WHY blame children of to-day for having no ambition?

How can there be ambition, whilst parents continue to crush every healthy impulse by insisting on unquestioning obedience in their children?

Guide and control them, certainly, but give them scope and encouragement, in their work and play, to think and make decisions for themselves.

Mrs. F. Reeves, 13 Princes Street, Caulfield SE7, Vic.

Develops Later

THE engrossing pleasures of modern children tend to occupy the time for dreaming essential to the growth of ambition.

Nevertheless school pupils who are undecided about the nature of their future work are not necessarily lacking in ambition, as Miss Rose has suggested.

In some of these, ambition is concentrated on achieving scholastic success—perhaps to the detriment of their future.

Others, uncertain as to their talents or bent, later choose wisely and have successful careers.

Early decision about this matter is probably easiest for two classes of



Reticent about ambition

children—those without much interest in school, who look forward to after years, and those with one outstanding gift.

Miss B. Sneath, 48 Fuller's Road, Chatswood, N.S.W.

Fear of Ridicule

I THINK Miss Rose is rather hasty in her judgment that children of to-day have no ambition.

Children do not like stating their views for fear of being ridiculed or laughed at by their elders.

Every child has a secret yearning for some career but it is not always safe to judge by its young ideas what it will develop into.

Children's minds become more firmly fixed on their ambitions when they reach their later teens.

Mrs. R. Jukes, 1 Pearl Avenue, Mildura, Vic.

Loyalty Basis of True Wedded Bliss

MRS. J. E. HARDING (6/8/38) has certainly found the key to marital happiness.

Wherever people gather now, one is prone to hear open discussions on all private affairs relating to their married life.

Greater happiness would result if all "faults" were treated as a strictly private matter.

Nancy Meadows, 38 Belmont Avenue, Kew Ed, Vic.

Truthfulness First

TRUTHFULNESS is the greatest bond between husband and wife for real happiness.

Each should respect and honor the other's confidences as private affairs. And so long as there is perfect trust no amount of worry or hardships would really disturb happiness.

Mrs. D. Wright, 12 Rochester St., Homebush, N.S.W.

Perfect Understanding

TRUE marital happiness is based on perfect understanding, an interest in each other's hobbies and, above all, "honor between themselves."

Mrs. Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

Only in Fun

THERE is no need for Mrs. Hardling's warning. Very few women betray secrets of their husbands.

They may jokingly deplore his minor failures—his habit of dropping cigarette ash on carpets, his un-

pleasant ways.

In this artificial armor we face the world unashamed, our sense of true values stifled.

E. Sutars, Park St., Wauchope, N.S.W.

Lack of Courage

IT must be lack of courage, as M. Hardwick says, which makes the majority of us such slaves to fashion.

Why else would we suffer our hair to be periodically basted to a stiff, dry frizz, our eyebrows plucked, our lips daubed an unnatural red, our nails painted?

In this artificial armor we face the world unashamed, our sense of true values stifled.

A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woolloomooloo, N.S.W.

Looking Well

FASHIONS are set by leading stylists and are usually therefore becoming and graceful.

If one follows fashion, correctly and without exaggeration, one may always be sure of looking well.

Miss M. S. Peterson, Woodbine Avenue, Fullarton, Adelaide.

Well-Dressed, Confident

TO know that one is smart and fashionably clad is a great asset, M. Hardwick. Dowdy and unfashionable clothes give one a sense of inferiority which is hard to overcome.

Clothes and fashions may not be the most important things in life, but they certainly go a long way towards making it more pleasant.

Miss Betty le Faire, c/o G.P.O., Melbourne.

No Ideas of Own

IT seems to me that the women who so slavishly follow fashions are those with no ideas of their own, no idea of what fabrics to buy, what color combinations to attempt.

Ability to style clothes and select colors seems to have gone out with deportment, music, and other lady-like accomplishments.

There seems to have been something good about the good old days after all.

Mrs. W. Simonds, Renown Avenue, Claremont, W.A.

No Alternative

WHAT else can a woman do but follow fashions these days?

If fashion says "suede shoes," suede shoes are all that one can see in the shops—if flat hats are "in," the windows display nothing else. Have you tried to buy a decent blue material when brown is worn?

Those of us who have to budget our wardrobe have to follow the popular styles.

Madge Sinclair, Government Rd., Croydon, S.A.

Fashions Elastic

AFTER all, one may follow fashion and keep one's individuality.

Present fashions are very elastic, and as long as your waistline and length of skirt are right you can vary your dressing in practically any way you please.

Mrs. M. Smith, College Street, Launceston, Tas.

WRITE NOW

All readers are welcome to try their hand at writing to this page on any topic that interests them. Letters should be short and concise. Address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

YOUTH EXTENDS

IT is astonishing how many people regard a woman in her late twenties as a young girl, and a girl in the earlier twenties as "too young to marry."

"Just a nice age" is often heard when a woman approaching the thirty mark is about to marry. "She knows her own mind." That may be all right, but what of the children (if any) of these later marriages?

The average girl commences dancing and the rest of the fun at, say, about 17 (often much earlier).

Surely by the time she is 23 or 24 she is ready to look on the more serious side of life.

Undoubtedly this attitude towards age has quite a lot to do with the decline in the birth-rate which is causing so much alarm at present.

Mrs. M. A. Russell, 46 Glenayr Avenue, North Bondi, N.S.W.

SMALLER OFFICES

THE modern system of having the whole of the office staff in one large room is, in my opinion, not a good one.

The noise of a dozen or more typewriters, adding machines, and the like is apt to get on one's nerves, and therefore does not induce efficient service.

It would be far better to divide the staff into sections and place them in smaller rooms.

Further, there are many disadvantages in being under the eye of the boss all day long. A trustworthy staff will work better when not kept under a vigilant eye all the time.

A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woolloomooloo, N.S.W.

ADULT INTOLERANCE

HAVING lived the last twelve months in the city after years in the country, I feel very concerned about the intolerance that the average adult has to day towards children.

An over-loud radio and other noises attendant upon modern living are endured, but let a baby cry in the flat above, or a small boy run over the ceiling a few times, and there is a complaint to the landlord.

Bernard Pollett, 21 Bayview St., Lavender Bay, N.S.W.

PUT THIS NEW COLOUR-THRILL ON YOUR LIPS!

lavender, transparent South Sea Colour...the most glamorous rods ever put into lipstick



Some Lipstick rods actually repel a man; others he thinks are becoming...but there are five certain rods that really make his heart fast with desire for possession of their wearer. These are the five exciting South Sea rods found in TATTOO Lipstick; purposefully selected from all colours because of their strange power to enchant. Try it yourself...and see! You'll also discover that TATTOO is the most taxingly indestructible lipstick you have ever used, and that it actually makes your lips softer, smoother, oh so much more fascinating!

PRICE 3/6
Introductory size, 1/-. Medium size, 3/-
De Luxe size, 7/-. CORAL, EXOTIC, NATURAL, PASTEL, HAWAIIAN.

TATTOO
YOUR LIPS for romance!

CHILD'S TELL-TALE TONGUE

Your child's tongue will tell you plainly when the tiny bowels need the help of a laxative. A coated tongue means a sour stomach and constipation. But you have to be most careful what medicine you give. Strong purgatives weaken and leave the bowels more bound than ever, and nothing stops a child's growth like constipation.

Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Califig', because it is a pure fruit laxative, therefore safe, and being a liquid you can measure the dose to a nicety to suit your child's system. Kiddies love its pleasant taste and thrive all the better for it.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Califig' on the package. Get a bottle to-day.***

"Oh, come on, now," wheedled Ann Torrance. "Be nice about it. I saw him first. Years first. Give me a chance. You know, I think I like your young fellow!" And that "like" was very different from her flippant "love" or a few minutes earlier.

"Well, you may substitute for me, if you like, until the showdown. Then I'll take over."

"You're a darling. I'll be ever so careful of him. To-morrow at this time, then."

The conspirators learned a great deal in the next ten days about a botanist's life in the upper reaches of the Orinoco, and got some interesting sidelights upon the character, hopes, ambitions, and personal slants of Mark, alias "Crow," Lindsay. Then, one afternoon, the conversation took a distinctly unbotanical turn, which had been foreshadowed in several previous attempts on his part.

"Ann?" There was an obstinate purpose in the voice that put her on guard.

"Well?"

"Do you think it's all right to fall in love over the telephone?"

"Ask the switchboard. I've never tried it."

"Ever tried not to?"

"No-o-o-o. Haven't had occasion."

"No conscientious scruples against it, though, have you?"

"Not specially."

"That's good," said the Sixteen at the other end, placidly. "Because you might as well know here and now where I stand."

"But you've never even seen me. I might be perfectly awful."

"Pooh!" said Mark Lindsay. "With that voice? Fish and also tush."

The good-bye with which "that

West to East

Continued from Page 18

voice" closed the interview was somewhat subdued. Ann Torrance looked at Ann Hemingway, and Ann Hemingway looked at Ann Torrance.

"Now see what you've got us into," said Ann Hemingway acidly.

"Not us. You," corrected the other. "It's you he's in love with, if any. I'm only the shadow."

"You're a voice. I'm only a packet of postcards."

"If you ask me," said Ann Torrance, "it's a mess. I feel that—ahem!—it is for the best interests of all concerned that I hand in my resignation."

"If you do that," declared Ann Hemingway, "you cease to be a member of the family as far as I'm concerned. In fact, you cease to exist."

"Oh, well! If you're going to be violent about it. How long do we keep this up?"

"Until next Monday. When we pay a call to the West Wing."

"We?"

"You heard me, my child. You're going too. In chains, if necessary. And we shall see what we shall see."

Said Ann Torrance pensively: "I hope he hasn't changed too much."

For the fifth time that Sunday night the motherly senior of Men's Private Ward, West Wing, prayed for patience as she answered the question of Sixteen, and added the threat:

"If you don't turn out that light and go to sleep I'll give you something to keep you quiet, whether you want it or not."

"I'll be good. If you're sure you got the message right?"

"To-morrow evening at eight. That's all I know."

"Why didn't she telephone me?"

"I—don't—know."

"Where's the last postcard? Did she sound like the punctual kind? Suppose she—"

"I shan't suppose anything. And unless you lie back and stop this nonsense—"

"All right; all right! I'm going to sleep. I'm asleep now practically. Good-night."

Sitting in one position is difficult, painful, almost impossible after a bone operation. But Room Sixteen, Men's Private Ward, was in his chair by the window at six-thirty the next evening, and there remained obstinately motionless, despite argument and cajoleries.

IT was an hour, a year, a century before he heard a knock at his door. In a bold and manly voice, audible probably a yard away, he said: "Come in." At the same time he closed his eyes so that the full glory of the vision should burst upon him at once.

The door opened. There came to his ears the quiet announcement: "I'm Ann Hemingway."

Mark Lindsay raised his head, and the answer to all his questions hit him between the eyes.

By token of snow-white hair, fine-wrinkled ruddy skin, and sharply chiselled outlines, he knew that this, his Ann, would never again see 70. He pushed himself to his feet,

"I'm so glad to see you," he said. And he managed to make it sound genuine, though his brain was whirling with his wild efforts to reconcile the totally irreconcilable.

"Take your time," said the visitor. "I don't expect you to get over the shock at once. Apologies later."

He straightened his shoulders. "There's no question of apology. No one could have hoped for a—a more complete realisation."

"What a liar!" said the old lady admiringly. "I'd like to kiss you for that. Perhaps I will when I know you better. Just now we're going to talk business."

"Business?"

"The botanical schema. My solicitor quite approves. It wouldn't make any difference if he didn't."

"B-b-but, Miss—Mrs—"

"Ann," she corrected.

"A-A-Ann. But you don't know enough about me."

"I didn't until just now. Now I do. When can you sail?"

"Next month," said he, still a bit

She nodded her approval. "Because you're a good lad, and a fine, stout liar. I've got a reward of merit for you." So merrily did she twinkle at him that he said with involuntary wistfulness:—

WHY couldn't I have been about when you were a girl?"

"Very flattering, my boy," she chuckled. "Perhaps we can cure that regret. There are substitutes, you know."

"After such an original?" He contrived a genuine smile.

"Good again. But save it," she bade him. She raised her voice. "Ann, my dear!"

The door opened, and Mark Lindsay's battered heart rose from the dust of desolation and landed somewhere in the region of his throat. Once more he closed his eyes.

"What's the matter with him?" asked the new arrival in alarm. "He isn't going to faint or something, is he?"

"There's just one thing I want to know," said the young man in shaken accents. "Which?"

"This is Ann Torrance," said the old lady. "My worst and favorite niece. I'm warning you."

"Yes; but which?" persisted the young man wildly.

"I'm the business Ann," the old lady informed him.

"And I'm the other." She scrutinised him.

"You haven't changed so terribly much. I hope you're going to like me. For the sake of old times, you know."

"It seems probable," asserted Mark Lindsay solemnly. "It even seems inevitable."

"Here, here!" interposed the brisk old lady. "None of this first-sight nonsense if you please. You're not going to see each other for six months, you know."

"Does he have to go to South America, Aunt Ann?"

"No; he doesn't have to go. But he's going, unless I'm mistaken. Aren't you, Mark Lindsay?"

Room Sixteen, Men's Private Ward, looked from the fine, old, withered countenance to the fresh and lovely face of the girl and back again.

"Yes," he said. And he lost no inch of ground in the heart of either woman by the way he said it.

"Oh, well," murmured Ann Torrance. "I suppose they have postcards in Orinoco."

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Worry Wrecked Her Nerves

A TIRED-OUT BUSINESS GIRL

"I have a responsible position where I am employed and business worries made my nerves a wreck," states Miss N.S., of Thornbury, Melbourne. "I get very run-down, nervous and tired out. I could not eat and soon my weight went down and down."

"So many of my friends told me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that at last I tried them. Since taking these pills I have made wonderful improvement. I have a very good appetite and have gained weight. My nerves are fine and I have splendid colour in my cheeks which wasn't there before I took these pills. I have never felt better."

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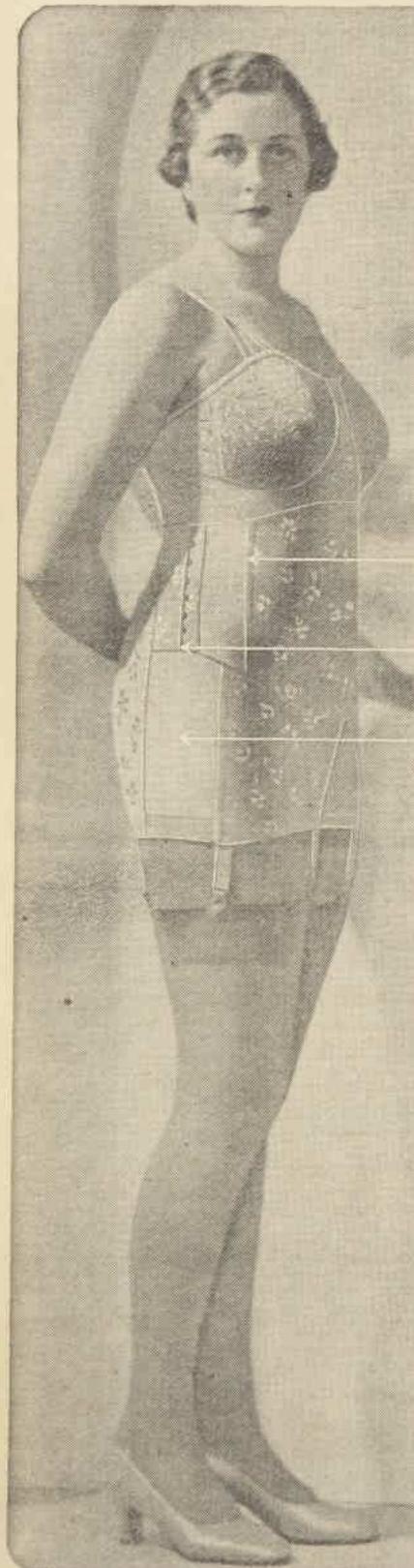
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"and look
at me now..."

inches slimmer

These very words came from a lady, a grateful lady, after she'd been fitted for an "Adjustolift" foundation. "And," she said, "no lacings to bother with, that's what I like. It only takes a minute to adjust this patented belt. Definitely the most comfortable foundation I've tried."

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- ★ As your figure reduces, tighten garment by adjusting hooks to second row of flat loops.
- ★ Special panel of Power Stretch-cloth gives smooth, comfortable fitting.

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There is an "Adjustolift" Controlette or Wrap-on for every type of medium and heavy figure. The photograph shows Controlette 7922, for the medium Average type. Particularly suitable for women who find that ordinary one-piece foundations do not afford sufficiently firm control. It is made of figured batiste, fully lined, with brassiere top of attractive lace. Sizes 34-41. Moderately priced. Fit an "Adjustolift" at any good store.



ADJUSTOLIFT
by
BERLEI

14.348

FASHION PORTFOLIO

August 27, 1938.

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

SPRING COATS . . .



• ABOVE: Casual coat of beige oatmeal wool, tailored on straight lines, with square patch pockets and squarish shoulders. The half-mast sleeves are finished with a stitched cuff. Worn over a silk tunic frock printed in yellow and brown tones, with finely-pleated skirt. Beige summer felt hat, with tiny crown and wide brim, bound and trimmed with brown grosgrain. Brown suede gloves.

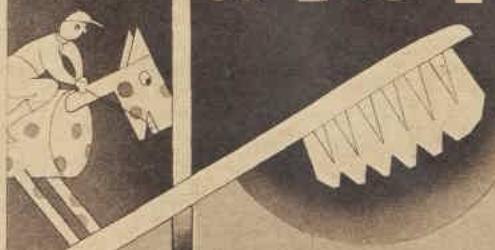
• TOP RIGHT: Dressmaker coat of black ottoman. Special fashion points are the shaped waist, fullness of the bodice, and wide, three-quarter sleeves. The smart black halo hat has a tall 'witch' crown. Black antelope gloves and posy of brilliant shades.

• AT RIGHT: Attractive coat in spring weight navy woolen, merrily edged on both sides with a graduated panel of white wool top and hem at waist with narrow navy bow. Like the black coat above, it is collarless.

PHOTOGRAPHS reproduced on this page were selected in London by Mary St. Claire and sent by Air Mail.



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Tek is a changed toothbrush. Its short head has been improved . . . where there were 4 rows of bristles, now there are 3 . . . almost the identical number of bristles, mind you, but larger tufts. As a result of this change, Tek is even better; its narrower head reaches the most difficult surfaces, leaves tiniest crevices clean and safe.

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FOR THE BACHELOR GIRL . . .

Frocking and Background Must Harmonise

BEING a "Bachelor girl" doubtless has its disadvantages, but . . .

If you are a "Bachelor girl" you may or may not be in love with your liberty and lonesomeness, but at least you're in a box seat where fashion is concerned.

You can dress exactly as you please. If your home is just one simple room you can make it a frame and background for just you.

You can get no end of fun out of it, too. You can express yourself satisfactorily and give your creative talents a chance. You'll find there's a vast satisfaction in thus developing your personality.

When there are other people to be considered, it's often



• FOR a little dinner at home—a graceful gown of violet-blue crepe with long cherry sash trailing to the hemline.

• FOR THOSE who prefer a dinner suit—tailored white sharkskin trousers, black linen jacket, white cravat.

• LEFT: Dainty leisure-hour gown of double chiffon, trimmed with finely-pleated frilling at the edges.

• RIGHT: Restful one-piece pyjamas of gay chintz with sash tied in a bow at the front.

• BELOW: House-coat of spotted pique cut long and full and finished with a bow at the V-shaped neck.

difficult to design and decorate one's rooms. Their ideas may not be yours, and they are apt by their intrusion to wreck your schemes.

Our fashion artist, René, who has sketched the outfits on this page, offers the following fashion advice to the "Bachelor girl."

Advice from René

LOOK to your type. If you are extremely feminine, as you have no man to consider—let yourself go in a big way and make your home as feminine as yourself.

For example, imagine a little flat done in pink and yellow. The bedroom could have ivory-jacquered antique furniture, a bed with a high back and four posts, boudoir kidney dressing-table, befrilled window curtains—perhaps buttercup-yellow edged and spotted with pink—a pale green floor, a little ivory chair upholstered in gauguin-pink satin, a long, carved ivory mirror hung on one wall.

Your lampshades and perhaps a quaint flower study could repeat the pink of your chair.



• ABOVE: A romantic house-frock of the candy-striped sheer now so popular.

IT'S SMART TO BE PRETTY

YOU needn't tailor your hair, whittle away your curves and streamline your dress this season. For the first time for years it's really smart to be pretty.

Paris Snapshots

GARTERS shown in the shop windows along the Rue de Rivoli are gayer than ever.

They are mostly of blue ribbon with decorations of hearts and Cupid's arrows, gold lace, and bunches of flowers—something like the motifs found on old-fashioned valentines.

SCARLET hearts, from thumbnail size to those about four inches high, are buttoning smart black coats and frocks.

These amusing, thoroughly Parisian, buttons are being used as hat trimming, glove fastenings, and as the ends of shoe laces.

Individual Touches

GAINST this background you simply must wear negligees and gowns that are soft or fluffy in a color that is a vivid contrast to or harmonises with your background—the gauguin-pink of your chair, vivid cyclamen or a deep blue-violet.

Your lounge could be done all in soft dusty-pink mahogany on a pink carpet, high-backed chairs covered in pink lacquered chintz sprayed all over with bright garden flowers, the curtains and the walls even, the same dull pink with perhaps an odd green chair and cushions for color, in green, yellow and violet.

Just a few well-chosen pictures should be bought specially for this room, and flowers carefully placed to make the best of a setting in which you must feature as the vital part of the whole.

You have created a background with a definite personality. Now you must be equally clever with your clothes to make yourself really important.

Consider always when purchasing your house clothes the surroundings of the room against which you will wear them. Your lounge-room calls for gracious gowns and here you can take liberties and indulge in sweeping house coats and long house dresses in printed cottons or flowered chintz for the most informal occasions.

At night you can be quite old-world, or dress up with just a dash



• ABOVE: Dimdi suspender skirt in vividly-striped linen worn with a simple blouse.

of the grand manner about your entertaining.

Perhaps you are not the type to whom the ultra-feminine appeals. You may have a flair for tailored lines and like to live in a modern flat with streamlined furniture and unusual color effects.

If that is so, you can adopt a more carefree or sophisticated manner in clothes and way of entertaining.

Attractively-made trouser suits and a certain type of playclothes can have a very individual charm against this background. Try tailored trousers and soft shirtwaister blouses and jackets to wear at night.

Remember your home belongs to you and you to your house, so you must have co-operation.

It is in the worst taste, if you and your house quarrel and broadcast confusion. You, your clothes, your manner, your house with its accessories must all be in harmony to present a really charming picture of you.

SWEATER or BOLERO . . . or BOTH!



AS EXEMPLIFIED by the large figure, the "line" of both the sweater and the bolero may be combined successfully. In this instance, the idea is developed in brown suede crépe for the skirt and bolero, lame being used for the sweater. A brilliant touch of contrasting color is provided by the green patent belt.

• TOP LEFT: The sweater for evening is here shown in a brilliant satin-backed crépe edged with looped braidings of silver kid. The skirt is a dark material in dull shade of the same color.

• TOP RIGHT: The bolero for evening is a slip-over-the-head affair, same color and material as the dress, and embroidered with gold and silver. The skirt buttons down the side.

• LOWER LEFT: The bolero suit with a Gibson flavor; a light-red-and-green woollen is combined with navy satin for cravat and blouse.

• LOWER RIGHT: Marine-blue spotted with black is used for an all-round pleated skirt topped by a slim sweater banded with chamois-yellow. Blue accessories.

DRESS to your type. There is no sounder piece of advice that one can offer. Every woman approximates to some general type while remaining wholly an individual.

General dress rules are essential, but at the same time every woman has to bear in mind her own dress problems, as regards her purse and the life she leads, also as regards the way she is built.

The tall woman and the short must vary the proportions of their clothes, the one, if over-tall, playing down her height, the other doing all she can to create an illusion of height.

There is the secret of dressing to your type. If yours is not a wholly perfect type, create the illusion that it is in fact exceedingly good. Watch line, color contrast, break of line, direction of trimmings and accessories. You want to look like yourself, but you also want to look like the best kind of self, an idealised self.

You don't want to be a copy of anybody, but you do want clothes that will bring out your best points of build and coloring as well as your personality.

Let us run through the different general types, remembering that we

DRESS to SUIT Your TYPE

Fashion expert's practical advice on how even a plain woman can make the most of her good points and achieve distinction in dressing

must later on give quite a lot of thought to the problems of the broader and older woman.

The secret for this type is to be smart but discreet.

Exaggeration she must above all avoid. Her dresses will not be too tightly or closely fitted, the skirt being always full enough for her to sit down without the dress "riding up."

The skirt, then, will be longer than the tall woman's, but not noticeably so—an inch or so will do the trick. The neckline will not be close, either as regards the actual collar or any pearls or beads.

All unnecessary trimming will be eliminated—which will undoubtedly be a great step to chic: every woman who has to eliminate, whether because she cannot afford bits and pieces or because her type will not permit them, has the chance to be a leader in chic.

The shorter, broader woman will not break her line by puffed or widened sleeves, by conspicuous or broad belts or by color division, say in sweater and skirt or contrast yokes. Her lines will fall downwards with such drapery as gives length introduced in the softer clothes.

The less harsh colors are her colors and the small patterns in prints when she feels the need to turn to patterning. But she will remember that monochromes are her best tones.

In shoes she chooses heels that are neither too high nor too low in height. Her stockings should be a shade darker than the tall woman's stockings.

She will be more than careful with her fur coat, avoiding all bushy furs and all exaggerated collars. Yes, the whole story lies in lack of exaggeration and in the avoiding of "dinky" effects.

She Is Short But Slim

LITTLE-GIRL clothes, what are called "dainty" clothes, how she hates them, the woman who is short but yet is slim. Her proportions are good, though not so long as her bigger sister's.

Why should not she possess the same restrained elegance, the same sense of style, of where good taste lies as the

larger woman? She not want all her life to remain nineteen; why should she?

Yet she will be lucky if she can find a shop or store near her that stocks a good assortment of clothes with style, with chic, instead of offering her little-girl models.

Fine, clean lines, subtle in their sophistication, are the lines which add height. Ornamentation must be played down in favor of line, keeping to simple sources instead of bunched ones, longer gloves just tucked at the wrist in place of gauntlets, the moderate-sized handbag, as perfectly proportioned a hat as you can have made.

The hat may be said to be the crux of the whole proportioning. The difficulty lies in the inability in so many towns to buy a hat cut on the head and the chanciness of finding a perfectly proportioned hat ready-made, since they are made for women of standard stock size.

Lastly, the same advice as to the broader, short girl. Beware the bushy type of fur, whether as a coat or as a scarf. Beware wide sleeves. Resist

Famous English Fashion Authority

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

BY

ALISON SETTLE

all tendency—if such you have—to fluffiness.

The things for the blonde to avoid are the pale pastel colors; contrary to the generally accepted view, these are the shades for a brunet. The blonde merely looks faded in them.

For her the clear, sharp colors that do not compete with, but show up, the fragility of her lines and skin.

The soft blonde with wavy hair is the right type for tailored suits; the surprise and contrast of these is particularly appealing.

On the other hand, if she is the kind of woman who hates to be noticed, let her avoid tailored clothes, boyish clothes, and plain fabrics and lines, for these definitely add drama to the blonde.

Beige can be a good color for the blonde, but on the whole it is dangerous as giving her a monotone look, where a green, say, or a deep blue or a red-brown would again add contrast. If she chooses beige, then a strong color accent is needed near the skin.

She Is Brunette

THERE are brunettes and brunettes. The darker girl with a clear skin and clear eyes has no need of advice. There are few colors she need avoid, dark or light, though obviously she does not achieve that glimmering look of fragility which even a sturdy blonde gives in all-black.

Pastels are for the brunette. Sharp colors should be worn according to a rule, the contrary to that observed by the blonde—they should be kept away from the face and not brought to it.

The fact that there are no definite rules for the brunette, above all for the well-proportioned brunette, make it seem as if anything is safe to wear. The choice for her is too great, in fact, to be safe.

Grace is what the brunette needs, poise and restraint. She can be vivid, but only vivid in one point of her dressing, one scarf and belt, one hat, one jewel.

But if she is tall, why should she mind the time and care she must take in grooming and detail, for has she not every fashion at her feet? She need not avoid wider sleeves like the smaller woman.

She need not always think in terms of indeterminate prints; she can wear checks and over-checks as well as stripes and dots. She can have a heavy topcoat as well as a fitted suit, a horizontally trimmed dress as well as a draped dinner gown. Heaven has been very kind to the brunette who is of a good height.

"Jolie Laide"

LASTLY, do not think that in any of these cases I mean that you have to be beautiful. Of course, that is at times a great help, but I cannot too often say that the best-dressed women in Europe have almost always been the "jolies laides," the good-looking uglies.

You may say that no smart woman in Paris is beautiful. The lovelies don't bother: things come to them without bothering. The "jolie laide" of Paris may even be ugly, may have far too prominent a nose, eyes that are insignificant, a ridiculously large mouth, yet she has played up these bad points of hers, not played them down as if hoping no one would notice.

She has made all notice her for the perfection of all other points, so that you come to think of the defect as something so characteristic of her with her charm, that it takes on a new beauty.

Chic saves her somewhat odd features with the grace of character and good dressing. . . . For there is no doubt good dressing takes real character.

The good-looking ugly is so beautifully turned out, displaying such care from her shoes up to her hat, is so sleek and polished, that you know only the discipline of character could achieve it.

THE Secret OF BEAUTIFUL LEGS

You can have more beautiful legs by wearing chiffon stockings. If you haven't already been getting the best of wear from them, let Holeproof advise you. After studying the reasons why some women are not getting sufficient wear from their sheer stockings, we find that it is on the right track. Be kind to you. To prove this, follow for their care. Cut them out, them faithfully. Do this, and your legs more beautiful is quite



These three stockings are indispensable to every well-dressed woman:

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE: A gossamer sheer for one night only—but many more by following the 10 Golden Rules.

BLACK MAGIC: The ideal stocking for evening—can be worn all day long by following the 10 Golden Rules.

GAY DECEIVER: The aristocrat of all long-wearing sheers. Correct for day and night;

And other styles for every occasion.

10 GOLDEN RULES

for the care of chiffon sheers.

1. Be sure of your correct foot-size (sometimes a size larger helps.)
2. Buy two pairs of the same shade and size.
3. Rinse in soda always before wearing.
4. Wash soon after every wear.
5. Hang to dry where morning will catch sun.
6. Keep cuticles and toe-nails filed.
7. Don't pull on—roll to toe, then ease off.
8. Fix suspenders into waistband.
9. See that heel is carry—a position as near the reinforcement comes above the shoe.
10. Don't let your stockings touch chair or table legs or edges of sofas—the worse enemies of sheer.

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Real Life Stories

When the Dora Dora Blacks Terrorised the Country

... Woman's Bravery

Way back in 1891, all Australia was talking of the exploits of the Dora Dora blacks, who had "gone bush" after murdering a Russian Pole, Seweryn Muszczakiew, on his lonely selection at Basin Creek, Dora Dora, 42 miles from Albury.

The country through which these two—Jack and Willie—passed was in a state of terror, and police and volunteers contributed to one of the greatest man-hunts in Australian history.

When the excitement was at its height, Mrs. Annie Thompson, of Gloucester Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W., had an experience the story of which wins this week's guinea prize for Real Life Stories.

I WAS a young married woman then, living at the small town of Binalong, near Yass (writes Mrs. Thompson).

The Dora Dora blacks were making through the bush in our direction—at least that is what we heard—and reports came in daily of their exploits.

They were marvellous bushmen—in fact, they had been black-trackers at Benalla in Victoria before they cleared out across the border.

So often were they seen, and so phantom-like were their escapes through cordons of police and civilians that their reputation became awe-inspiring. The whole of the country was alarmed.

In Binalong the womenfolk were all apprehensive, and I daresay the men, too.

"The Dora blacks are hiding in the Binalong mountains," they said.

Imagine my distress when my husband's mate arrived in town, and muttered a few words before he collapsed completely.

"Bridge was rotten, fell through, George can't move."

I saddled my horse and, taking a first-aid kit, set out immediately.

Dusk was upon us, and one of the men tried to stop me leaving town. But a slash with my whip sent him back yelling.

Inches From Death

BEING out of work and with my two sons in similar plight, we decided to tempt fortune by prospecting for gold in the Canobolas Ranges, out from Orange, N.S.W.

One day I had lowered my sons to the bottom of our 8ft. x 3ft. shaft, when was down 80ft., and then prepared a bucket containing hammers, picks, wedges, and drills, weighing about one and a half hundredweight, to lower them to the bottom.

Having a short reach it was my practice to drag the bucket close to the edge, and after fixing the hook, toss it over the shaft.

Having got the bucket into position, I was holding the winch strap in my left hand and reaching out with my right to take the winch handle when the strap snapped.

I attempted to catch the revolving handle but it split my fingers and a further attempt would probably have killed me.

I was horrified and helpless and although I yelled "to get clear" they did not hear me.

There was a thud and then silence. No words could express my feelings—my sons penned in a 8ft. x 3ft. hole with 1 cwt. crashing on to them. What could I do for help?

With a voice I barely recognised myself I called down, "Is everything all right?" and was amazed to receive the reply, "O.K., brother."

The reaction was too much for me. I collapsed.

The boys were examining the bottom of the shaft when the elder son looked up and saw what had happened. Both dashed to the sides and the heavy bucket, being quite steady, stopped between them.

Had I interfered I would have caused oscillation and both would have been killed.

Mrs. Percy H. Sewell, Penshurst, N.S.W.



"You're a fool, missus, you're a fool."

All went well as I galloped steadily onwards, but after a while a storm came up. It was pitch dark, and very eerie with the thunder rumbling and lightning flashing viciously.

During one very bright flash I got the fright of my life.

I had neared the sliprails on the then Ghoollandadi Station, and standing by them were two dark forms with hats pulled well down over their faces. One held a rifle.

One rail, the top one, was down. I dared not stop to move the others, so I bent as low as I could on the horse and, using the spurs, urged him faster—faster. I lost my hat, and my hair streamed out behind me.

I was paralysed of thought and feeling as the beast flew on, and over the rails.

And above the thunder of hoofs, and the noise of the storm I heard a cry:

SEND IN YOUR STORY!

ALL readers are invited to contribute to this page.

Set down simply the most outstanding incident in which you have been concerned. It does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A prize of £1/- is awarded for the best Real Life Story each week, and 5/- for others published.

Write your letters legibly on one side of the paper, and address them: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of page 3.

Charged by Shark

IT happened in June, 1935, about seven miles from Port Broughton, South Australia.

I was out fishing in a small dinghy the bottom of which was painted white, when I felt the boat heave as though it had been bumped. Turning sharply, I saw a large shark swimming away from the boat.

Without wasting any time I pulled up the anchor, and began to row towards shore as fast as possible. But I had not gone far when the shark made his second attack, this time catching the dinghy on the stern, and throwing me off the seat.

The position was desperate. The shark turned to attack again, and when I was close to the shore it made its final charge and upset the boat.

Quickly grasping a floating oar I scrambled up on to the upturned boat and paddled to safety.

Never since then have I fished from a white-bottomed boat.

5/- to J. W. Wall, Port Broughton, S.A.

Mine Misses Its Real Target

WHEN the R.M.S. Niagara was on a trip to America, with troops to be disembarked at Auckland and Suva, in June, 1918, she dodged a floating mine meant for her, only to learn that it had "got" another vessel.

I was a passenger on the Niagara on my way to England, and when a day's sail from Auckland a faint light appeared on the horizon. It was, as one of the officers explained, a signal from the ss. Wimmera, bound for Sydney.

When we arrived at Auckland at daylight we learned that she had been mined.

The mine had been laid for the Niagara, known to the enemy to be carrying troops, but our skipper (Captain Rolls) had altered his course and forbidden even a glimmer of light to be shown on the decks.

I still have snapshots I took of the rescued arriving at the wharf, some in night attire, the townsfolk arriving to take them to their homes.

Between 40 to 50 were drowned.

5/- to Mrs. H. W. Carlton, George Street, Mont Albert, Melbourne.

Cobber's Farewell

I MET Jim, a young Scot, out in Western Queensland in a prickly pear camp in 1911, and we worked together on different jobs for several years.

Jim returned to England just before the great war and joined up with a Scottish regiment. While convalescing in Blighty in 1917 I was having tea in the Union Jack Club in London when in walked Sergeant Jim, just over from the trenches, and we had several happy hours together.

I was invalided home in 1918, and one morning at dawn I was awakened by a hand being placed on my cheek. I thought someone had come to wake me, but on turning over to see who was there found the room empty. I turned over again thinking it must have been imagination, but the hand was placed on the other cheek, and I knew something had happened.

By the next mail from Scotland I received word from his people telling me of his death, which coincided with the time of the hand incident. In the same mail I received Jim's last letter from France, expressing a wish to be back in Queensland.

5/- to R. Roakes, Braun St., Deagon NE7, Queensland.

"I bent as low as I could on the horse and, using the spurs, drove him faster and faster . . . faster."

"Don't shoot; it's a woman!"

Without pausing, I sped onwards and reached my destination almost exhausted.

The ride was well worth the trouble, for the extra few hours' care probably saved my husband's life.

+ + +
[The Dora Dora blacks were eventually caught, but only after years of trekking through New South Wales towards their home country in Queensland, and after many narrow escapes, especially in the dense bush country round Moss Vale and the Natal River.]

[They turned out to have been very strange murderers. When they speared the selector, he gave them his money, £15, and then asked for some of it back.]

[They agreed to give him £2 each, but he said he wanted only £1 from each. So they compromised by giving him £1 between them.]

[The selector died after being driven in the mail coach to Albury with the spear still stuck five inches into his back.]

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— THEN
TAKE HIS
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How to Save Water

Novel Radio Competition

Water Board appeals for economy at the tap caused a 2GB listener to suggest a competition for the best "How to Save Water" hint.

DOROTHEA VAUTIER, who conducts The Australian Women's Weekly sessions, adopted the suggestion and used it for one of her weekly competitions.

The hundreds of replies proved that women have found innumerable ways to cut down water consumption.

Competitors included one solitary male who belligerently declared that waste of water should be made a punishable offence.

"I would like these people to go through my experience 75 years ago on the gold diggings in Victoria," he wrote.

"I had left McLellan's Gully, Old Berlin, at 4 a.m. with a horse and dray and four carts for the granite springs, seven miles away on the Jericho road, arriving at the spring to find perhaps a dozen carts there."

"Some had been there all night, and when my turn came I got half a cask of sand and water and returned with that after waiting all day."

Perhaps the most novel suggestion made was that given by the first prize-winner.

When boiling rice do not throw

PAINTING

COMPETITION

THE Australian Women's Weekly artist, Wynne Davies, will act as judge in the children's painting competition now being announced from 2GB.

Books containing full details of the competition and the pictures for coloring are now available.

Valuable prizes will be awarded in three groups: A, children from 13 to 16; B, children from 9 to 12; C, up to 8.

In addition, the station is offering cash awards to Charles Cousins' "Radio Newspaper" reporters who submit the best entries. Full particulars of the contest are broadcast by 2GB during children's sessions.

away the water drained from it. Keep it and use it for starch on washing day.

Here are a few suggestions selected at random from the many submitted:

Instead of rinsing dishes, wipe them before washing with soft tissue paper.

When washing vegetables, do the green vegetables first, washing the potatoes in the same water.

Do not throw out the water in which the potatoes and other vegetables are boiled. Keep this for making gravy and soups. Incidentally most of the nourishment of the vegetables is in this water.

Do not throw out the water and leaves in the teapot. This makes excellent manure and moisture for the garden.

If no soapy water from the washing is available for scrubbing floors, scour the linoleum with a cloth soaked in kerosene.

Do not throw away the starch water after use. Instead, try it as a polish for the tiles on the verandah. It will add a fine lustre to them.

All these hints may seem a trial and tribulation to the city housewife, but many of our country sisters have to suffer like this at most seasons of the year.

TREATS CAUSE OF INDIGESTION

A new discovery by a Sydney chemist clears up all stomach complaints. It is called TWIN SODA and its double action removes the cause of indigestion and eliminates poison from the digestive tract by a gentle laxative action. Permanent relief is assured. Pure TWIN SODA is sold by all chemists at 1/- a packet.***

Intimate Jottings by Caroline.

I LIKE—

The snappy little spring hat worn by Peggy Dale. It is fashioned from shing navy straw, with an upturned brim lined with corded cyclamen silk, and has a navy mesh veil.

Greeted by the Dog

Numerous parties have been given for the visiting women golfers who are here for the Australian championships, and one of the jolliest was given by Mrs. Nigel Smith at her lovely home, Kellerville, last Wednesday.

Mrs. Smith's wire-haired terrier, Christopher, was determined that the party should be a success, and even beat his mistress in his hurry to welcome the guests. Christopher's method of greeting the visitors was to leap in the air and hurl himself bodily upon them, while Mrs. Smith cautioned him, "Be gentle, Christopher!"

Not content with playing golf all day and every day, the guests amused themselves with painting competitions on the verandah.

House guests at Kellerville while the championships are on are Mrs. A. A. Rankin and daughter Margaret, from Newcastle, and Betty Sale, a Tasmanian golfer.

Swedish Paintings

THERE was quite a Swedish atmosphere at the Macquarie Galleries last Wednesday when Betty Koppen's exhibition of water-colors was opened by the Consul-General for Sweden, Mr. C. O. D. Dardel.

Betty made several visits to Sweden when she was travelling abroad, and most of her paintings on view are ones she painted in Sweden. At the moment Betty is working on a portrait of Mr. de Dardel's pretty daughter, Ebba.

Ebba looked very sweet on Wednesday in an all-brown ensemble, while Betty wore a suit of privet-green tweed with London-tan accessories. Among those admiring the paintings were General and Mrs. A. T. Anderson and their daughter, Mrs. Allan Foot, who is staying with them while her husband is in Brisbane, and the young artist's cousin, Joan Ritchie.

Joan is becoming very racehorse-minded these days, and tells me she frequently rises at 4 a.m. to go to Randwick and watch the track gallops of Petrochio, the colt which is part-owned by her mother.

Noumea has become a popular cruising destination with Sydney folk, and off to this lovely spot by the Strathaird are Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Fairfax and Miss Fairfax, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Mackay, and Mrs. I. R. Kelly.

Visiting Queensland

MRS. K. L. HAY has motored up to Queensland with Mrs. Lewis, who was formerly Mrs. Whitmore of that State. Mrs. Lewis is staying with the Warwick Whitmores, and Mrs. Hay is the guest of Mrs. T. G. Lahey.

Ice Fantasy

PERSONALITY plus, and not only a talent for ice-skating, belongs to twelve-year-old Sheila Moss, who holds the junior championship for skating.

At the Swiss Chalet ice fantasy at the Gladiatorium last Thursday night Sheila gave a solo entitled "Rhythm." Very cute she looked, too, in the briefest of skirts, fashioned from white satin lacquered with a gay floral design, a close-fitting bodice of green velvet, and a little green velvet cap set on her fair curly hair.

Cliff and Roma Thigell, the English skaters, were responsible for the production of this fascinating pageant, and Roma also designed all the original costumes.

One of the most popular items was the peasant ballet, in which the skaters all wore Tyrolean costume. As they swept past on the ice I glimpsed Barbara Cary, who made a pretty peasant girl in her burgundy velvet skirt and Alpine hat.

Four-year-old Rae Holderness was the youngest performer in the pageant.

Governor's Country Tour

THE Governor, Lord Wakehurst, and Lady Wakehurst, with Morna Mackenzie, Blake Pelly and Captain K. O'B. Harding, left on Sunday for a tour of the north-west and western districts of the State.

They will go first to Walgett and later on to Mena Murtree, the lovely station property of the Jack Parkers, which is about 40 miles from Whitecliffs.

Blake Pelly will leave the party at Cobar and return to Sydney, but the others will not be back at Government House until September 6.

Motored to Melbourne

I HEAR that attractive little Mrs. Colin Chisholm motored down to Melbourne for a holiday, accompanied by her English friend, Joy Russell.

Joy has sailed for home in the Mariposa after a flying five weeks' visit to Australia during which she visited Sydney, Adelaide, and Melbourne.

Mrs. Chisholm will return home in a brand-new limousine, so maybe she will soon be driving it to Sydney for another holiday here.

Houses Scarce

NEWCOMERS to New South Wales are Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Sligo, whose former home was in Brisbane.

With their family they have been spending a holiday in Sydney and Katoomba before settling in their new surroundings at Newcastle. Mrs. Sligo is having a busy time house-hunting there, and says that houses in Newcastle are as scarce as sovereigns.

Dorothy Stuckey, of Adelaide, has been spending a holiday with friends at Rose Bay, and is now on her way home in the Manunda.

Honeymoon Plans

A MOST thrilling honeymoon has been planned by Pamela Dowling, the blonde daughter of the V. Laidley Dowlings, of Rose Bay, and Blake Pelly, A.D.C. to the Governor, Lord Wakehurst.

Their marriage is arranged to take place next month, and immediately after they will set forth on a world tour. They will travel to England first to visit Blake's family so that Pamela may make their acquaintance.

When they return, I hear, they will make their home in the country, somewhere in the Bowral district.

Clarrie Darker and Jessie Gibson left last week-end to return to their home town, Brisbane. They arrived here by the Mariposa last week from a trip abroad.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



Old Windsor Family

SINCE 1881 the Tebbutt family have lived in Windsor, and Keith Tebbutt, who is the fifth generation, will continue to live there with his wife when they return from their honeymoon in Noumea. Keith's marriage with Jeanne Rutherford, of Elizabeth Bay, was quietly celebrated last Friday morning, and they sailed by the Strathaird in the afternoon.

A new house close to the old home has been built by Keith and Jeanne. Keith's mother, Mrs. J. Tebbutt, is living in the original Tebbutt home, which is 100 years old. It is named The Observatory because of the private observatory built by Keith's grandfather, the late John Tebbutt, F.R.A.S., and which is a well-known landmark in the district.

South Sea Romance

IT must be the romance of the South Seas or the lure of the Pacific, or something, but romances are always cropping up between American men and Australian girls who meet each other on the Matson ships.

When pretty little Joy Kelly married Edward Higgins, purser in the Mariposa, last week, she was the second Sydney girl to marry a Matson Co. purser. It is only a year or so since fair-haired Betty Matthews became Mrs. Johnnie Boles—Johnnie was a purser in the Monterey when they met.

Another romance culminated in marriage last week when the chief steward of the Mariposa, George Jeffery, married Gwen Laws, of Petersham. They sailed by the Mariposa for Honolulu, where they will make their future home.

Marjorie Youngman will return this week to her home, Tazbinga, Kingaroy, Central Queensland. She has been in Sydney for a month, staying at No. 9 Springfield Avenue.

For Sister's Wedding

DOREEN L'ESTRANGE will be off to Brisbane in November for the wedding of her sister, Esther, to Mike Mathers.

Doreen will be the only bridesmaid at the wedding, which will be a quiet one. Esther has decided against the traditional white satin and veil, and plans to be married in blue.

At the moment, Esther is enjoying a holiday at Townsville before starting the serious job of planning her trousseau.

Has No Superstitions

IT is just as well that Lady Wakehurst is not superstitious, because at the Masonic Club ball last Thursday her place at the official table was number 13!

Both Lady Wakehurst and the Governor were enchanted with the glorious flowers used for the decorations. Each year the club produces the most beautiful floral effects for their ball, and this year the rooms were massed with lily-of-the-valley, hyacinths, sweet-peas, and daffodils.

A pretty scene was the special dance. La Mason, which the six debutantes, who were presented to Lord Wakehurst, danced before doing their special waltz with their partners. The "debs" had been carefully trained for this dance, and just before they entered the ballroom one whispered to her partner, "And don't you say 'swing it, sister' to me in the middle of the waltz."

DID YOU KNOW—

That Eleanor Martin, who has just returned home, painted some attractive water-colors while staying with Mrs. John Collins at Beaudesert, Queensland?

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Betty's "Racey" Narratives

Call Me Early... I Have to Tout the Gallops at Dawn

Ask your husband, your father, or your brother to take you to Randwick some early morning, preferably a Tuesday or a Thursday, and you'll get the thrill of your life seeing the great racers at exercise.

I went last Tuesday. You'd never believe there were so many racehorses in the world. Everywhere you look—sleek, velvet-actioned thoroughbreds loping along at their daily tasks.

YES, 500 of them, I was told, attend for exercise every morning at Sydney's headquarters of the Turf. It's all so marvelous that I insisted on being invited to go out again.

It is barely daylight so early, but if you want to enjoy the real mysticism of it go a little before 6 o'clock, enter by the gates to the flat, climb the ladders to the top of the Tote, and then at your very

feet will be unfolded a sight you'd never dream of.

As dawn's deceptive light evolves shadow-shapes which look as big as elephants flicker past. Don't get alarmed. They're only racehorses looking all out of shape and perspective in the half-light. When the edges of the sky are pink enough you'll see the whole plain dotted with horses, and their trainers directing operations.

Then the serious business of training unfolds a panorama which

sparkles with action and interest. Ridden by licensed jockeys or strong little stable boys, the horses canter out from their stalls, the trainer is consulted as to what the task must be, the horse enters the circular training track, being careful not to collide with a galloping steed, and does his task, a mile or six furlongs, whatever the instructions.

And so you see the curious spectacle of scores of horses, all hot foot at once; not galloping abreast or in formation as in the race-day contest, but one after the other like Brown's cows, but nevertheless striving their utmost as if some prize awaited their efforts at the winning post.

A funny business, you'll think, all this fast running for nothing. But it is what makes those racehorses fit for the fast racing when we can put our five bobs on.

Marvelous the energy expended before a horse becomes thoroughly conditioned for, say, a Doncaster, or a Metrop., or a Melbourne Cup.

One trainer, Dan Lewis, told me that he reckoned by the time he has L'Aiglon at the starting barrier for the Melbourne Cup next November he will have traversed 2000 miles, walking, trotting, cantering, galloping at three-quarter pace, and sprinting at top speed. Imagine that! He could go to Melbourne and back twice with that energy.

"Clockers'" Gift

NOW for the clockers! They're funny. They are up on the Tote with us, their eyes glued to the circle of the track. You'll hear the click of a stop-watch, but your unpractised eye will find it hard to see the speeding horse five furlongs distant who has just gone off full tilt for a six-furlong gallop.

When he's finished you'll hear the man say "Gold Rod, 6 in 1:15."

"How does he know?" I asked Dickie. "That horse has got no saddle-cloth number. How does he know it's Gold Rod?"

"Can't you see his white face and legs, and his great size?" says Dickie, airing his knowledge. And he tells how those clockers know every horse by sight, like you recognise your own people.

It sounds marvellous, doesn't it, but it's a gift with some folk.

And so we saw 200 horses fit just at speed pace, and another 300 just canter in leisurely fashion.

Old Cid I saw. He doesn't like starting to gallop. But once he does go off he sticks out that Roman nose striving to his uttermost effort. What a nice horse he is! And Gold Rod, big and round as a roly-poly.

But what a thin little thing Gay Knight looks. And when they point out L'Aiglon to you, you ask, "Is that the horse who won the Sydney Cup?"



THE HEAD WAITER regards Petruchio as a good thing for the Hobartville Stakes, says Betty Gee.

He just doesn't look like it, that's all, but Dickie says there are plenty of plain little horses who, nevertheless, are good.

Listen to that grey horse cantering endlessly round, and grinding his teeth so that you can hear him a hundred yards away. It's Arabia. It's not he who should be grinding his teeth, though, but his backers. He's always favorite, and loses.

Bristol is a nice little chubby black four-year-old horse, round of barrel, but what a stayer! And the French horse, Actor, is a great creature of prodigious construction. If he strikes form he ought to be able to bowl over his rivals in any scrum.

Well, I mustn't go on enthusing. But I'm going again when it's not raining. Why more people don't go out, I can't imagine. Too lazy to get up o' morning, I suppose. Well, they don't know what they're missing, that's all.

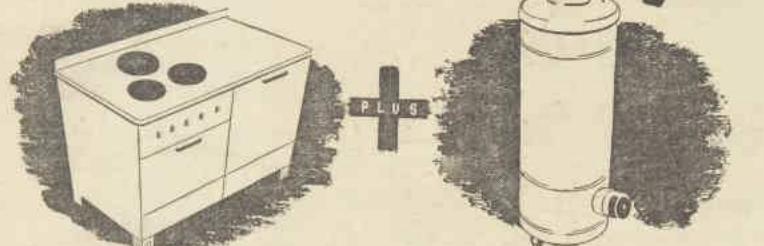
It won't be long before we shall see these champions and all the others disporting themselves. They run at Warwick Farm. This Saturday, August 27, is the date I have had Petruchio from the Head Waiter for the Hobartville Stakes, and Disalito is a tip whispered to me by Mr. S. G. Shepherd, of Gundagai way, for the Campbelltown Handicap, and he ought to know something about the horse because he owns it.

I happen to know that Genetou is being got ready especially to win the Warwick Stakes, and I shall back him, but I'll have a little place saver on the New Zealand horse Royal Chief because I've heard a whisper that he's so good.

The Syndicate tip is Jocular for the Spring Handicap, but another each-way saver is recommended on good old Cid. So fit he is, and sure of running the distance.

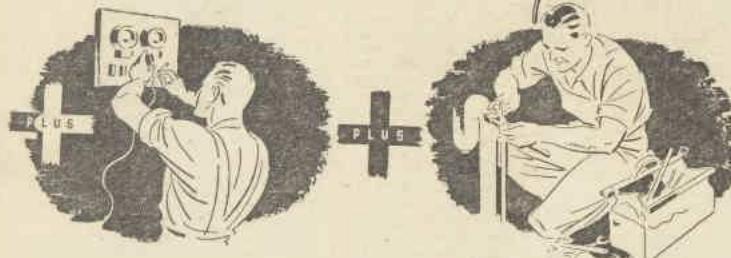
Oh, and here's another strong tip, right from the horse's mouth—Goliath for the Novice.

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revue. He meets
LILLI: Temperamental torch singer, who takes a violent
fancy to him, and becomes jealous of his interest

in Mary plants her valuable pearl necklace in Mary's room. Mary loses her job, but Mandrake is convinced of her innocence, and in front of Gruntz, Lilli, and
DR. SMITH: Police psychiatrist, puts her under his hypnotic influence, saying she will not do a criminal act unless she would do it while normal. He orders her to steal Lilli's pearls, but she refuses, thus proving her innocence to Mandrake. **NOW READ ON.**



TO BE CONTINUED



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Kitchenware on the Lower Ground Floor.



This lovely
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in the one
set for
39/6.



ADORABLE BOUDOIR SETS

Look sleek as a whistle in the mornings and nights in one of these pyjama and gown sets. Tailored-coat style jams and three-quarter length gown. Red, earth, scarlet, saxe blue, pink, green. Set 39/6

Nightwear on the Fourth Floor.
Why not a Lay-by?



Gay georgette blousettes open

In white, magnolia, pink, blue, rust gold, light green and navy. Two styles, one trimmed with fine tucks. The other is a finely tucked revere style. Sizes, SSW. to W., 5/11. OS, 7/11.

Neckwear—Ground Floor

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Sta-Blond not only cleans your hair and makes it soft and shiny, but also shampoo will do that. It does not contain any soap shampoo even claims to do it: brings back the true golden colour to the most faded and darkened fair hair; keeps it golden—prevents hair from darkening.

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VICKS COUGH DROP

A Message to all who suffer from **L U N G T R O U B L E**

Membrosus is a dry inhalation treatment which has produced remarkable results for people who have suffered from Lung Trouble, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Catarrh and Antrum trouble (without operation).

If you suffer from any form of chest or catarrhal trouble, you should give Membrosus a trial without delay. Hundreds of letters have been received from grateful users who have obtained quick and lasting relief after having suffered for years with:

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, HAY FEVER ANTRUM TROUBLE (Without operation)

Read the following tributes to Membrosus

DREADFUL ATTACKS OF ASTHMA

WAVERLEY

"I suffered with Asthma terribly—I was under the Doctor's treatment and he was giving me the needle and medicine, but I had those dreadful attacks of Asthma just the same. I had to sit up at night and got no sleep, and kept everyone awake with my coughing. I have only had one supply from you. I have not had an attack since—it cuts away the phlegm as soon as I have inhaled the fumes. I have not lost one night's sleep."

(Sgd.) Mrs. A. D. McC.

COMPLETELY CURED THE CATARRH

ST. BRISBANE

"You will be pleased to know that your 'Membrosus' treatment has completely cured the Catarrh and I have had no occasion to use the spare tablets I am keeping for use in case of any recurrence."

(Sgd.) J. A. Fraser.

COULDNT FIND A TRACE OF T.B.

WAGGA.

"I was examined by my Doctor last week and he said I was cured. He couldn't find a trace of T.B."

"I would like you to know how grateful I am to 'Membrosus' for all it has done for me."

"Thanking you a thousand times. Sincerely,

(Sgd.) Miss P.E.

Patients of all ages—in all parts of Australia and New Zealand have testified that they have received DEFINITE and LASTING benefits from the—

MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION TREATMENT

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

MEMBROSUS PTY. LTD.,
272 George Street, Sydney, or Box No. 4036 W. G.P.O., Sydney.
Please send me particulars of your Membrosus Dry Inhalation Treatment.

My Complaint is
Name
Address
Personal Inquiries Are Invited. B.I. 15.32

Mary-Mind-The-Baby

Continued from Page 30

SHE brought presents galore—butter, fresh eggs, fine chickens, and a beautiful new outfit for Josey.

She was fatter, healthier, dressed sensibly, and well—but, for all that, she was still the same old Mary-Mind-the-Baby who had stood so often and so long at the pen of College Court, her smile as quiet as before, her manner reticent; her eyes filled with that odd, reflective wonder.

She fell upon Josey and devoured him. For the whole of her holiday she simply wouldn't let him out of her sight.

Finlay, meeting them out together for the twentieth time, tried to tease her.

"Why all this fuss, Mary dear—when you'll be having a Josey of your own one of these days?"

She looked at the baby, and at Finlay with faint smile of hers, she said—

"He wouldn't be the same Josey as this Josey."

Before she went back to Earnhead she called on Finlay at Arden House.

"By the way, doctor, I'm owing you a bill, I think. Don't you remember, when I came round that day—when Josey was born—I promised I'd pay you when I started work."

He had to thrust her bodily out of the surgery before he could convince her that he'd never want to see the color of her money. Next day she left for Earnhead.

The summer passed quietly. The baby had his third birthday, and thrived exceedingly. So, too, did the Reilly family was considerable.

They had moved from College

Court to Leaven Street, where they had four decent rooms and a kitchen, no less, which was where they chiefly lived.

Paddy wore a virtuous air, talked of putting money in the savings bank, and was altogether very much above himself. This, no doubt, was why he took his wife and Josey to the Fair.

Leventon Fair is famous, a carnival of fun, with swings and roundabouts and side-shows galore.

Paddy, in the ordinary way, would have gone alone, or with his pals, to exhibit his enormous skill at ringing the bell, or scattering the coconuts, or knocking down the molly-dollies. But now, from over a clean celluloid dickey, he said to Teresa—

"Come on wid ye to the shows."

She looked at him with longing in her eyes.

"But there's Josey, Paddy."

He answered—

"Ah, bring the little 'un as well!"

So they took Josey to the Fair, and, out of the goodness of their hearts, fed him on toffee and sat him merrily on the whirling round-about.

It was glorious fun all right. But,

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, August 24: 11.45 a.m., Serial, "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins; 2.45 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, August 25: 11.45 a.m., Serial, "People in the Limelight."

FRIDAY, August 26: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, August 27: 2.30 p.m., "Let's Go Places"; 9.30 p.m., "Hits of To-day."

SUNDAY, August 28: 4.30 p.m., Celebrity Singer Recital—Gladys Swarthout (mezzo-soprano); 6.10 p.m., From the Pen of Charles Gounod.

MONDAY, August 29: 2.45 a.m., Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, August 30: 11.45 a.m., Serial; 2.45 p.m., The Homemaker, Mrs. Eve Gye.

ain't the night wind cut chill. Next day Josey had pneumonia.

There was panic in the house when Finlay broke the news.

Teresa walked about, wringing her ineffectual hands and meaning—

"How'll I tell her? How'll I tell her?"

Finlay said—

"We must get the baby to hospital."

"No, no! She'd never forgive me if I do that. We must tell her, herself. We must tell her, herself."

So they wired to Mary. She arrived that night.

There were no recriminations, no complaints. Her face was set as she unpacked her few things and established herself as Josey's nurse.

"I've come to mind the baby." And how she minded him! In all his experience Finlay never saw better nursing.

When Finlay came in she explained simply.

She could do anything with the child—make him take nourishment when he was feverish; and his medicine when he was fretful.

By singing to him softly she even had the power of sending him to sleep.

MAKEBABY'S HAIR CURLY



Mrs. Roach, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet she says— "Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She never had strong, soft, curly hair at the back, sides and top, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Roach."

Turn Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful wavy curls. Get a 3/8 lb. tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. CURLYPET Be sure to get GENUINE CURLYPET

It was a virulent germ, and Josey was gravely ill. She knew this, and often when she watched over him a look of anguish would come upon her face.

The coughing was the worst. With her arm round his neck, heedless of the danger of infection, she supported him until each spasm should pass.

She lavished herself upon, night and day, such absolute devotion that Finlay had to protest.

"You knock yourself up if you go on like this, Mary. Let me get someone else to help you."

But, though she obeyed him in everything else, she would not obey him in this.

At last, by rapid lysis, the danger point was passed, and Finlay told her that Josey would recover.

She rose rather dizzily from beside the bed, pressing her hand against her head.

"I'm glad—terrible glad, doctor," she whispered, smiling at him weakly. "I couldn't have kept on much longer. I seem to be feeling pretty bad myself."

And she collapsed at his feet.

She had caught the pneumonic germ from Josey. But it did not attack her lungs. That would have been bad. What happened was worse.

She developed pneumococcal meningitis, the fulminating form of a terrible disease. She never recovered consciousness, and in two days she was dead.

In her weak delirium, just before the end, she kept muttering over and over again: "Mind the baby, Mur; mind the baby."

And it is by that name that she lives in Finlay's memory.

(Copyright.)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Do YOU get



Painful Wind?

"AN accumulation of wind caused me to roll in agony for 30 days," writes R. H. W. "I was so ill that my doctor had to be sent for. The pain eased a little, but then came on again more violently. Well, I managed to get some 'Bisurated' Magnesia and got wonderful relief. I've had no trouble since. 'Bisurated' Magnesia relieves all burning, ulcerating, exfoliating acid. Pain stops like magic; inflammation is healed, wind dispelled, and healthy digestion soon restored. Doctors everywhere use and prescribe 'Bisurated' Magnesia for the stomach. Get a bottle to-day."

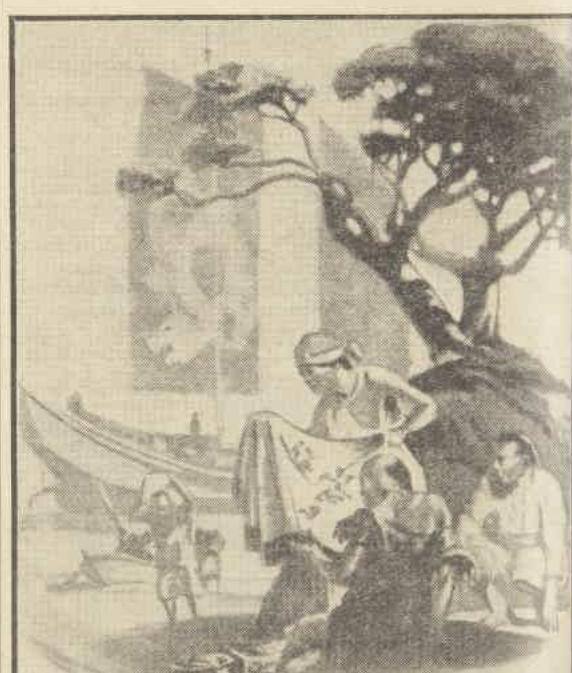
It is a concentrated preparation and very economical. The package bears the trade mark, "Bisurated".

You want

'Bisurated'

Magnesia

BABIES are Australia's best immigrants. In the former Baby does not refer to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free in 3d. sent for postage to Dept. "A," Mrs. Clinton, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.**



"Charm of the Orient"

A special musical presentation recalling the charm, wisdom and beauty of the world's oldest civilization.

MONDAY — WEDNESDAY — THURSDAY] 9.20 p.m.

The Movie World

August 27, 1938

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

- 1. GINGER and Doug, discover that their holiday romance is developing into something deeper.
- 2. STEPPING OFF THE TRAIN on her arrival at camp, Ginger is the centre of interest. Red Skelton wears the sailor's cap.
- 3. AT WORK. Ginger is the office drudge—works hard for Elise Cavaine and Dorothy Tree.



- 4. THE morning-after-the-night-before—Eve Arden and Lucille Ball are censured by fellow-vacationer Shempour Ruskin.

- 5. GINGER AND DOUG, shown here with Lee Bowman and Dorothea Kent, at the camp's fancy dress ball.

- 6. INEZ COURNEY helps Ginger pack at the end of her romantic summer vacation.

MIDSUMMER IDYLL

GINGER ROGERS again puts by her dancing shoes for R.K.O.'s romantic drama, "Having Wonderful Time." This is the story of a hard-working typist who takes her vacation at a summer camp, meets other young people bent on having a wonderful time, and one more serious, Doug Fairbanks, jun., a budding lawyer working at the camp as a waiter, with whom she falls in love.

Moviedom Gossip

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER,
New York and Hollywood

Disney Honored

AFTER receiving honorary degrees from three of the country's most important universities—Southern California, Harvard and Yale—all within one week, Walt Disney is a little bewildered.

"I certainly appreciate all this," he says, "but gee I'm not an educated guy—I still don't see how anyone came to think of giving me any degrees."

Walt is now a Bachelor of Science once, and a Master of Arts twice!

Spencer as Priest

SPIRITED TRACY, Mickey Rooney and the rest of the company of "Boystown," are off to the remarkable little city of Boystown, Omaha, which was started by a Father Flanagan and is governed and inhabited solely by young boys who have no other homes.

The picture, with Tracy playing the priest, will tell the story of the unusual organization of boys.

Echo of Valentino

WHEN you see "Sue," watch for the handsome Arabian horse, ridden by Annabella.

He is Jafaa, the famous horse ridden by Rudolph Valentino in so many of his films.

Jafaa, who was retired to a farm on the death of his master, is now twenty-three years old, and this is his final film appearance.

Shearer's Next Film

NORMA SHEARER is already making tests for "Idiot's Delight," her next film.

Production will start as soon as Clark Gable, who will play the leading male role, completes "Too Hot to Handie," which will be in a few weeks' time. This will be Gable's third picture with Miss Shearer.

Sonja Learns to Skate

HOLLYWOOD'S mania of the moment is roller skating.

At the swanky new rink on Sunset Boulevard, a roller derby has been drawing crowds of movieites for the past week.

Between rounds of the derby, the stars themselves perform.

The other night we spotted Cesar Romero with Sonja Henie, and while Sonja may be an ice skating champion she didn't seem to be doing so well at the roller variety.

"Trial Separation"

FAY WRAY and her writer-husband, John Monk Saunders, are starting a second "trial separation."

Some months ago, when their marriage seemed heading for the rocks, they decided to live apart for one year to see if it would help matters, but friends effected a reconciliation.

This time Fay is going to New York for four months.

How to look YOUR LOVELIEST

Bette Davis Shows You!

Reveal all the hidden loveliness of your face... dramatise it... with Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up, as used by fascinating Bette Davis and 96% of the Hollywood stars. Max Factor has created exclusive shades of powder, rouge and harmonising lipstick for blonde, brunette, brownette and red-head. By filling in the coupon below, you will receive from Max Factor your Personal Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart, which lists the correct shades for your individual type. Come along and see Max Factor's new salon in Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

Sold at all leading stores and chemists.



Bette Davis, Warner Bros. Star of "Jezebel".

ABOVE: Bette Davis using Max Factor's harmonising face powder.

CENTRE: Bette Davis adds to her allure with Max Factor's rouge.

LEFT: Bette Davis uses Max Factor's Super Indelible Lipstick.

Max Factor
Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia:
JAMES & ANDERSON,
Box 3962 V.G.P.O., Sydney.

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Glamor Has A Foreign Flavor

WHILE HOLLYWOOD GLAMOR QUEENS CAVORT IN COMEDY, FOREIGN ACTRESSES ARE STEALING THE MONOPOLY ON SCREEN ALLURE.

From
JOHN B. DAVIES,
New York.

HOLLYWOOD is in the throes of a new foreign invasion. While Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne and other Hollywood favorites have been dutifully shedding glamor in the interests of crazy comedy, studios have been busy signing up exotic foreign actresses to supply the missing quality.

Now, complete with charm, talent, fascinating foreign accent, and plenty of good publicity from the studios, they are providing formidable opposition to the screen's established stars, and have practically got the monopoly of allure.

At Universal, with a fine five-year contract, is Danielle Darrieux, "creature of a thousand new moods of femininity" — "with Paris in her eyes."

Launched with amazing publicity in "The Rage of Paris," she threatens to become as big a money-maker for the studio as Deanna Durbin.

She was signed up by Universal at the end of last year, just at the beginning of the crazy-comedy cycle.

Studio executives first saw her starring with Charles Boyer in a distinguished French film, "Mayerling."

Dietrich Successor?

SHE has had plenty of experience both on stage and screen, possesses a fresh, light singing voice of delicate timbre, and an alluring personality.

Her director in "The Rage of Paris" is Henry Koster, who started Deanna Durbin on the road to fame.

With as much experience and as many accomplishments is Isa Miranda, Italian actress under contract to Paramount.

Described by Italian painter, D'Annunzio, as "Duse of the screen," with blonde hair, liquid brown eyes, exquisite figure, she bears in the sculptured lines of her face a striking resemblance to Marlene Dietrich.

Like Darrieux she has had plenty of stage and screen experience, and can speak fluently half a dozen languages—including English with a delightful foreign accent.

Born in Milan about twenty years ago, she began life as a messenger girl in a dressmaker's establishment, picking up pins from the floor and delivering gowns to purchasers.

Later she became interested in dramatics, attended the Academy of Dramatic Arts, which is a part of the Filodrammatic theatre, and made her professional acting debut in the leading feminine role of Pirandello's "To-night We Improvise."

Next she went to Rome, landed a job as an extra, and two months later was given the leading role in a picture called "Darkness."

Henry Koster summoned her to Vienna to play in a German picture.

Later she played with Fernand Gravet in a French film.

Paramount brought her to Hollywood in September of last year.

Her first film for Paramount will be opposite Herbert Marshall in "Zaza."

Hungarian by birth, and cosmopolitan by nature, is Ilona Massey, under contract to M.-G.-M.

"Within two years Massey will be the biggest star in Hollywood," says M.-G.-M. director Van Dyke, who directed Norma Shearer in her comeback film, "Marie Antoinette."



● Isa Miranda, Italian actress, described by artist D'Annunzio as "Duse of the Screen," is one of the glamorous newcomers who are giving Hollywood queens sleepless nights. Her first Paramount film is "Zaza," with Herbert Marshall.



while in the chorus joined one of the smaller opera companies.

"Tosca" was her first opera, and to sing this she had to learn German. Later she joined the Vienna State Opera House, starring in "Empress Josephine."

In the audience were M.-G.-M. executives, and it was with them that she signed a contract.

Great plans are afoot for her. She can sing, dance, and act. Her first starring role will probably be with Nelson Eddy in "Balalaika."

Zorina, Norwegian ballerina, who made her film debut in Goldwyn's lavish technicolor musical, "The Goldwyn Follies," is another exotic lady of amazing accomplishments, and one of the most glamorous.

Beautiful, blonde, and only twenty, she has been for two years a premiere ballerina of the Ballet Russe, and played and danced in all the capitals of Europe.

"Ecstasy Girl"

SHE is a Norwegian born in Berlin. She was educated in Norway, trained for her dancing career in Paris, London, and Venice.

Leonide Massine saw her in London in a play called "Ballerina" and engaged her for the Russian Ballet.

When she appeared in the Ballet in New York, Goldwyn's scouts saw her, and finally managed to persuade her to sign up with them.

Hedy Lamarr is the latest threat to Hollywood's glamor girls.

She is the girl, you remember, who took a swim au naturel in the Viennese film, "Ecstasy."

M.-G.-M. brought her to Hollywood, housed her pretentiously, taught her English, and kept her out of the limelight.

Now she is to be revealed in Charles Boyer's picture, "Algiers," as the sultry, exotic type.

There they are then—as formidable a line-up of glamor girls as has ever reached Hollywood. All have beauty, talent, poise, and heaps of experience. All are heavily backed by their studios.

How Hollywood's reigning queens will answer their challenge remains to be seen.



As Brenda in the Nelson Eddy-Eleanor Powell musical, "Rosalie," she has already created a favorable impression.

As Miranda resembles Dietrich, Massey in the general cast of her features resembles Garbo.

She was born about twenty-seven years ago, Ilona Hajmassy, the daughter of Hungarian peasant parents.

She lived for a time in Holland, moved to Budapest, and became a chorus girl there for two years.

Then she went to Vienna. Straight from the chorus she climbed into opera. Secretly she had been taking singing lessons, and

● Danielle Darrieux, exciting French actress, who made her Hollywood debut in Universal's comedy, "The Rage of Paris."



Bad Men Making Good

MORE POPULAR THAN MANY HANDSOME HEROES, SCREEN VILLAINS BOGART AND ROMERO ARE HOLLYWOOD'S LATEST TIPS FOR STARDOM.

By JOAN McLEOD
from Hollywood

ONCE the villain of a screen drama was a man to be hooted and whistled at by small boys at matinees, tolerated by sophisticates, and kept forever in his important, but secondary, place by his casting director.

But Humphrey Bogart and Cesar Romero have both portrayed villains on the screen with such dash, and so sympathetically, that they have endeared themselves to audiences, on many occasions stolen the picture from its principals, and so induced their studios to give them increasingly important parts.

Master of the ominous pause, the threatening gaze, an actor who by his very appearance brings tenseness to the screen, Bogart is well known to audiences for his gangster roles.

His uncannily sympathetic gangsters have stolen such pictures as "The Petrified Forest" and "Dead End" from such sterling heroes and heroines as Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Sylvia Sidney.

Early Successes
★ FROM conventional gangster villainous roles he has been gradually developing into a first-class portrayer of problem characters in some of Warners' more ambitious sombre dramas.

Bogart has never been known to give an indifferent performance.

Originally a stage actor, he made his screen debut as far back as 1930, but without causing much excitement.

Returning to Broadway, he scored a big hit as Duke Mantee in the stage version of "The Petrified Forest," with Leslie Howard.

So, when Warners were planning to star him in a film version of the play, they brought Bogart back to Hollywood.

The story goes that Howard himself insisted that Bogart be given the part.

This film was a box-office failure, but Bogart's portrayal of the killer electrified Hollywood, and Warners signed him up to a long-term contract.

Specialists in strong "he-man" drama, they found him useful in a number of gangster and unsympathetic roles.

He was the weakling brother and gaol-breaker in "San Quentin." In a mediocre film, his performance stood out.

He was the young father driven to assault and robbery by the over-conscientious policeman in "The Great O'Malley."

Sombre Roles
★ HE was a rival gangster to, and finally killer of, Edward G. Robinson in "Kid Galahad," which on its acting and story was graded one of the best pictures of the year.

He was the central sombre character in "The Black Legion," in which he played an American worker who joins the Black Legion in order to get his position back, is forced to kill a man, and is finally hanged.

In "Dead End" he had one of the best opportunities of his career.

With fine sincerity and no bathos, he played the difficult role of Babyface Martin, gangster, killer of seven men, who endangers his life to revisit his mother and his childhood haunts.

Versatility proved, he appeared in a new type of co-producer in the light comedy, "Stand-in," again with Leslie Howard.

Now Warners have announced that they are considering raising Bogart from featured to individual stardom.

Just completed, "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" gave him another gangster role, but he is now working on an ambitious successor to "Dead End"—"Crime School."

In this he is again a gangster, but the central character, and is supported by the six boys who played the young hoodlums in "Dead End."

Cesar Romero is another who has, despite



HUMPHREY BOGART

Warner Bros. player, with golf clubs and air of serenity—a very different person in real life from the grim characters he usually portrays on the screen.

portant roles, endeared himself to the public, and who is winning increasingly important parts.

With his flashing eyes and teeth, his suave and easy grace, he makes a handsome and thoroughly likeable villain—not grim or tense like Bogart.

Fox, who now have him under contract, are using these obvious physical attractions to enlighten light comedy and romance, in between his bad-man roles.

In a comedy role, such as he had in "Happy Landing," he is amazingly successful.

He is the former ballroom dancer and stage actor who was given a gun when he came to Hollywood four years ago.

Unlike Bogart, who has specialised only in modern American melodrama, Romero has been villain in both costume and in multi-

He first came to Hollywood under contract to Universal, and was given several unim-

man, he got a break in a comedy role in "Love Before Breakfast."

Then he played Khoda Khan, the chieftain leading his tribes in revolt against the British in India in "Wee Willie Winkie."

And on the strength of his performance in this film Fox snapped him up when Universal released him.

Then came "Happy Landing," Sonja Henie's picture, in which he played Duke Sargent, the banditader with whom Sonja falls in love.

This picture firmly established him as a versatile comedian—suave, glittering, finished—no longer a typical "heavy" in what are technically known as "B" grade pictures.

Now he is well on the way to stardom—delayed discovery, but a promising one.

His next film will be romance—"Always Good-bye," with Barbara Stanwyck and Herbert Marshall, with two more gay comedies to follow, "My Lucky Star," with Sonja Henie, and "Dance Hall," with Alice Faye.



. . . and the Spring trousseau of any business girl! This bride wears Peachglo! Looks like a sophisticated angel—to the groom—in sleeky Jamas of eggshell dullness. The deep shirtmaker front is of heavy cream lace. For the rest!—just an exquisite line and enticing simplicity. The same Jamas in Lettuce, Sky, Bud Pink and Apricot. Ask for Pyjamas No. 745. 12/6

AT ALL SMART STORES

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SILK UNDERLOVELIES

Nighties * Slips *
Jamas * Scanties * Vests

And you won't need rose-coloured glasses, either, to appreciate the LITTLE prices on all of Bond's underlovelies in all smart stores!

Radio Has Hollywood By the Ear

IN HIS LATEST CABLE, PAUL HOLT, OUR SPECIAL WRITER, WHO HAS GONE TO HOLLYWOOD TO GET FIRST-HAND INFORMATION OF THE STARS, TELLS ABOUT THEIR ACTIVITIES ON THE AIR.

By PAUL HOLT
from Hollywood

HEAD boy in Hollywood is a remarkable little fellow called Cal Kuhl.

Cal is certainly cool. He dominates this semi-tropical, wholly improbable spot by virtue of his being head producer of the biggest radio network in the country.

Cal heads schemes, devises, coordinates, and generally fixes up sixty-minute shows costing £10,000 each.

To look at him you would not guess it. Cal is small, astute, sensitive, with hair like duckling down, smoothed straight down his forehead and clamped down by earphones—and a twisted grin.

I caught Cal putting America's radio favorite, doll Charlie McCarthy, Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and Dorothy Lamour through their paces.

At the end of each turn the little gnomes-like figure, trailing flex from his headphones behind him like a bride's veil, would come out from the wings, lean confidentially over to the audience and start clapping gently. The response could be heard in Seattle.

Show fans here fight in the streets for stray tickets to these big radio shows.

The waiting-list for admittance to-day stands at three months.

Cold Love Scenes

IT is hard to see why. Apart from curiosity, the value of the show has nothing to recommend it.

Visual to the audience, the band sits on a bare stage in slacks and sweaters.

Microphones spring up like mushrooms from the stage. The announcer, hands in pockets, stands, reading the introduction, with his lips to the microphone.

Passionate love scenes are played coolly by Don Ameche and Dorothy Lamour at different mike's without looking at each other, their eyes glued to the script.

Claudette Colbert comes on the stage wearing a cartwheel hat that completely hides her face from the audience.

A big dramatic scene between Claudette Colbert and Don Ameche was played with their backs deliberately turned to the audience.

Edgar Bergen, master of the famous dummy, perches the little man on a high school stool, and reads his script without moving his head, but he doesn't bother to keep his lips still while McCarthy is talking.

While other acts are on Don Ameche is irrepressible. He does pantomime clowning and waves to the wings.

Full-Dress Show

THE only character on the stage who looks real and does any acting is the dummy McCarthy. He puts on a full-dress show, and has more personality than all the others laid in a row.

The audience, knowing that thirty million people are listening rapidly all over the country, take it and like it.

Bergen, who played a London night spot eighteen months ago at £125 a week, now earns £3750 a week on the radio and films.

He looks tired, because for this one hour's show the cast rehearse for twenty hours.

Radio has this town by the ear. Every major star, with the exception of Garbo and the dog Asta, is earning anything up to £1000 a week



* DON AMEHE, popular film player, who has as big a following on radio as on screen. At left, Dorothy Lamour, exotic screen actress, in great demand for the big £10,000 radio shows now being produced in Hollywood.

claims that these airings increase a star's popularity.

There is a big feeling here that radio is the cuckoo in the Hollywood nest.

The air shows with film stars are so good that they keep millions of filmgoers at home at nights.

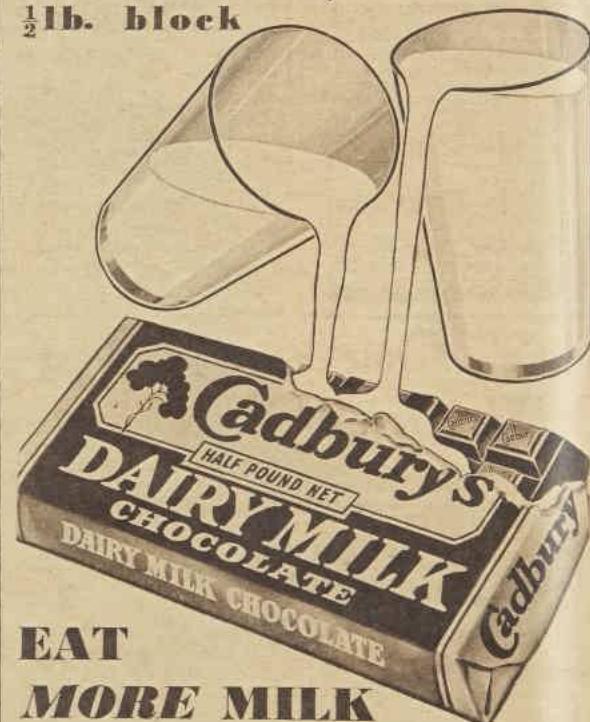
The other school of thought

claims that these airings increase a star's popularity.

Personally, I'd guess that they increase personal popularity—the stars are on top, anyway—but are most damaging to the general picture-going habit.

Hollywood doesn't know, and would very much like to find out.

There are one and a half glasses of fresh full-cream milk in every ½ lb. block



The extra smoothness of Cadbury Chocolate and the goodness and vitamins of all this fresh full-cream milk make Cadbury's the ideal milk chocolate that everybody enjoys. Owing to the unique method of manufacture no chocolate is more sustaining, more digestible or more delicious than Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate.

Cadbury's DAIRY MILK CHOCOLATE
½lb blocks 14/-, ¼lb blocks 8/- and in 1/-, 6/- and 3/- tablets.



Imagine it!

Her friends talked behind her back

"She used to be such a grinch," they said. Always too tired to enjoy herself. Used to look washed out and ill. But . . . look at her now . . . bright, happy and splendidly healthy.

Constipation was spoiling her looks and sapping her energy. She took NYAL FIGSEN, the pleasant, natural laxative. Normal bowel action was restored overnight. Constipation was banished. The "waste matter" that was clogging her system was quickly cleared away. For every member of the family FIGSEN is the ideal laxative. 1/3 tin from your chemist.

NYAL FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION

PILES

How to relieve them.

You can't mistake piles. You feel uneasy and fidgety, wondering how on earth to stop that irritation or bleeding.

Day and night piles worry you, taking your heart out of your job. You can't stand still for long, and you feel just as bad when sitting. Piles are dilated or inflamed veins of the lower bowel and are aggravated by a cold or constipation. In severe cases surgical treatment even may be necessary.

Let DOAN'S Ointment give you the relief you so surely need. This special pile prescription is healing, antiseptic and soothing. That is why it is equally successful in overcoming eczema and other skin complaints. But, be sure you get DOAN'S.

DOAN'S OINTMENT

Here's Quickest, Simplest Way to Stop a Cold



Almost Instant Relief in this Way

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

It is recognised as the QUICKEST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it will check an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it. Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER'S Aspirin Tablets. They dissolve almost instantly. And thus work almost

DOES NOT DEPRESS THE HEART NOR UPSET THE STOMACH

Here's Hot News From All the Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

PAULETTE GODDARD and Charlie Chaplin are friends again.

Hollywood has given up trying to figure them out, but just when complete separation seemed inevitable they made up and Charlie began coaching her for her part in a stock-company play.

As a signal to the film colony that peace reigns again they gave an elaborate dinner party to a large number of friends.

* * *

THE Metro scenario department is trying to find a suitable vehicle for Garbo, who wants her next picture to be a comedy. She will remain in Sweden until they send her a script for approval.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



TITIAN-HAIRED Margot Gra-hame of England is in Reno filing papers to divorce her husband, Francis Lister, of the London stage.

Margot, who believes in love at first sight, will probably marry Alan McMartin, Canadian millionaire, as soon as the divorce comes through.

* * *

A USTRALIAN comedian Cecil Kellaway is overjoyed at the prospect of returning to Australia in September to appear in Cine-sound's "Mr. Chadworth Hits Out." Kellaway is displeased with roles

RONALD COLMAN'S girl friend, Benita Hume, is finally getting a break in American films.

She landed the job by going blonde—a happy inspiration on the part of Sam Goldwyn.

Bonita's sparkling black eyes, under the golden hair, showed up so well in a screen test that she was given the role of Merle Oberon's stepmother in "Lady and the Cow-boy."

* * *

JANE WITHERS is the envy of all the Hollywood youngsters. In a couple of months she'll leave Hollywood to join a large circus for a two weeks' personal appearance tour.

For two glorious weeks ten-year-old Jane will be the star performer under the big tent—and, in addition to the thrill of working in an honest-to-goodness circus, she'll be drawing a substantial additional salary each week.

* * *

NORMA SHEARER, Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Luise Rainer, and Wally Beery should be feeling especially proud these days.

They're the first Hollywood stars to get their names in the exclusive British Who's Who—and, oddly enough, they're all from one studio—M.G.M.

* * *

THE noted English director, Alfred Hitchcock, who has handled so many of Charles Laughton's films, came to Hollywood to sign a contract with David Selznick, which will put him in charge of the forthcoming Selznick epic entitled "Titanic," written around the disaster aboard the Titanic.

MERLE OBERON and David Niven are going together again.

Dolores Del Rio is off to Mexico City to be with her father, who is seriously ill.

Jeanette MacDonald entertained Will Durant, the famous philosopher, at lunch.

Mary Livingstone is giving Gracie Allen a birthday party.

Dick Purcell and Vicki Lester aren't getting married, after all.

Gloria Swanson again disappoints her fans. She has called off her picture with Republic.



Joan Blondell
Warner Brothers Star

Joan Blondell is one of the most famous and popular film stars. Has been on the stage all her life and has appeared in Australia. Very musical. Loves dancing, singing, swimming. Height 5 ft. 4 in. weight 110 lbs. Eyes blue. Hair blonde.

Creme Charmosan is a star, too, and is loved by myriads of women everywhere. It takes away dirt, oil, grease, sweat, oil from your skin and makes it look younger and prettier. Charmosan makes 20 look 40, 40 look 30, 50 look 25.

Protects skin beautifully from cold of Winter and heat of Summer. Holds your powder divinely for hours and hours.

Creme Charmosan

Greaseless. Big jars for your dressing table. 2 oz. Handbag tubes 1/2 oz. Sold everywhere by chemists, drapers and stores.

On the night express

The two women had met on the train. The one in the top hat was wearing a companion treating her hands with a lovely white liquid poured from a bottle.

Please don't think it impertinent of me, but I notice you are using that liquid at dinner. Is that liquid you are using just for your hands and does it make them as nice as polished porpoise?

This is the latest, and, to my mind, the best thing for one's hands that I know of.

—Mrs. C. C. Chapman, hand lotion—

Thank you very much for your letter. I arrive. My hands are really shocking.

If you are ashamed of your hands, let Charmosan hand lotion make you proud of them—it's made to do just that thing.

Charmosan liquid cream hand lotion

Non-sticky. Non-greasy. Large bottle 2 oz. Small 1/2 oz. Sold by all chemists, drapers and stores.**



NOW, it's easy to banish the wretched stuffiness of a head-cold or nasal catarrh. Just put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. The moment you use it, you feel the tingle of Va-tro-nol's keen, stimulating action as it quickly relieves irritation, clears away clogging mucus, reduces swollen membranes, and drains the sinuses. It makes every breath delightfully clear and cool again.

NEXT TIME, don't wait until your nose is all stuffed up. At the first warning sniffle or sneeze use Va-tro-nol at once—and avoid many colds altogether.

Va-tro-nol is specialised medication for the nose and upper throat where colds out of 4 begin. Used in time, it stimulates Nature's own defenses in this "danger zone" to throw off a



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NURSING MOTHERS



Bengier's Food should be taken throughout nursing time. It maintains and enriches the natural supply of milk. Bengier's Food

— is always prepared with fresh new milk.

— partially digests both Food and milk during preparation,

— is highly nourishing and so easy to assimilate that it is quickly converted to supply baby's needs.

"Bengier's Food is quite distinct from any other food obtainable." — British Medical Journal. Send postcard for Bengier's booklet explaining why. Bengier's Food, Ltd., Inc. in England, 28 George Street, Sydney.



Prices in City and Suburbs: 10s. 1/- Do.
No. 2 size—3s. Made in Cheshire, Eng.

FOR INDIGESTION AND ACID STOMACH

Buy a packet of pure TWIN SODA. Take a small tablet in water or milk. Relief will be almost instantaneous. TWIN SODA also gives wonderful relief in treating Wind, Heartburn, Dyspepsia and other stomach ailments. All chemists, 1/- or extra large packet, 2/-.

PRIVATE VIEWS

★★★ ROMANCE FOR THREE

Florence Rice, Frank Morgan. (M.-G.-M.)

(Week's best release.)

A TRULY delightful film combining comedy and alpine adventure. Morgan, one of the most charming personalities on the screen in an appropriate role, has a part here that gives him every chance.

He plays the part of a wealthy man who, having won a competition prize of a trip to the Alps, decides to take it more as a joke than anything.

He disguises himself as a poor man and his sister as a rich man. By a mistake, the best efforts of the hotel, which should have been showered on Morgan, are given to a genuinely poor man, played by Robert Young.

So far the story may seem just one of those flimsy plots worked up to create a situation, but it is so smoothly done that the audience is with the players all the way. And from this point on the association of the three men becomes attractive, in its own different way, as that of "Three Comrades."

Florence Rice, one of the screen's few really charming ingenues, gives a warm and sympathetic performance as the rich man's daughter, and her scenes with both Morgan and Young are excellent.

When to this are added the broad farce of Edna May Oliver and the sophisticated glamor of Mary Astor, you've got quite a picture.

An outstanding comedy, and a film of rare charm.—Liberty: showing.

★★ YOU AND ME

Sylvia Sidney, George Raft. (Paramount.)

SYLVIA SIDNEY will never be a popular idol, or will George Raft. The girl is too earnest for frivolous tastes, the man too intense, and even a little grim.

Yet in their ideal roles both are

compelling actors, and no better team could possibly have been chosen for this simple and yet vividly dramatic story.

"You and Me" is based on the American prison parole system, which permits selected prisoners their freedom on certain strict conditions. And one condition is that they mustn't fall in love!

Sylvia Sidney is the paroled prisoner in this play, and naturally she keeps all the promises except the one about love. George Raft is the man who loves her—and faces the revelation of her secret.

There's nothing subtle in the psychological reactions that follow, but they are genuine and affecting. Scenes of tenderness and gaiety are interspersed between the tense emotional situations, and Raft, who is best known as a bad man, reveals a surprising capacity for homesy affection.

The action is clear-cut and well controlled by fine direction, and few films have succeeded so well in building up tense drama on a simple human theme.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ DOCTOR RHYTHM

Beatrice Lillie, Bing Crosby. (Paramount.)

BING CROSBY makes somewhat of a comeback in "Doctor Rhythm." Naturally he can never regain the hysterical popularity which hailed him when he burst on

Shows Still Running

*** Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Feature - length fairytale, directed by Walt Disney—Plaza, 13th week.

** The Divorce of Lady X. Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier; modern comedy—Century, 11th week.

** I See Ice. George Formby; farce—Lyceum, 6th week.

** There's Always a Woman. Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas; farce with mystery—Embassy, 3rd week.

** Girl of the Golden West. Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; musical melodrama—St. James, 2nd week.

** Yellow Jack. Virginia Bruce, Robert Montgomery; strong action drama—State, 2nd week.

** We're Going To Be Rich. Gracie Fields, Victor McLaglen; broad comedy with dramatic effects—Mayfair, 2nd week.

** Gold Diggers in Paris. Rosemary Lane, Rudy Vallee; frothy musical—Regent, 2nd week.

a started world as the first crooner, for crooners are commonplace, and even a little outdated.

But in a slightly spineless way he has a certain amount of charm, and he has an unexpected gift for comedy, as, for instance, in the scenes where he appears in the incongruous uniform of a policeman. What really lifts "Doctor Rhythm," however, is the presence of Beatrice Lillie, the famous English comedienne.

She is no mere trained actress speaking her appointed lines, but a really witty woman who takes charge of scenes with a verve and ease unusual off the stage.

Mary Carlisle is the other woman in this irresponsible musical comedy, and Andy Devine, one of America's most popular colorful clowns, plays his pranks through rather than in the plot.

A polished if superficial production, "Doctor Rhythm" is thoroughly good fun in the conventional Hollywood manner.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ KING OF THE NEWSBOYS

Helen Mack, Lew Ayres. (Re-public.)

THIS is one of the series of sharp-focus studies of street-bred youth that have followed the success of "Street Scene" and "Dead End."

This is a particularly good one

THEATRE ROYAL

NIGHTLY AT 8.
Matinee Wed. and Sat. at 2.
The world's most glorious operetta.

"ROSE MARIE"

Season ends on September 1.

Plans for "Carmen Day" and "Balloons." Balcony sales at Hilliers' (Odeon Theatre).

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—

below average.

★ One star—
average entertainment

★★ Two stars—
above average

★★★ Three stars—
excellent



VIMARD VARDIA KEEPS YOUR SKIN GLORIOUSLY YOUTHFUL

Nature will quickly repay you for the care you give your skin. The original lovely freshness of youth is still there, however, you may have neglected it, and it only requires proper attention to revive it in all its glory. Vimard Vardia rejuvenates the dullish skin, easily, effectively, and economically. It freshens the tissues and tiny cells, correcting faults, banishing blemishes, and restoring all the glamour of vital youth. All chemists and department stores sell it—5/- and 3/- per bottle.

Obtainable from all chemists and stores.



VIMARD

Vardia
for DRY or NORMAL SKINS

*Use Vimard EMOLIA for Oily Skin. Write us, call—Sales Vimard's, 128 King Street, Sydney, for a free sample of Vimard's Vardia, Emolia, or Hand Lotion.



CHAPPED HANDS

USE SOOTHING AND HEALING IODEX

Chapped hands, roughened by wind and irritated by house-work, are both unsightly and painful.

Now there is a natural, smooth softness by the regular use of IODEX iodine element—the non-irritating, non-staining iodine. Delightfully soothing and healing. Chronic cases quickly cured.

FREE!
IODEX First-aid Book, 6th Edition, now available. Should be in every home. Tells what to do in every emergency. Write to IODEX CO., Box 24 P.O., North Sydney.

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Price 2/- From all Chemists

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CONSTANT headaches, poor circulation, falling sight, dizziness, flushes, kidney and bladder weaknesses are caused by High Blood Pressure. If you suffer this way, start a daily morning course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS, the prescription for High Blood Pressure—to banish aches and pains, improve circulation, reanimate your arteries, purify your blood, and give you new vitality.

Get Genuine Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS

DEWITT'S KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/9, 2/- and 5/-. The finest remedy for kidney trouble and all its symptoms, bad backs, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, joint pains and urinary disorders. Tried and tested the world over for 50 years.



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FINALLY she added, distraught. "If my boy died for his Fatherland, why am I forbidden to mourn for him or communicate with anyone on the circumstances of his death?"

One would think that Hitler, seemingly so sure of power, so effective in his mutilation of human freedom, after five years during which time he proudly states he has welded and united the German nation for a thousand years to come, would now allow himself the luxury of loosening the reins of terror he holds.

It is true one does not see any more overt acts of brutality on the streets or in public. There are no longer beatings-up of Jews, foreigners or anti-Nazis, at least not where one can see them.

When we first went to Germany some American was beaten up or knocked over the head every few weeks for not saluting the Nazi flag.

There were constant protests back and forth between the State Department and the German Foreign Office. There have been others since of course but not for the same reasons.

Nevertheless new concentration camps have been opened up—and most are full—in the last six months or a year, and the system of espionage has become extremely efficient and subtle.

The German newspapers announce every few weeks new lists of men who have been condemned for "treason," "communism," "espionage."

There are many means of controlling the speech and the expression of freedom. Many Germans have told me they would not in their wildest dreams think of using the telephone or the open mails in the communication of confidential information, no matter of what nature.

Letters going in and out of Germany are opened brazenly with the excuse of money control.

The currency is so rigidly controlled that money cannot pass the border, either way, without the strictest examination and registration. Letters sent within Germany itself are also watched carefully.

Women's Burden

MOST people believe there is at least one dictaphone in their home. Whenever the telephone is out of order or the electricity doesn't work or if the occupants go away for a short vacation, they suspect a dictaphone is being installed or repaired.

There actually are dictaphones in many homes and certainly in the homes of people who are in any way interesting or suspect to the Nazi Government.

But the fact that the suspicion, often unjustified, has spread to all classes of people is a victory for the Gestapo in their effort to terrorise the population.

In the last several months only the boldest people would dare to voice a free opinion within four walls.

Even in embassies people are so cautious when they speak privately that they put pillows over the telephone or go into a room without a telephone and talk abruptly about the weather when the servants come in.

Any park or any open space, where human or mechanised ears are out of the question, is a haven for those who have opinions at variance with the Leader's.

The psychology of fear is so contagious that I began to suspect everyone who spoke frankly, in an indirect place, of being an agent provocateur.

The worst aspect of the terror is that distrust of one's dearest friends is engendered. Since it is the noble duty of every Nazi to report any conversation or act unfavorable to the Führer, home life is destroyed, families and lifelong friendships disrupted.

Spies are in every meeting or parade in every house, in night clubs and theatres, in offices and at parties on the hearthstone itself.

It is an everlasting tribute to the human spirit that opposition still exists in Germany.

The food situation in Germany is much worse now than when I first arrived. The Germans have had two bad crop years and this, combined with the strange economic theory that it is better to have guns than food, results in a shortage.

Good food is very expensive and most of the Germans live on sausages and ground raw meat spread on bread.

Put lovely Waves in your Hair

Ladies—give your hair a perfect Wave-set in two or three minutes with Dampette, the new delightful waveshaping preparation. Just shake down your hair, comb or brush, a few drops of Dampette, then wind finger-curves in the waves until set. EACH WAVE-SET LASTS FOR DAYS.

A 3/- bottle of Dampette will give you 30 perfect Wave-sets. From all Chemists and Stores 2/- bottles.

ASK FOR Genuine RED LABEL DAMPETTE

My Years In Germany

Continued from Page 12

Natural disasters are of course partially responsible for the food crisis.

But there should be, in a country of such supreme control, some way of alleviating the distress. Normal trade methods and reduction of armaments would help the situation.

The women of Germany naturally bear much of the burden of this crisis. Many books have tried to show that women form much of the fanatical support of Hitler.

Obviously the young girls, like the young men, brought up in the atmosphere of propaganda and education (though they are in Germany really synonymous), trained in schools, camps and clubs, carefully segregated from the past, from the present outside opinion and analysis of events in Germany, are directed emotionally to Hitler and party loyalty.

The simple everyday problems of managing a home are made infinitely complicated under a Nazi dictatorship.

The cost of living is higher, the wage either lower or the same and the standard of living below that of 1932.

Shopping Troubles

LAST winter people had to have cards for butter (which is never pure butter) and even then lines would form outside the stores.

They are not sure they will get the meat and eggs they have ordered days in advance. One simple old woman was heard to mutter, "What is the matter? Why do we have to wait?

Is there another war? Are the Allies attacking Germany?"

Most know that war economy is not natural in a country not at war.

Among the upper classes there is almost as much grumbling. The rich, too, must order their special cuts ahead of time and don't always get them.

They find little variety in their choice of foods and are as unsure of the quality of the meats and eggs and butter as anyone.

A countless know is allowed one half pound of butter and two eggs a week for herself and her husband.

Cotton goods are almost impossible to buy anywhere; cotton is used in the manufacture of munitions. A friend of mine went to one of the largest department stores in Germany (or in Europe), and was dismayed to learn they were out of cotton sheets. She had to order from England.

I was searching for a leather line for my dog before I left Berlin. After tremendous inquiry and effort I finally found one in an exclusive little dog store in the West End (the most fashionable section of Berlin), much more expensive of course than the leather substitutes they offered me in department stores.

Shopping for metal objects becomes increasingly difficult and of course more expensive. Chromium, copper, brass and steel are hard to find in any quantity.

I remember the trouble I had trying to find a pair of brass andirons for our library fireplace.

After combing the shops for a day or two I found a pair. I gasped at the price and retreated. We never succeeded in replacing the ones we had.

Thermometers are scarce because the mercury in them is being used for other things.

Camera factories are so busy with orders for the army that you have to order a camera two months in advance.

But the most serious difficulties are with food and clothing.

ADDED to the bitter struggle of the housewife to make short ends meet is the number of taxes she and her husband have to take out of their weekly or monthly wage.

The usual income tax is now increased. A big hole in the weekly budget is made by the so-called voluntary contributions to all sorts of charities, including the world-famous Winter Hilfe—whereby the leaders of Germany think they can receive bigger and better sums by standing in person on the street corners and jingling a small cashbox.

The lottery racket is carried on by voluminous-caped brown-shirted men who appear in cafes, restaurants and public gatherings as often as four or

five times in a short evening, casting ominous looks upon those who do not venture to gamble.

Collections for Nazi party days, for the party itself, for celebrations, drive the anxious housewife to despair.

Most of the older women or those who grew up shortly after the war are not happy with the role the party and petty politics play in their homes.

Their husbands must go regularly under compulsion to party meetings, attend parades, march and stand in the streets, make collections.

Those who are married to party members must listen endlessly to "ideological" discussion and new plans.

Taught to believe that woman's role in life is purely a domestic and procreative one, the men have little

interest in women who dare to trespass the boundaries set by the Leader.

Men have listened in amusement and some contempt to my description of the activities of American women.

When I told one young and distinguished National Socialist that American women are free to pursue their interests in careers of business, government and the arts, he was both shocked and disgusted.

The women of Germany are forbidden, unless there is a shortage of labor as has been the case recently, or their husbands are unemployed, to take jobs and are discouraged from receiving an education.

A few years before 1933 these same women were becoming more advanced than any others in Europe.

They were in politics, in business and in the arts and universities, independent mentally and spiritually.

NOW there is no way for them to express what antagonism they may feel at the place forcibly given them in economic and social life.

They must remember that their destiny is to make a huge baby cannon-fodder factory of their nation and of their bodies.

Despite loans and gifts of money for large families, the withholding of birth-control information, the silent protest of German womanhood is registered inexorably upon books of statistics.

The population is not increasing; in fact, in a few years it will be definitely on the decline.

But Hitler has partly succeeded in distorting the development of women, in re-establishing many economic and moral conditions existent in the Middle Ages.

Please turn to Page 40

Wife was always depressed now enjoys life

Rinso
2-MINUTE BOIL gives more time for pleasure

She never goes anywhere on washing-day.

What nonsense! I must tell her about RINSO.

Yes—by the RINSO 2-minute boil method. It's marvellous—cuts out all hard rubbing and it's surprising the time, work, and fuel it saves.

A tennis tournament next Monday, and a dance at night? That's great, Ann!

Yes, Bill! I wish I'd changed to the RINSO 2-minute boil long ago!

Save Work and Worry by this Easy Washing Method

1 Make good Rinso suds in warm water (about 1 heaped tablespoon to a gallon—more in hard water). Soak white articles for 30 minutes, rubbing a little dry Rinso on stains and marks.

2 Bring to the boil and BOIL FOR 2 MINUTES ONLY.

3 RINSE THOROUGHLY.

NOTE: Very dirty clothes should be left to soak in Rinso suds for an hour or so before boiling.

A LEVER PRODUCT



Lukewarm RINSO suds wonderful for SILKS, COLOURS, WOOLLENS

A few minutes' gentle run-through—without rubbing—in rich, lukewarm Rinso suds. Rinse well. Don't twist or wring.



Put lovely Waves in your Hair
Ladies—give your hair a perfect Wave-set in two or three minutes with Dampette, the new delightful waveshaping preparation. Just shake down your hair, comb or brush, a few drops of Dampette, then wind finger-curves in the waves until set. EACH WAVE-SET LASTS FOR DAYS.
A 3/- bottle of Dampette will give you 30 perfect Wave-sets. From all Chemists and Stores 2/- bottles.

ASK FOR Genuine RED LABEL DAMPETTE



Nurse says—

"If there's anything better than HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE I have yet to find it. I have never found anything so amazingly effective for Coughs, Colds on the Chest, Croup, Bronchitis, etc. No morphia in it either." 2/6 and 4/6.

Always insist on . . .

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE



GLAMOUR

Eyes in clear eyes—dull, tired eyes ruin the most perfect make-up. "I-LO" makes tired eyes brilliant again with the touch of veins or eyelids in thirty seconds. "I-LO" is the formula of a famous Eye Specialist—it soothes, cleans, strengthens, and is prescribed for eye strain.

Spots begin at the eyes—I-LO arrests them and maintains youthful clarity and charm at a cost of a few pence per week.

I-LO EYE LOTION ALL CHEMISTS



IS YOUR BOY FIT TO FIGHT HIS WAY TO THE TOP?



The prizes of life are for the fit in body. Feed your children three times a day with Cornwell's Extract of Malt, and be sure they are building bone and muscle and enriching the system with good healthy blood.

CORNWELL'S Malt Extract

FAMOUS FOR OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY
1888

Fight epidemics with extra nourishment! Your Chemist or Grocer sells Cornwell's Extract of Malt . . . Buy a tin today.

My Years In Germany

Continued from Page 39

RECENTLY women have been welcomed again into industry and agriculture. There is not enough labor and women work at lower wages than men. They can learn to operate armament factories in case their men are called "away to the wars." These are not things planned for in the ideology of National Socialism; they are emergency measures.

They can and sometimes must enter women's camps, semi-military in nature, organisations of many kinds, labor camps where the work is strenuous agricultural regimentation.

They Heil Hitler, march, wear uniforms, beat drums and wave flags and are inculcated with Nazi philosophy.

Courses in domestic schools are urged upon them. They can attend lectures on husband, child and household management, a form of School for Wives.

Women who have children now growing up in Germany have to face a problem which tests their courage and loyalty to the breaking point.

The children go to schools controlled by the State and its propaganda; they learn prayers for Hitler, blood-curdling songs about exterminating the Jews, pacifists and communists.

They imbibe in their earliest years a social and racial ideology scorned by scientists the world over; they are given substitutes for God and religious belief that are as near to pure paganism as one can find in a civilized race.

They are taken out of their homes when they are very young and sent to camps, military and otherwise, so that their parents see them very rarely.

They grow up to argue against their parents and reject arbitrarily their experiences and knowledge, based on a life lived under a different system. They become soldiers and propagandists whose fate and influence are not pleasant to contemplate.

Churches Protest

THE resentment of the Catholic Church to which a large proportion of the German nation gives its faith has been making headlines for months, if not years.

The Protestant and Catholic clergy are putting up a courageous and dangerous fight, receiving prison and concentration camp sentences, or worse, for their efforts.

I originally had a deep admiration for German culture. When we were children my father would often speak with nostalgia of his university days in Leipzig, of his visits to other fine institutions of learning in Germany.

It took me some time to find out what was happening to culture under the Third Reich.

As time went on I saw great names after great names disappear from university lists.

In the course of five years several thousand professional men have been relieved of their posts in one way or another.

Heartrending

MANY scientists, artists, musicians and writers have had their private correspondence and papers burned; their libraries and property confiscated; others have been beaten with scorn and abuse, passports have been taken away, expatriation effected.

But if they had stayed in their homeland which they did, without exception, love and long for as it used to be, their fate would have been infinitely worse.

Those who did stay are not there to tell them, or if they are the silences imposed are now too profound to break. When they do escape they have heart-rending stories to tell.

Other internationally famous musicians have boycotted Germany because of Hitler's liquidation of German culture.

From time to time a foreign artist does come to give a concert and the German people flock to it. This is their way of registering disapproval of their own inadequate talent.

The opera is somewhat better. Goering himself is the dictator of the opera as Goebbels is of the movies.

Formerly the Germans produced some of the finest pictures in Europe, original ideas, talented stars, brilliant directors. Now the pictures are dull, uninspired.

Gigantic Nazi propaganda pictures are produced, several a year. A short but heavy attendance, if it exists at all, is either from curiosity or enforcement.

LAST summer in Munich, a Pure and a Degenerate exhibition of art were held.

The dictators of culture carefully went through all German art and chose what they considered to be Aryan and non-Aryan canvases.

Hitler's final word, of course, was given on all selections. There were many funny stories in circulation about the complications the choices entailed.

Goebbels apparently has different ideas of art from his Leader.

One artist, officially accepted by Hitler at the time of the Olympic Games, was chosen by Goebbels—perhaps thinking he would please his master—to be represented in the Pure art show.

The story goes that when the two of them walked through the galleries before the opening Hitler stopped in vociferous rage in front of this particular canvas. He had either forgotten his earlier patronage of this artist or had changed his mind.

He turned on Goebbels angrily and demanded that he rush the canvas immediately out of his sight and into the Degenerate art exhibition.

Many of the pictures were shifted back and forth before the directors could make up their minds whether Hitler would consider them degenerate or pure.

The attendance at the Degenerate exhibition was twice that of its weaker rival.

Hitler's taste in art seems so bad that even his most devoted followers never fail to laugh at this graphic portrayal of his inadequacy.

One of Hitler's favorite pictures is of himself in silver armor, mounted on a black steed, waving a tremendous Nazi banner. The title is "The Standard Bearer."

There was not a single German or foreigner to whom I showed my postcard reproduction who did not laugh. They simply could not believe Hitler had allowed it to be reproduced.

Goebbels, the all-hearing and ever-sensitive, heard echoes of the laughter and ridicule and asked if he could remove it from public sale. Hitler refused.

SINCE my return to the United States the question I have heard most often is: "Does a real opposition exist in Germany and if so how effective is it?"

The best answer is found in the acts of Hitler and the Nazis themselves. The increased use of terror and suppression indicates that Hitler knows and fears the extent to which his enemies do and might go.



THE WELL-DRESSED, well-fed Hitler, whose people are fed on words and slogans like "Cannon before butter."

His most loyal groups, of course, are within the tremendous bureaucratic system he has created and in the S.S., his private army, now one hundred thousand strong, hand-picked from the brown-shirted storm troopers, the S.A.

Until 1934 most people thought the S.A. supported him with their entire strength. But by the Bloody Purge of June in that year he forever dispelled the illusion of their solidarity. He killed hundreds of leaders and reduced this huge semi-military popular army by half.

Failed Them

THEY have not forgotten this, nor the fact that they were his original supporters with belief in a programme designed for their benefit which he never fulfilled.

It is common talk at diplomatic teas and parties, among foreign statesmen, newspapermen and German officials themselves, that the Reichswehr (the regular army), a conservative and highly-organised group of trained soldiers, contains a clique of high officers who do not approve of Hitler's aggressive foreign policy.

They fear that his recklessness may lead them into a war before they are ready.

At the time of the outbreak of the Spanish war the diplomatic corps was bristling with excitement about the reported conflict between Hitler and those officers, who disapproved of his intervention in Spain and sought to modify Hitler's decision.

They were overruled. But through his armament programme and his militarisation of the entire land their hopes for a bigger and better army were not realised.

Nevertheless the Reichswehr has become one of the powerful instruments in Germany to which Hitler must look in the formation of any future policy.

It is an open question whether they will support Hitler in case of a rash military move.

Hitler, having anticipated opposition to his Austrian aggression, recently eliminated this group from command.

The industrialists support Hitler thus far and will continue to do so as long as they get their profits and control his policy.

That they are complaining now and fearful of what they call "State socialism" is indicative of what might come later. They are the natural allies of the military clique.

Tightening Belts

THE middle class, from which a great majority of the S.A. sprang, and for whom the "revolution" was made, cannot be counted on for indefinite support unless Hitler in some way alleviates their critical economic position.

They have borne much of the cost, financial, economic, and spiritual, of Hitler's Salvation of Germany programme. They grumble and they are restive.

Millions of workers have received jobs in the Third Reich but they have been tightening their belts notch by notch for five years.

They may not express themselves until there are no notches left, but when that moment comes it is logical to suppose that even Hitler's despotism and oppression could not stem the tide.

It must be remembered that millions of people in 1933 registered their belief in democracy at the polls. These millions are not yet dead.

There is a nucleus of a radical group, composed of pacifists, Catholic and Protestant leaders and their followers, communists, intellectuals and

Call His Bluff

NOT only because Hitler is financially and economically bankrupt, but also because he can estimate the degree and potential danger of the opposition, he attempts to distract the German people from the realities of everyday life.

He, like the Roman tyrants who used as a motto "circuses and bread," stages big shows, celebrations, anniversary days, displays, a fanfare of uniforms and drums, banners and songs.

He tears up a treaty, he regains the Rhine, he asks for colonies, he receives visits of foreign potentates, he bluffs the democracies, he holds out temptingly the rich lands of the Ukraine, he participates in wars already started far afield, he annexes Danzig, he threatens Czechoslovakia.

Though war looks imminent, if the democratic powers would unite in taking fearless and vigorous action there might never be war.

Therefore Hitler courts England and Italy at the same time, does everything within his power to keep France and Great Britain and Russia apart—one of his main policies being the complete extinction of the Soviet Union—for strategic diplomatic reasons a highly unpopular alliance with Mussolini.

Hitler knows what happened in the last war and that his raw materials and food supplies could not last more than a few months.

Playing off one power against the other, counting on and abetting the dissensions and apathy among democratic nations, he is taking a long chance and a dangerous one.

Rather than allow the opposition to Germany to consolidate and take action or find himself in a possible impasse created by strong action of other nations, he might plunge the nation into another international conflict, hoping to get the people behind him through patriotism and war hysteria—thus to save his own system.

It is a moot question how long the German people will be satisfied. Fascism will not collapse of itself. Its death will be caused by pressure from within or without. Perhaps both.

No More RHEUMATISM

Like many others you may have been wasting your money on CURE-ALL remedies and Nerve Tonics, in the hope of securing relief from Rheumatism.

Perhaps you've had temporary relief, but at the first cold spell the old Rheumatic Pains return.

R.A.C. Tonic is specifically for RHEUMATISM. It will definitely rid your system of the cause. Start today with a course of this powerful remedy and get the relief that thousands of others have done.

R.A.C. RHEUM-A-CURE (Regd.) TONIC

At your local chemist or direct from DOMINION DRUG COMPANY Box 2675 EE, G.P.O., Sydney

What Women Are Doing

Twenty-First Anniversary

SYDNEY University Women's Union celebrated its coming of age recently with a reunion of members at Manning House, Sydney University.

Miss Isabel Fidler, first president of the Union, Dame Constance D'Arcy, first Senate representative on the Board of the Union, and Miss Flora Eldershaw, the author, first treasurer and then secretary of the Union, were among the notable graduates present.

Guests were received by the present president, Miss Kate Commins.

Aims of Pioneering Air Service to Mauritius

HAVING travelled 9000 miles to Britain to learn to fly, Miss Frances Planell, aged twenty-three, of Epsom, Mauritius, is planning a flight to Mauritius and back with Flight-Lieutenant Llewellyn as co-pilot. She aims at pioneering an air service between London and Port Louis.

Miss Planell says there are 300,000 people in Mauritius and no aeroplane, and that she is the first Mauritian girl to become a pilot. When she arrived in London she did not know a word of English.

She took a job and learned the language before her first flying lesson.

Pioneered Percussion Band Work in Australia

MISS EILEEN STAINKAMPH, of Melbourne, well-known teacher of piano and counterpoint, has always taken an interest in the latest trends in musical education. In addition to teaching she is in charge of an advisory bureau at one of Melbourne's music houses.

In this capacity she is in touch with music teachers all over Australia, who seek advice on newest methods of teaching music and musical appreciation in schools. Miss Stainkamph has made a special study of this branch of the work.

She pioneered percussion band work in Australia, and on hearing the Pandean pipes brought to Melbourne some years ago by Mrs James Dyer she introduced them to school classes with great success.

Re-elected President Five Times

SO popular and efficient has Miss Mervyn Gillies, of Brisbane, proved a president of the Town and Country Club that members have re-elected her to the position five times. She is the guiding factor in all the club's activities. Miss Gillies is also a member of the Institute of International Affairs, and vice-president of the Authors and Artists Association. This last is one of her chief interests and for a number of years she has been entirely responsible for the musical programmes at the monthly meetings.

Miss Gillies is a Licentiate of the Royal College of Music, and studied with Professor Edward Goll, of Melbourne.

Faithful Radio Artist Conducts Young Folks' Session

THROUGH only twenty-one, Miss Edna Osborne, popular young Melbourne radio artist, who has been engaged by the ABC to conduct the young people's session in Victoria, has already packed more than the average amount of radio experience into her career.

She has been a radio personality practically since leaving school, and is by no means new to the type of work required by the young people's session.

Impressing Mr. F. D. Clewlow, Federal Controller of Productions for the ABC, with her ability when going out in some competitions, she was advised by him to specialize in radio work. Miss Osborne has been cast in many productions from Victorian studios.

NOTABLE VISITOR

TO Miss Grace Hadow has fallen the distinction of being the only woman delegate among the 140 notable overseas visitors to the British Commonwealth Relations Conference, to be held in Sydney early next month.

Miss Hadow is principal of the Oxford Society of Home Students, and she will be a member of the United Kingdom's delegation. The other two women delegates at the conference are both Australians. They are Miss May Holman, Member of the Legislative Assembly, West Australia, and Dr. Margot Henze, who recently obtained a Doctorate of Philosophy at London University.

Enthusiastic About Fairbridge Scheme

MISS M. S. TUCKER, who had charge of the 28 children brought recently from England under the Fairbridge scheme to the Northcote Farm School at Bacchus Marsh, Victoria, is a trained nurse. She did her training in New Zealand, and considers it equal to the training obtainable anywhere in the world.

Much of her life has been spent in Australia and New Zealand, and for some time she was on the staff of Pymble Girls' School, in N.S.W., while her sister was headmistress of Clyde Girls' School at Macedon. In 1926 she went abroad and since then has lived mostly in England.

Miss Tucker is very enthusiastic about the Fairbridge scheme.

The party she had charge of, consisting of twenty-five boys and three girls, was chosen after stringent physical examinations and intelligence tests.

Convenor of Committee in Charge of Y.W.C.A. Home

WHEN it is realized that the Young Women's Christian Association in Brisbane comes into touch with many hundreds of girls in various ways each year, it is readily understood what a busy association it is.

Mrs. F. R. Hammond, of Brisbane, has been working for the Y.W.C.A. for over ten years. From 1933 to 1936 she was president, and since then has been a vice-president.

She is also convenor of the committee in charge of Kinnaird Home, Bowen Terrace, where over 40 students and business girls reside.

The association committee is constantly planning for the welfare of every member and trying to raise funds. All Mrs. Hammond's leisure time is given to assisting them.

Post-Graduate Work in Modern Hospitals Abroad

DURING 18 months abroad, Dr. Agnes McFadden, who has just returned to her Sydney home, worked in modern hospitals in England and Europe. In Rome she worked at the immense Carlo Flaminio tubercular hospital, which she considers is the most highly-organized, and best-equipped she has ever seen.

In 10 years mortality from tuberculosis in Italy has been reduced by half, she said.

Dr. McFadden also visited the new sanatorium in the Alps, the largest in Europe, with accommodation for 7000 beds.

Studying at the British Post-graduate Medical School was another interesting experience.

This training institute for every branch of medicine is attended by students from all parts of the world, and Dr. McFadden worked with colleagues from Africa, China, India, and Australia.

They Weave, Garden and Paint at Village College

A VILLAGE college in Cambridge shire was one of the most interesting schools visited by Miss F. A. Symon during her recent trip abroad. Children come from eleven surrounding villages by bus and their activities include painting, weaving, carpentry, and gardening as well as scholastic work.

Miss Symon, who is a daughter of the late Sir Jonah Symon, of Ade-

Specialises in Study of Child Health

AFTER taking her diplomas of Child Health at Great Ormond Street, one of the largest children's hospitals in London, Dr. Gladys Hallows recently returned to her Melbourne home.

Dr. Hallows, who is a graduate of Melbourne University, trained at the Melbourne Hospital, and was later resident doctor at the Queen Victoria Hospital and various hospitals in the other States.

She found much of interest in the development in recent years in England in the care of the pre-school child. A recent innovation was the establishment of schools for physically defective children, particularly the crippled or those suffering from weak hearts. Dressings could be done each day, and they were kept under medical supervision.



Dr. Gladys Hallows
Brothman

Honorary Organiser for Charitable Cause

FORMERLY a resident of Brisbane, Miss M. H. Grey, of Adelaide, takes a keen interest in the work of the Drayton Street Mission, Adelaide, and is honorary organiser for the movement.

Her work mainly consists of raising funds and collecting clothing for people helped by the mission.

With the honorary matron, Mrs. G. Kelly, Miss Grey also authorizes vouchers for extra food and home necessities to those attending the mission for help. Both Miss Grey and Mrs. Kelly are at the mission on Friday mornings for this purpose, and every case aided is investigated.

The mission, which is non-denominational in its charitable work, holds Mothers Guild meetings once a week when speakers and musicians are invited to contribute to the programme.

♦ ♦ ♦

Tackling Social Service Work in India

REMARKABLE developments in social service work in India generally have been observed by Miss Jean Begg during the eight years she has been general secretary of the National Y.W.C.A. in India, Burma, and Ceylon. Miss Begg is a New Zealander, and is spending a holiday in Australia and the Dominion.

In India the Young Women's Christian Association is doing much to break down barriers of caste, race, and creed, and to unite the women and girls, she says.

She considers one of the most important developments the shouldering of social service work by different centres, which are tackling child welfare and the sponsoring of adult education.

Miss Begg has her headquarters in Calcutta, but spends a great deal of time travelling, visiting the 137 branches in her area.

She Simply Had To Be a Nurse

MATRON of her own hospital in Maryborough, Queensland, Miss Grace Francis has had an interesting career in her profession.

"I simply had to be a nurse," she said. "I come of a family of nurses, there being six trained nurses in a family of seven."

Miss Francis trained at the Gympie Hospital. She served abroad with the Army Nursing Service for over two years, and after that was matron of the Tambo Hospital for a time. Joining the Australian Inland Mission, Miss Francis was stationed at Birdsville and Victoria Downs during her four years' service.

Later, with three of her sisters, she purchased St. Mary's Hospital, Maryborough, which is now a training school for nurses.

Working For Safety on Highways

MANY schemes for the welfare of women and children play an important part in the activities of women's clubs in America, according to Mrs. Harold Dyer, a recent visitor to Australia from San Francisco.

Mrs. Dyer is president of the Federation of Women's Clubs, San Francisco district. At present, she said, San Francisco clubs are working for safety on the highways, and lectures are being given to citizens.

Also the Government has promised the clubs that more traffic schools for the training of children in road sense will be established in San Francisco.

It's Not His Fault

...he's Slow.

Sluggish and Out-of-Sorts



The Doctor Knows It's

Faulty Elimination



For YOUR own health's sake you too should take Laxettes for headaches, dizziness, etc.

WARNING: Be sure you buy Laxettes only in tins. At all chemists and stores—1½ the standard tin, 10s. the sample tin. See the name Laxettes on the lid.

LAXETTES
Rectify Faulty Elimination

THE DAILY DIARY

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ANNE (March 21 to April 21): Just routine for you this week, though August 28 and 29 are less friendly than September 1, 2, and 3.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 22): Very good on August 28, when stars favor energetic action and application. But dive deeply on August 28 and 29.

GEMINI (May 23 to June 22): Take no risks and make no changes this week, especially on August 27 and September 1, 2, 3. The stars are likely to advise you and your advisor then. Avoid new ventures, delays or annoyances. Don't argue or be overcautious.

CANCER (June 23 to July 22): Quite fair horoscope on August 28 and 29, and better even on September 1 for semi-important matters.

LEO (July 23 to August 22): Complete matters already started; favor

routine rather than changes. September 1, 2, and 3 just fair.

VIRGO (August 23 to Sept. 22): Hard work can pay splendid dividends on August 27, so plan changes, seek promotion, start new ventures or sign important documents then. Plan for the weeks ahead, for the stars will bring you opportunities. Live cautiously on September 1, 2, and 3.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 22): Average.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23 to Nov. 22): Semi-important matters and changes can be attempted on August 28 and 29 and September 1 every early.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Now is the time for you to learn caution, self-restraint, patience, and how and when not to gamble or take risks. The stars will bring you drivers, carriers, assistants, stimulants or armaments during the next few weeks, especially on August 27.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Be your own hard-working and capable self this week, and the stars will favor you. But make changes or start new ventures only on August 27 (best), 28 or 29 (fair). Take no risks on August 28 and 29.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 18): Not very good on August 28 and 29.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Avoid change, over-confidence, new ventures, journeys, asking favors, etc., for loss, estrangement and disappointment are more probable than success. Make particularly cautious on August 27 and September 1 and 2. Take no risks.

Protect your possessions. Avoid arguments with friends or associates.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.J.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

Although Virgoans are apt to be somewhat "schoolma'amish" they see and act straight and their advice is generally worth taking.

THIS is the time of "Virgo—the Virgin," which rules the heavens and the earth between August 24 and September 23.

People born during this period of the year therefore come strongly under the influence of the planetary rays from the constellation Virgo, and throughout the greater part of life will express themselves and their capabilities in truly Virgoan ways.

Most Virgoans are inherently honest, straightforward, and sincere. They thrive on approbation of their "goodness" and all kindred characteristics.

They are fussy in their habits, neat, clean, and particular. Hence they seldom take to work which necessitates the soiling of their clothing or the handling of "dirty" objects.

The too-forceful intrusion of this "goodness" or "fussiness" into the lives of their families or associates often results in rebellion on the part of the "victim," and consequent unhappiness for Virgoans.

They are so assured of their "rightness" in regard to the enforcement of their high principles and clean habits that they frequently develop a rather disagreeable "schoolma'am" attitude towards other people, an attitude which is resented, and thus produces disputes and estrangements.

Be Yourselves !

VIRGOANS would therefore do well to take themselves to task quite as sincerely and quite as often as they take other people.

They will find this the quickest and surest method of keeping themselves, as well as other people, in order, and it will cause them to be thankful for the additional happiness and popularity which come their way.

Virgoans are as sensitive and human as other people in their desire for love and appreciation, even if they can and do develop a martyr-like attitude which inclines them to put "duty" first, last, and always into their scheme of things.

This is all very well on general principles and for the self-satisfaction of the Virgoan in particular. It avails, however, of the Indian fanatics who plan to get themselves to heaven by such means as holding the arm stiff during the entire life, or lying upon pointed staples till the blood flows from the back.

This suggests selfishness, although Virgoans are not selfish. In fact, the majority are generous and extremely kind and sympathetic.

Well-Meaning

PEOPLE in trouble will seldom call for the help of a Virgoan in vain. Neither time, labor, nor money will be spared to aid the needy.

But before the matter ends the patience of those requiring help may be strained a little through the inconsistent determination of the Virgoan to criticize and educate.

Even though such "schoolma'am" tactics are well meant, they are not always easy to swallow.

Yet the funny part of it all is that Virgoan advice is well worth listening to, and worth while following. These people can see straight and act straight. Their quick intelligence soon finds the flaws in any question under consideration.

Therefore, while Virgoans would do well to curb their tendency to interfere in the lives of other people, even for their good, their friends would do well to learn tolerance and understanding, and strive to turn the Virgoan advice to constructive and good account. Then everybody will be happy.

Told by a woman who must be nameless ...



"Though you've seen me many times . . . you'd never recognise me. For I'm one of those nameless people—a Hollywood 'Extra!' And—you can take my word for it—the life of a movie extra is no bed of roses."



"We're on the lot—made up and in costume — by dawn! Then hour after hour of exhausting work! Standing around . . . make-up melting under the hot Klieg Lights . . . eyes burning . . . nerves splintering . . . weary back aching!"



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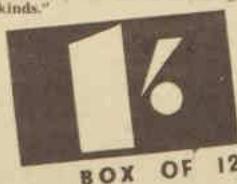
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MRS. KITTS
pinked at Mrs. Fetherstew.
"Aren't they all—?"
But Mrs. Fetherstew gave her wig a reflective push with her bridge-pencil.

"Crawshay—I seem to remember—"

She was still remembering when Jon Fortness came in. He gave them a little stiff unsmiling bow.

"I'm taking the bus down to fetch a guest," he said. "If there's anyone who wants to come along—"

The Young Things poured in behind him. Joyce Benson slipped her arm round him. She knew how he hated it. She felt him go stiff as a mace. It was a scream.

"Sure—let's all go. Let's take all the cars and go to Luigi's—"

"I think I'll trot along—" Mr. Knock said. He added gallantly: "If you ladies will go with me. It seems years since I saw the wicked lights of a city—"

Jon Fortness pulled himself free. "I can take four of you. But you'll have to find your own way back. I can't wait—"

He went out again, pushing past Joyce Benson as though he didn't see her.

"How he hates us all!" Mrs. Kitts murmured. "It's positively devastating. And so alluring—"

"It's worth the high price of admission—"

"Makes me think of guillotines—"

"I don't blame him," Mrs. Preston said languidly. "We hate ourselves—"

Which was her line, of course.

It was a fifty mile drive. But Luigi had persuaded the county to fill in the pot-holes, so that, no traffic to contend with, Fortness could make it in an hour and a half. He sat alone on the front seat. Ever since Joyce Benson had tried to kiss him on the worst bend when he couldn't fight her off, he wouldn't let anyone sit with him. Anyhow they talked all the time. It was as though they were afraid to stop. He wanted to keep his mind clear of them. But sometimes their voices from the back of the station wagon broke through his consciousness.

Mrs. Fetherstew emitted a shrill warp.

"I've got it! Crawshay. Of course, Charlie Crawshay. Someone told me he'd married an English girl. Isn't that too bad! Such a dear, rich, generous fellow. So I'm told. I guess she's one of those good-for-nothing penniless aristocrats on the make—"

"I never liked the English!" Mr. Knock said solemnly. "A cold, calculating lot. You can't trust 'em. I remember a fellow I met in Shanghai—"

Fortness closed his mind again. Lawson had rung him up that morning. "I've got another patient for you. I'm afraid it's going to be a length case and I told her she'd better get out of town. If you've set a corner left, it would be a kindness—"

Fortness told him that he wasn't dealing in kindnesses any more. Only in hard cash. Oh, she had plenty of that. For the present anyway. Fortness said all right. One more or less made no difference. There was a little room at the back looking onto the hillsides. Maybe they could do better later on when Mrs. Preston shot herself.

Fortness pulled up outside the hotel. The three other cars that had been travelling in his dust pulled up with a shriek of brakes behind him and the contents spilled themselves out. There was a movie party and a party that was going to the Club to try their luck. They were to meet in time to get some for dinner. Luigi was send-

The Road to Reno

Continued from Page 14

"It seems too bad you've come to live among us," he said. "We could have got along somehow—"

He heard her laugh to herself.

"You can be rude, too. How nice. There are so few Americans one can be rude to without hurting their feelings. You're not hurt, are you? And, by the way, do we have to drive quite so fast?"

"Yes," he said.

But after a few minutes he slowed up. She hadn't asked him again. She'd seemed to take his refusal as final, with a sort of resignation. But the consciousness of her physical misery bothered him and made him vaguely, resentfully ashamed. She didn't thank him, either. But she began to talk again, almost to herself. "Of course, you've got a lot of useful things—money, for instance. Money is very useful. Until you get yourself smashed up in a plane or some foolishness of that sort. And then it doesn't seem to make much difference. And you can get married one day and divorced the next. That's a very useful, sensible arrangement."

HER thoughts seemed to swerve away and take a new direction. "Where I come from" — she said — "everything is very green — so green that it is like a fire! And there are thick trees with little warm houses under them where little people live for hundreds and hundreds of years. It doesn't matter where you go — into the wildest places — you can't get away from the little people. The dust of them is under your feet. So that you are never really lonely. Even when you're dead. But I don't suppose you can understand that — there aren't any people at all here. There never have been. It's all empty. You can feel the dust has never had any life in it. It's no use your loving these hills, Mr. Fortness. They don't even know you exist —"

It was as though she had been apparently playing with her own thoughts, not bothering about him at all. And then suddenly with a shrewd lightning pass had slipped past his guard. He flushed back sharply.

"They don't have to. I can love them without that —"

Please turn to Page 44



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AFTER that she was silent. And gradually his jangled, fretted nerves quieted. He felt that sense of security and inner rightness that always came back to him as he neared home. She had spoken contemptuously of this land and of his relation to it, and for a moment he had been boyishly furious with her. Perhaps at the bottom of his heart, he wanted even the dumbest stranger to see what he saw in this vast emptiness, this barren waste that almost overnight could blaze with richness, that changed its countenance with every moment of the sun and moon and stars.

But he could not have said this to anyone—not even clearly to himself—least of all to his companion, slumped down in her thick polo coat, negligent and contemptuous. Any way he didn't care enough.

But at the top of the last rise, in a break between the spruce trees,

he stopped a moment. It was not for her sake. He always stopped here. From this point, he could see Grey Timbers lying at the head of the green, fertile little valley. He wondered proudly whether in all her boasted, dying world there was anything so beautiful—that could stir her as he was stirred.

She was looking past him, her hand resting on his arm. But the touch was so unconscious that he did not resent it.

"Is that your home?"

"Yes," he said.

He heard her sigh faintly.

"Funny. It's like mine—"

He drove on. They did not speak to each other again. When he pulled up outside the ranch house, he turned to her and saw that she had fallen asleep. It was something more than sleep—much more profound. It was as though she had

at last escaped herself. He motioned to Cockeye who had opened the door for her. He came over to her side and lifted her in his arms.

"Passed clean out!" Cockeye murmured awestruck.

"Something like it."

He carried her upstairs. Fortunately there was no one to see him except Cousin Mabby, peering askance through her mop of disorderly grey hair. She followed him into the little bedroom overlooking the hillside. It was the simplest, cheapest room in the house.

He laid her gently on the narrow chintz-covered bed. She'd been heavier than he thought. At least he was breathing quickly. He nodded at Cousin Mabby, but he did not meet her eyes.

"Let her sleep it off," he said.

From a long way off she had felt him pick her up. It had been a deeply restful feeling. All at once everything had stopped aching. She didn't have to carry anything any more—not even her thoughts. She herself was being carried by an effortless strength. But then it had set her down again.

Not even on the train, clattering relentlessly across bleak snow-bound prairies or cutting cautiously through forlorn towns whose lights peered at her curiously as she lay in her curtained darkness, had she known such desolation. There had still been enough anger and sheer horror active in her to keep her from realising the one thing that had really happened.

Each time she closed her eyes it was Charles' eyes that stared back at her from the black lids. Above the clang of steel on steel on that dread night passage she heard him screaming at her. The maniacal fury that had disintegrated him would have been less incomprehensible if she had not remembered that swine night at the Savoy, when he had proposed to her.

Again and again his impotency assailed her and she had done nothing, said nothing, letting him tear himself to tatters, secure in the knowledge that he could not touch her any more. It was that passive assurance that finally brought him to a standstill. She remembered that nothing had frightened her until suddenly he had become quiet and almost good-humoredly reflective.

"You won't find it so easy. I have taken something from you that can't be restored. You've done something to yourself that can't be mended. You're worm-eaten, my very dear. You're good-for-nothing. When you married me, you made a bargain. It was a rotten bargain. And you knew it. It went against whatever code you had. And that is something a gangster can't do with impunity. You thought you could make it tolerable and decent by being honest about it."

"You sold yourself so that you and your Peter shouldn't have to find your proper level, sweating for your daily bread and butter like ordinary mortals who don't happen to have your skin, your eyes, your body. And now you're trying to break your bargain. I warned you at the time. If you had cared a tuppence about me and had ceased to care I shouldn't have a word to say. But our arrangement had nothing to do with anything so unsavory as our emotions. It was a business deal that you set your name to. I've kept my end of the contract. Now, because it doesn't suit you any more, you are defaulting. Very well. But it won't pay you in the end."

"You have an unfortunate little streak of integrity that you'll have to deal with and you'll go to pieces on it. You'll drink too much and gamble like a fool. That is, if I let you go. But perhaps I shan't. You are beautiful, and you have certain interesting and amusing qualities. I am not easily discouraged. I can fight for what belongs to me and that I choose to keep—"

She had scarcely listened. But his voice persisted. It followed her long after she had left him. It battered down her resistance. He had been terribly right. Only worthless people did what she had done—people who hadn't the courage to stand on their own feet and take what they deserved of life. So long as Peter stood beside her—the vital, the loved part of herself—nothing else had mattered. They had been two against the world—young, gay, unscrupulous adventurers out for plunder . . .

NOW she was quite alone . . .

Nothing to fight for, nothing to live for, no one to plunder for. There was Francis . . . poor Francis Cheating like herself for such praiseworthy reasons. (Only somehow it didn't work.) She'd seen the calculation in Charles' eyes—the summing up of what power still remained to him. He would punish Francis. So she had taken Francis with her. She'd marry him when she was free. They'd hide somewhere. So long as he lived she'd make him happy. The money they'd raise on all the valuables Charles had showered on her would just about see him through.

But she'd never see Peter again. Peter was dead who had been so full of life—who had thought her the finest girl in the world—dear to him even than his Dorothy . . .

She heard herself cry out in sheer physical pain and the sound forced her to fall wakefulness. The door had opened softly. Someone was bending over her. She clung to someone . . . She didn't care who it was . . . Only not to be alone.

"Mrs. Crawshay—I hope I'm not intrusive—I heard you had arrived—I thought I'd welcome you. If there's anything I can do—"

WHAT

WHAT a queer-looking woman. She perched herself on the edge of the bed and patted Gill's hand. In the fading light you couldn't tell what she was.

"My name's Petherstow. Felice Petherstow. Such a nice alteration, don't you think? I believe I married poor Hal just to get it. I can't imagine any other reason. I'm the oldest inhabitant here and much divorced than any of the others. So I'm sure I can be helpful—"

"You're very kind," Gill said humbly.

"Not kind at all. Probably bursting with curiosity. I'm never sure why I do anything. Least of all when it looks well. But really we're all friendly. Just a bunch of nice girls in the same soup. All but Miss Slima. She's a journalist. You must be careful what you say to her. Unless you want to see yourself in headlines. But you can tell me anything—"

Gill didn't answer. It didn't seem necessary. The spate of words flowed soothingly over her. She lay still, with half-closed eyes, holding like a child to this stranger's hand.

"You're shot to pieces. Poor dear. We all are, more or less, one way or another. Especially the young people who aren't so used to making a mess of things. I tell them, when they're my age they'll be so accustomed to behaving like fools they won't notice it. When you come down I'll introduce you to them all."

Mrs. Petherstow stood up.

"Now, my dear, I'll send one of those dreadful Chinamen with an old-fashioned. Then slip on your prettiest dress. It's what the Italians call a gala night. She heard the clink of ice. It sounded good. Charles was right. She'd drink a little more and a little more."

She stood at the end of the stairs. They were steep and narrow—the sort of stairs built by a vigorous, eager people who had work to do and no time to waste getting from one place to another. The house immediately about her seemed asleep. Down a short passage she had seen a green baize door marked "Private" in large angry-looking letters. Perhaps that was where the house kept its heart—

She didn't want to go downstairs. Muffled mutts of laughter rose up to her, interwoven with the incessant dance-music. But here the house encompassed her with silence. She found herself listening to it, as to some secret admonition. But it was no use. The music stopped suddenly. A three-holed bell sounded. It was a signal. And the house relaxed its hold on her. She had to go on—wherever she was going.

Please turn to Page 45

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THE lavish, handsome room—so unexpected in that house of small urgent beginnings—was decorated with spruce and desert holly and mistletoe. So Christmas had happened somewhere along the way. Last Christmas she and Peter had wanted an invitation to a distant and disapproving relative Dorothy was a house-guest and, as it happened, Charles Crawshaw. Gill remembered that Peter had teased her that first night—"It's our God-sent American millionaire darling. He's on the hook already. He's a queer fellow—rather tough, I fancy, in his soft, quiet way. You'll have to play him a bit." She hadn't played him at all. Perhaps it had been her indifference that had finally landed him that night at the Savoy. She supposed that she had meant to land him. She couldn't remember thinking about it one way or another. Not at first. She and Peter weren't plotters. Not good plotters anyway. They were too amiable and careless. They just matched at things.

Well, Peter was dead. He hadn't lived to find out the whole quercousness of Charles Crawshaw.

THERE were small tables set against the walls and a long central table. At the long table Mrs. Fetherstew stood up and waved vigorously.

"We've kept your place for you. The newcomer is always guest of honor. She sits at our host's right doesn't she, Jon?"

Jon Fortness stood up as though he didn't want to. He gave her one quick glance and flushed to the roots of his thick hair. He was humbly obvious. He couldn't hide his consternation. And he refused stubbornly to look at her again. She supposed, in spite of the liberal education he was getting from this crowd, he had never seen anyone like her. You had to hand it to Charles. His ideas on clothes were masterly. He had subtle exquisite taste. An almost subdued taste. And yet he had always been able to make her look notorious. She drew the eyes of these strangers as a magnet draws particles of steel.

"I'm late," Gill said. "I'm sorry. I overslept—"

"It's the air," Mrs. Fetherstew said brightly. "At least that's what we usually call it. Now, Jon dear, won't you introduce us all?"

He obeyed at once, glancing from face to face and giving out the name that belonged to it like a clerk reading over an inventory. The faces smiled at her.

A youngish woman with eyeglasses leaned across to her.

"Weren't you one of the Mermaids of Long Royal? I seem to remember seeing the name somewhere—"

Of course she was remembering piecing this and that together with avid fingers. The eyes behind the glasses weren't malicious—just eager and hungry like the eyes of a sparrow in sight of crumbs.

"Snapping!" Mrs. Fetherstew whispered in Gill's ear.

"I expect it's my brother's name you're thinking of," Gill said. "He got himself into the papers two weeks ago. He was killed in an aeroplane crash."

A rotten, tasteless thing to have said. A slap in the face for all of them. She hadn't seemed able to stop herself. It was as though in a spasm of unendurable pain she had had to bite brutally at anything within reach. She felt the man beside her wince and draw away from her. That was what she wanted. To be left alone. Anyone with such fine feelings shouldn't run a place like this. A lean, rather beautiful woman was looking intently at her. The tragic eyes seemed to be signalling—"I understand—I understand." And she didn't. No one did. Not even Gill herself.

Jon Fortness stood up.

"I've got things to see to—" he said.

It wasn't even an apology.

"He does that every night," Mrs. Fetherstew said. "Just bolts his dinner. A most tantalising creature. I think it's an unhappy love affair. His wife ran away from him, you know. Or perhaps it's just that he can't bear the sight of us—"

After dinner the tables were cleared away. A small Mexican orchestra drifted into a corner by the fireplace and began to clear its throat with uncouth premonitory noises. Two blank-faced men in evening dress shot up from behind the roulette

The Road to Reno

Continued from Page 44

table, like serio-comic demons, and began to twirl the wheel in soft invitation. The orchestra, after a final cough, broke into a fox-trot. Gill could see Mr. Krock making his way towards her and she turned quickly and went out through the nearest door. It led out onto a balcony.

A shadow detached itself from a wall of shadow. It hesitated and then came towards her. Jon Fortness said sharply, "It's cold out here. You ought to have a coat."

She wondered if he had seen watching her. If so, why? She hoped he had not seen the tears on her face. She was careful not to raise her hand to them.

"Thanks. I don't mind the cold. It doesn't hurt me. Nothing does. I'm awfully hard—" She laughed. "You're quite right. In your sense of the word too—"

"I know this climate," he said, ignoring her. "I know what it does to people. You'd better go in—"

She looked at him curiously. The moonlight etched the structure of his face in sharp, hard lines. She couldn't tell what was in his eyes. They were quite black.

"I don't want to. I don't like it in there. I gather you don't either."

"It hasn't anything to do with me."

"I should have thought it had. It's your living—"

He kept a stubborn, difficult silence. She could feel his tenseness. He was making up his mind to leave her. And now she didn't want him to go. She was afraid of her loneliness.

ICOULD think of better ways of making a living. You might work. Breed cattle or whatever they used to do in this place—" She broke out with a sudden anger. "I should think this house shudders at me all!"

"How do you know what it feels like?"

"Oh, I have a sort of instinct. I tell you that this place was like my own home. Well, of course it isn't. Not on the outside. But inside they're a lot in common. They're used to decent, God-fearing people. God-fearlessness is in their bones. It makes them sick to see what we've brought them to—"

"You talk a lot of nonsense," he said angrily.

"Do I? I'm sorry. I didn't mean to annoy you. I did this afternoon what was rot of mine. After all, you're my host—"

"I'm proud to be."

"That makes it worse. But I was all shot to pieces. I'd like to apologize—"

"You don't have to. It isn't necessary."

"You mean it isn't important. You don't care. But I am sorry all the same. I seem to remember your being very kind—"

He moved uncomfortably.

"I couldn't leave you there in the car—"

"Of course not. You might have needed it. But somehow you feel kind. I shouldn't have expected it of you. I certainly didn't deserve it." The music that had broken off for a moment began again. "Don't you dance, Mr. Fortness?"

"No."

"Isn't that part of your business? Anyway, you should. It's wonderful. You can forget yourself completely. Which is the best thing that can happen to us."

"There are plenty of men back there who'll be glad enough—"

"I hope so. I adore dancing. My brother did, too. He danced so well it was positively shocking. I mean a true-blue Englishman shouldn't dance better than an exhibition dancer. It's like speaking French with a French accent. It just isn't done. Well—he won't any more. I told you, didn't I? He was killed two weeks ago. Really, it was my fault. He was coming to see me. But it's no use worrying about it. Is there? It doesn't do him any good. And we shall be all dead for a long time."

"You'd better go in," he repeated roughly.

"You're rather a prig, aren't you Mr. Fortness?"

"I think you're rather a fool," he flung back at her.

He hadn't meant to say anything so brutal or so stupid. She was no more his concern than the rest of them. But he was in a queer state—

on edge—as though something violent and irremediable was about

to happen. She had broken into a fit of laughter. It frightened him. She had been talking crazily. And the laughter had a crazy sound to it. "Mrs. Crawshaw—" he began.

The door behind them had opened. Mr. Krock peered through with a playful discretion.

"I saw you running away. You mustn't take our Jon the first evening. The ladies will never forgive you. Give an old fellow a chance first—"

"I love to—"

She passed so close to Fortness that a warm breath of her fanned his face. It made him think of Bess. It was so different—so faint and fragile like a small wind blowing over a flowering desert.

"I do love to—"

She passed so close to Fortness that a warm breath of her fanned his face. It made him think of Bess. It was so different—so faint and fragile like a small wind blowing over a flowering desert.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical, it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the easiest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 16348, Sydney, for one's FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with bright on-board colour cards to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes). Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/-, postman's delivery.

Heal CHAPPED HANDS

COKEVE had had enough. He pulled up and slid to the ground.

Loosening the girths of the saddle he kept his face hidden.

"Sure. Riding. Not in an old lady's rocking-chair neither—"

"You don't have to. It isn't necessary."

"You mean it isn't important. You don't care. But I am sorry all the same. I seem to remember your being very kind—"

He moved uncomfortably.

"I couldn't leave you there in the car—"

"Of course not. You might have needed it. But somehow you feel kind. I shouldn't have expected it of you. I certainly didn't deserve it." The music that had broken off for a moment began again. "Don't you dance, Mr. Fortness?"

"No."

"Isn't that part of your business? Anyway, you should. It's wonderful. You can forget yourself completely. Which is the best thing that can happen to us."

"There are plenty of men back there who'll be glad enough—"

"I hope so. I adore dancing. My brother did, too. He danced so well it was positively shocking. I mean a true-blue Englishman shouldn't dance better than an exhibition dancer. It's like speaking French with a French accent. It just isn't done. Well—he won't any more. I told you, didn't I? He was killed two weeks ago. Really, it was my fault. He was coming to see me. But it's no use worrying about it. Is there? It doesn't do him any good. And we shall be all dead for a long time."

"You'd better go in," he repeated roughly.

"You're rather a prig, aren't you Mr. Fortness?"

"I think you're rather a fool," he flung back at her.

He hadn't meant to say anything so brutal or so stupid. She was no more his concern than the rest of them. But he was in a queer state—

on edge—as though something violent and irremediable was about

YOU need not suffer the discomfort of painful chapped hands! Rexona Ointment will soothe the pain instantly. Its special medications quickly heal chapped skin, leaving it smooth and supple again.

TREATMENT—Before retiring wash the hands in warm water. Dry thoroughly and apply plenty of Rexona Ointment. A bandage or cotton gloves will keep the ointment in contact with the skin and hasten the cure.

Buy REXONA at your Chemist or Store. Now!

Rexona OINTMENT (LONDON LTD.)

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REXONA MEDICATED SOAP 3d. per tablet (City and Suburbs).

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—and with good reason—Rexona Soap's medicated lather cleanses deep down into the pores where waste matter accumulates causing muddy skin, blackheads, unsightly blemishes. By thoroughly cleansing the skin from all impurities, by soothing and by protecting against germs—Rexona will quickly bring your skin back to clear, glowing health. For blemishes that persist—use Rexona Ointment together with Rexona Soap and even the most painful irritations will be promptly relieved. The Rapid Healer destroys germs, heals quickly the tissues already affected, and leaves your skin smooth and healthy.



Rexona

Soap, 9d. Tablet. Ointment, 1/6 Tin.
(Oil and Salvarsan)

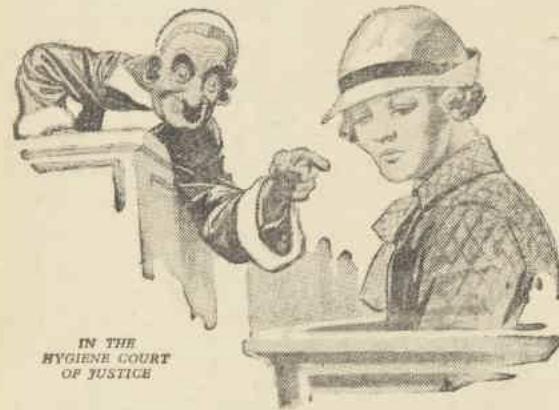
REXONA HAS WORKED WONDERS.
YOUR SKIN IS BEAUTIFULLY CLEAR ALREADY.

THREE was a tinkle of applause. Usually the mornings were pretty dull. A fight was something new. Probably staged for their benefit, Mrs. Fetherstow said, cynical but excited. In Scotch tweeds with a Glengarry on her golden hair, she looked. Mr. Krock thought almost incredibly awful. But in acting referee he couldn't be sure whether he wanted to impress her or the girl Crawshay. The latter was as lovely as a peach on a wall.

"Now, gentlemen—"

The audience rocked on their heels. Salt and the girl standing by herself kept very quiet. It wasn't a fight. It was a scream. Cockeye couldn't fight any more than he could ride cattle. He knew it, too. All he wanted was to hurt Tush just once. He didn't mind what they said about him. But saying things about the mare was what got under his skin. He was blind-mad, charging head-on, his arms flying like a windmill. All Tush had to do was to step easily to one side and land him a blow on the ear that sent him sprawling. The crowd whooped and cheered as Cockeye scrambled to his feet. His breath came brokenly in sobs. They could laugh at his foot holes off. What mattered was the mare watching him, seeing him licked again. And all the time he'd been drumming it into her that he wasn't licked—not on your life—neither of them was.

"Keep your hands up and take it easy," a girl's voice said to him. He and Salt glanced at her, astonished and grateful. She looked angry—as though she hated everyone. And she knew something about fighting. She went on. "He thinks you're rattled. He'll be careless and give you an opening. You haven't the reach to get his chin. Get him in the wind—"



IN THE HYGIENE COURT OF JUSTICE

"Undue Fatigue" Charge Against Housewife

(Before Mr. Justice Kruschen)

MOTHER-IN-LAW'S EVIDENCE

COUNSEL: Do you know the prisoner?

WITNESS: Yes, I do. The lazy...

JUDGE (sternly): Do not be abusive.

COUNSEL: Why do you consider her fatigue unreasonable? The best of us get tired sometimes, you know!

WITNESS: Yes, we do when we've done a good day's work. But she is tired before she begins. Yawning through breakfast, neglecting her home.

JUDGE: As an experienced woman, what advice did you give to this young girl to help her prevent fatigue?

WITNESS: My advice to her is to do a good day's work occasionally.

JUDGE: How can she do that if she is unwell? Didn't you advise her to take Kruschen Salts?

PRISONER (excitedly): My lord, she advised me not to. I wanted to take Kruschen.

JUDGE: W-H-A-T!

WITNESS: I don't believe in these...

JUDGE: Take that woman out of court.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

prevent constipation and rheumatism

Kruschen is a combination of six mineral salts which your body must get, in some way, to keep the blood pure, the inside clean, and the system generally toned up, but which you can't get in Nature's own way without



TASTLESS IN TEA OR COFFEE

abundant exercise and fresh air. You should have those six salts every day; hence the importance of the "little daily dose." Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle. It's the little daily dose that does it.

The Road to Reno

Continued from Page 45

She knew that was what Peter would have said. Peter would have been on the side of this funny little man. That was the nicest part of him—being on the side of the little people. But he couldn't have saved Cockeye from a beating. He put up a good show—a side-splittingly funny show. But it wasn't a fight.

Amidst shrieks of merriment the outraged Tush landed a full blow on the mouth. When Cockeye got up, this time was blood on his face. And Mr. Krock threw in an imaginary sponge. One had to remember that there were ladies present.

"You're whipped," Salt said roughly. "But you're whipped honorable."

Cockeye shook hands obediently.

"But it don't prove nothing," he said, "knocking my teeth out."

Tush laughed. He was good-humored again. Cissie Carstairs had seen what sort of guy he was.

"Let's go hunt a drink," Cissie said yawning. "This he-man stuff's given me a thirst."

But the dark-haired girl didn't go with the rest of them. She laid a gentle, almost questioning, hand on Otasell's gold-brown flank.

"She's a fine mare," she said. "One can tell by her head. She's a jumper, isn't she? I'd like to see you take her over a five-barred gate—"

Cockeye spat the blood out of his mouth. He wanted to cry, he was so grateful.

"Sure. You bet. There isn't a thing she can't take when she's in her stride. She ain't fit yet—neither of us is. But we'll show 'em—"

"All right," she said smiling. "I'll bet."

She stroked Otasell's flank. She didn't want to go. She felt the dour unspoken friendliness of those two men. It meant more than admiration. She felt soothed and almost happy.

"Would you let me try her out one day? I've got good hands. I wouldn't hurt her—"

"Any time you say, lady—"

Salt gasped. Cockeye, who'd told Mr. Krock he could go to the devil when he'd wanted a canter on his precious steers. But he hadn't a chance even to laugh. Jon Fortness had come upon them. He said stiff and unmoving:

"There's a telephone call for you, Mrs. Crawshay—"

She turned at once, the quiet pleasure wiped from her face. She didn't see Cockeye clasp his hand comically over Otasell's nose as though he were trying to keep the mare from crying out. His own jaw had dropped. And he didn't move again till the girl, walking with slender ease at Fortness' side, had disappeared into the house. Then he wiped his hand over his own mouth as though to clear it of some nauseating bitterness.

"Crawshay," he said softly. "Crawshay!"

JON went ahead of her to the small room which ostensibly was his office and where Luigi and Jesse Lawson at weekly intervals mulled over the accounts together. He left her there, shutting the door, but not before he had heard her anxious voice say, "Hello, Francis, darling—"

He put her right out of his mind. It was an almost physical action as though he had taken a picture of her and shut it up in a cupboard and turned the key. He felt no further responsibility for her or for the rest of the crowd who were dividing themselves up into various expeditions.

He'd pack a lunch and ride off into the hills. He'd pretend to himself that these people didn't exist and that he was riding his own land again. He actually had his hand on the saddle when he heard Gill Crawshay's voice behind him. After all, he had escaped.

"I've got to have a car, Mr. Fortness—"

He turned to look at her. He said shortly:

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Crawshay. I've got the car, but no one to drive it. And it's a rule that guests can't drive themselves."

"I'm sorry, too. I don't want to be a nuisance. But I've got to go." She hesitated and then added with a rush as though she hadn't wanted to explain. "It's the man I'm going to marry. He's not well. And the people he's with aren't any good—" She saw the look that passed over his face and stamped her foot at him. "I wonder why you're so conceited and self-righteous," she blazed

out. "You've made a mess of your life, too, haven't you?"

The attack had been so sudden, so unorthodox, that he had no defense. He went very pale. Their eyes were locked in a half bewildered hostility as though neither of them understood how this violence could have risen between them. He turned away and began loosening the saddle-strings that held his lunch. He asked them with a colorless politeness, "Where do you want to go, Mrs. Crawshay?"

"I don't know. I mean—it's a place called Sutro Canyon somewhere beyond Virginia City—"

He gave a short laugh.

"Your friend must like his own company. That's all of eighty miles from here—"

"You can do it—the way you drive."

"How did you know I was going to drive—?"

"You said there was no one else. And it says in the Grey Timbers Ranch prospectus—" A faint laughter sounded under her suddenly sedate tones. "A car is a disposal of the guests at any time."

She was dead right. He wasn't free. He was at her beck and call

"You'd better get yourself a heavy coat and a hat," he said. "You'll need them."

INCREADIBLY they drove for nearly fifty miles before they spoke to each other. As far as he was concerned it was more than all right. He didn't want to talk to her. And she seemed to have a capacity for sinking into an aloof and unembarrassed silence. It was something new to him.

They drove through the town, and Cissie Carstairs with Tush standing outside the hotel whooped to them as they passed, and she waved back as though they had been old friends. There was a sort of freemasonry among these people—a sort of first-sight knowledge of each other that made Fortness draw back further into himself. Even this girl who had only arrived the day before seemed to understand Cissie Carstairs and Tush, and to put him outside the pale of her understanding—almost with a gesture of reproof. He barely knew that it made him sore—or that he was retaliating on her—until she spoke again with that same undertow of amusement in her voice.

"Have we got to starve, Mr. Fortness?"

They were riding out of Washoe Valley into the mountains, and he drove round a sharp curve in the road before he was answered.

"We've got to make time. We'll eat after we've left Virginia City—"

"Couldn't we eat there? Virginia City sounds a pretty place."

"It isn't. It's dead."

"A dead city?"

"Something like it." But then he couldn't stop himself. He hadn't meant to open this door to her. She hated his country and in his hurt pride he wasn't going to help her to understand and love it. But he was like a little boy with a secret treasure—

"It wasn't always dead. It was the most alive place in the world—not a man in it who wasn't big in his own way."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

August 27, 1938.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

MIGHT of MILK for HEALTH and BEAUTY . . .

Used as a diet
it clears the complexion,
applied in mask form it
bleaches and refines
the skin



By
EVELYN

DIETITIANS assert that every person should drink at least a pint of milk every day because of the protective mineral elements which this beverage contains.

Wise women of to-day, however, drink milk not only for health's sake, but for beauty's sake as well.

They consider it one of the grandest of complexion beautifiers.

Indeed, they use milk not only internally, but externally as well!

The best way to utilise milk as a complexion beautifier is to go on an exclusive milk diet. This diet is one that a good many stage and screen stars employ.

Clears the Skin

AND it really is most effective in clearing the skin of blotches and blemishes.

In this milk diet, nothing should be consumed for three days but fresh milk.

It is possible to prolong the diet for a greater length of time, of course. But I personally think that three days constitute a sufficiently

lengthy period of time for the average individual.

Most of the girls behind the footlights and under the Klieg lights do their dieting over week-ends, starting on Friday and culminating the diet on Monday. And that's really an ideal way.

During this dieting period no solid foods should be consumed, and as much milk as possible should be taken.

The average amount is from four to six quarts every 24 hours.

That may seem like an awful amount to you, but it's not difficult to drink that much, since you abstain from all other foods.

Some may find that the milk tends to have a constipating effect. But to alleviate this, in addition to the milk, the juice of four oranges should be taken daily. This is an essential part of the diet, and should not be disregarded.

After the three days of dieting, a normal diet should be resumed.

That doesn't mean that improper food habits should be adopted, however, for if the skin is to retain its improved condition the daily diet must be a sane and healthy one.

You can use milk in the raw to bathe your face for refreshing purposes. But the best way to employ it externally is to use powdered

milk and incorporate it into a face mask.

The powdered milk mask is really very simple to prepare and to administer.

The skin should first be cleansed with a pure soap and tepid water, and then with a good cold cream before the mask is applied.

Remove the cleansing cream next, and apply a rich tissue cream to your skin. Allow this cream to remain on for a few minutes and then remove it.

Preparing Mask

TO prepare the mask itself, mix a heaped tablespoonful of powdered milk with sufficient cold water to form a smooth, creamy paste.

If your skin is excessively oily, you may substitute a good skin tonic or astringent for the water.

Apply the paste generously over your face and permit it to dry.

Lie down and relax during this period of time, if you possibly can; as it will do you no end of good.

To complete this facial, when the mask is thoroughly dry, remove it with tepid water and a soft cloth.

And as the final step, apply a mild astringent in order to close the pores and tone up the skin.

This mask has a bleaching effect on the skin, helps to refine its texture and leaves it feeling soft, smooth and velvety.

• THE BENEFITS OF MILK, from the beauty angle, are not relegated to its internal consumption alone. For milk can prove a grand complexion beautifier when used externally. Alice Faye, of 20th Century Fox, is one who finds milk masks effective for skin loveliness.

"I'm a ONE Brand woman now"

I was always having trouble with stockings—trying new brands and wasting money. So I decided to find a reliable brand and stick to it. Now I always ask for Kayser—they do wonderful things to my legs and they save me money. The MIR-O-KLEER sheer or service weights from 4/11 are remarkable value, and there's no ultra sheer to approach Kayser's MIRO-KAL-TWIST at 7/11.

KAYSER

PURE SILK HOSIERY LINGERIE GLOVES

FOR YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

Warding Off Colds

By MARY TRUBY KING

IN spite of a somewhat general idea to the contrary, the cold, crisp air of winter is not detrimental to health, provided the body is kept warm by adequate exercise, proper clothing, and heat-producing foods.

The prevalence of winter colds is due to lack of external or internal warmth, or both. The failure to keep warm (internally and externally) lowers the resistance, and makes one a prey to any infection with which one comes in contact.

Sir Truby King, in his book, "Feeding and Care of Baby," wrote: "Don't be afraid of air being cold. Pure, cold air is invigorating and prevents 'catching cold'; but be sure to keep baby out of the direct line of draught."

Warm, stuffy air is poisonous and dehydrating, and makes babies liable to catch cold when taken out into the open. There is no danger, but actual safety, in free-flowing night air."

Keeping the children budded up in front of large fires is not the way to go about preventing them catching cold.

Dress them warmly and send them outside to run, skip and play active

games. The healthy child will return with its inner fires burning, and a good appetite for its meal.

Correct food during the winter is most important in helping to ward off colds.

It is natural for the child to be more hungry than in summer, and this increased appetite should be catered for.

Especially has the child need of extra heat-producing foods such as butter, cream, dripping, bacon fat and fatty meats.

Milk, cheese, eggs and cod liver oil all furnish energy and strength.

In a recent article the great value of cod liver oil was stressed as a provider of vitamins A and D. It can be given to children in capsule form so that it is tasteless, or in the form of a cod-liver-oil emulsion in which the taste of the oil is very much disguised.

Most undernourished children have a hatred for fats, but such children usually like butter, and this can be incorporated in vegetables before they come to the table, and in puddings and gelatine sweets. Eggs can be given in the form of custards, milk-shakes and milk puddings.

In addition to a well-balanced diet and adequate exercise, proper clothing is essential for winter comfort.

MOTHERCRAFT ADVICE COUPON

If you wish to get advice on your mothercraft problems, fill in the following particulars and post the form, together with a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4296 YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Enclose your envelope, "Mothercraft."

Baby's Age _____

Birth Weight _____

Present Weight (without clothing) _____

Have you written before? (Yes or no) _____

Colds and other ailments such as diarrhoea are often due to cold feet and legs. Baby should wear knitted booties coming right up to the knee.

Do Not Allow This

ONE often sees a cold blue space between the top of the booties and the hem of a baby's frock. One has to keep in mind that a baby's skin surface is three or four times as extensive in proportion to his size, as that of an adult. Baby cannot afford to lose heat.

In exceptionally cold weather a hot-water bag may be necessary for baby's cot. It should be well wrapped, and placed between the mattress and shakedown. Be very careful never to place a hot-water bag in a position where baby could reach it with his feet, because baby's tender skin might easily be burnt, even though the bag be well covered.

Bed will be no hardship to him if he is wrapped warmly from the waist up, and allowed to use his hands for occupations such as drawing, reading, and puzzles, if he feels inclined.

Other members of the family should be kept out of the little patient's room on account of the likelihood of infection.

Paper handkerchiefs should be used, placed in a destructible cardboard box beside the bed, and burnt.

Whoever attends to the child's needs should take care to wash her

The best and only satisfactory treatment for a child who shows any signs of a developing cold is BED.

The first essential is to keep anybody with a cold in an even temperature, and this is impossible except in bed.

At the first sign of cold the child should be put to bed and kept there for at least a day. Of course, if the child has a temperature he must remain in bed until it has been normal for 24 hours.

It is folly to allow a child who has a cold to go to school, as he will only pass it on to others, and expose himself to unnecessary risks.

It is equally foolish to take him to pictures and other entertainments or riding in trams or trains. In the interests of himself and his neighbors, BED IS THE ONLY PLACE.

Bed will be no hardship to him if he is wrapped warmly from the waist up, and allowed to use his hands for occupations such as drawing, reading, and puzzles, if he feels inclined.

There should be plenty of air in the sick-room. A SICK CHILD REQUIRES FRESH AIR EVEN MORE THAN A HEALTHY ONE. Be sure that the windows are kept wide open, top and bottom. A screen may be placed between the windows and the head of the bed, to protect the child from direct draughts.

The child recovering from cold should not be allowed to return to school until the second day after getting up.



JOHN GUNNEL, a happy "Truby King" toddler.

—P. B. Myers photo.

hands immediately after attending to him.

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MINERAL SALTS in the DIET

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

It is abundantly found in vegetables, molasses, eggs, prunes and fruits, so if these are included in the diet you are sure of getting your iron.

Lime is needed in liberal amounts, strange to say. Unfortunately, it is often found lacking in the average diet. Research men tell us that many serious changes take place in the body when lime is taken in insufficient amounts.

Such individuals are more apt to have colds and nasal infections. The teeth become soft and are difficult to fill with any degree of permanency.

Lime is particularly essential in the diet of young children.

There is no reason for a lack of lime in the diet. This mineral is found in liberal amounts in prunes, oranges, celery, cauliflower, chard, spinach, figs, artichokes, parsnips, apples and milk.

Phosphorus builds bones and teeth. It is found in rich amounts in cheese, milk, egg-yolks, wainuts, almonds, whole wheat and lean meat.

Sulphur is required for the building of skin, nails and hair. The mineral is contained in eggs, oysters, milk, clams, meat, dried beans, brussels sprouts, cheese and whole wheat.

Only Pond's Creams give you the active "Skin-Vitamin"

THE
DUCHESS OF LEINSTER:
"These 'Skin-Vitamin'
Creams put new
vitality into one's skin."

Now Pond's Creams do more for your skin than ever before

* The Duchess of Leinster says: "These Pond's 'Skin-Vitamin' Creams give a look of vitality and freshness to the skin that is essential to beauty. A marvellous beauty treatment."

Creams are on sale everywhere—in the same jars at the same price. And remember, Pond's Creams cost no more than ordinary creams. In handy tubes for your handbag, as well as large and small jars for your dressing table.

• Listen to "Your Cavalier," 2CH, at 11 a.m. every Tuesday, 2KY, at 2.30 p.m. every Thursday; 3DB-LK at 5.30 p.m. every Tuesday; 2AW at 3 p.m. every Thursday; 4BK-AK at 10.15 a.m. every Tuesday; 5AD-MU-PF at 10.30 a.m. every Monday, and 6ML-WB at 11.30 a.m. every Monday.



FREE, Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams

Mail this coupon to-day with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free samples of Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Black) (), Natural (Light Natural) (), Light Cream (), Rose Cream (Natural) (), Rose Brunette (), Dark Brunette (Buntan) ().

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**NEW towel luxury
at a price you can pay**

SINK into one of these "cushiony" Dri-Glos after your bath. Wait till you feel its luxury! It has a soft, very slight crunch when gripped firmly in the fist . . . and a gentle, quick-drying, clingy caress as it passes across your back. These new Dri-Glos satisfy all your inner desires for looks and luxury both—for very slim sums of money. Always at the same keen prices, 2/6, 2/11 and 3/11.

All Dri-Glo designs are woven on a base of double-warp or two-fold yarn. Two-fold yarn means double strength! Double wear!



All popular stores are featuring this Dri-Glo design this week—in the three colour blendings shown here. Ask for "Dri-Glo Number 044."

DRI-GLO

TOWELS 

IN ALL STORES AT STANDARD PRICES — 2/6, 2/11 and 3/11

ZINNIAS For a BLAZE of COLOR!

Grow the mammoth as well as the lilliput varieties and sow the seeds now!

—Says The Old Gardener

ONE of the most popular of all annuals in our gardens during the summer months is the zinnia.

These flowers have been improved to such an extent that to-day they can be considered perfect, thanks to those who have striven year after year to make such improvements in the flower world.

Now is the time to sow the seed, and, while they are growing into nice, sturdy plants, commence to prepare the beds for their reception later on.

Zinnias can be had in many colors and varieties. So plan in your mind, or with the help of pen and paper, a color scheme, and have your garden looking better than ever this summer. Make it the envy of your neighbor, and you can if you plan well ahead.

When preparing the beds, keep in mind one bed for one color, and another for another color, and so on. By doing this you'll not only be rewarded with a striking display, but you'll find the work most interesting and exciting.

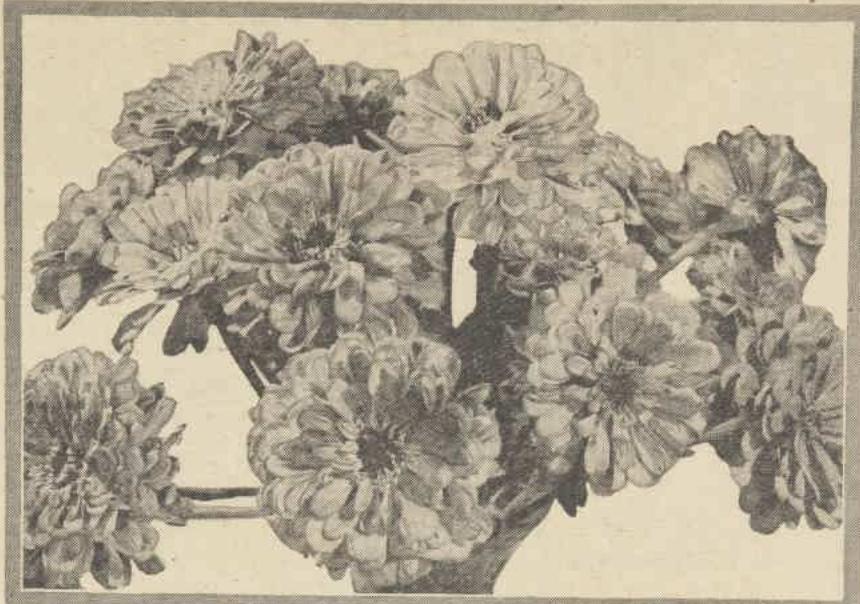
Dig the ground over well where the zinnias are to grow. But should the beds not be vacant, and are still giving their spring display, prepare plenty of material ready to place on the beds when empty.

Get together all the manure possible, place in a heap, and while waiting sprinkle equal parts of blood and bone and superphosphate over the heap. Mix it thoroughly.

Gather all the bush scrapings together, old grass and all material that will help to maintain soil fertility. Remember that you must return to the soil the amount of plant-food that has already been taken out by the previous crop, and the more plant-food we can get into the soil the better will be the quality of the flowers.

And again: the stronger the plants and the more healthy we keep them the better chance they have of combating the various diseases.

So to become successful in garden work one has to work hard, cultivate well, manure systematically, and water efficiently.



ZINNIAS are certainly striking and beautiful, and they are looked upon as the "gay daughters of the sun"—the hotter the day the brighter they make our gardens. They also stand up to the hot conditions, and will, with very little water, give a very good account of themselves. They are easily grown, are splendid for indoor decoration, so no garden should be without them.

Having prepared the beds by thorough digging, and to every square yard given a double handful of blood and bone and superphosphate and forked this lightly in, we are now ready for the transplanting of the young plants.

If my advice given previously is carried out (that when they were large enough they were pricked out into boxes, spacing one inch each way), all you have to do now is to carry the box of plants to the bed—after giving them a good watering about an hour beforehand. Then, with a knife, just cut around each plant, taking a good clump of soil with each one, and transplant them in their permanent positions.

In this way planting can be done in almost any weather. Have a can of water beside you, and as each plant is planted water it well.

To make a splendid display: Plant the first row, then commence the second row in line with the space between the two first plants in the first row. This will mean that when the second row is completed every

plant will face the space in the first row. The third row should be in line with each plant in the first row, and so on.

When the plants are in full bloom no portion of the soil in the bed will be seen, and the whole plot will be a blaze of color.

There are many varieties of zinnia, and every one of them is beautiful, but for the benefit of the amateur I will endeavor to describe them as to height, etc. This will be of material help to those who wish to grow a series.

Make Your Choice
THE giant-flowering type grow from 2ft. to 3ft. and should be planted well in the background, or even in a bed to themselves. The giant mammoth also grows to the same height and requires plenty of room.

When planting these two types they should be spaced about 18 inches to two feet apart according to the nature of the soil. Very rich soil would require them 2ft. apart. The giant-flowering types are: Buttercup (creamy yellow), Canary Bird (primrose), Crimson Monarch and Dream (lavender), Eldorado and Exquisite (rose), Golden Dawn (yellow), Golden State (orange), Illuminator (deep rose), Lemon Beauty (lemon and brown), Luminous (deep pink-suffused salmon), Meteor (red), Old Rose and Polar Bear (white), Purple Prince, Scarlet Flame, Old Gold, and Youth (light rose).

In the giant mammoth class: Brightness (deep rose), Cerise Queen (cerise rose), Daffodil (canary yellow), Enchantress (rose), Grenadier (deep red), Lavender Gem (lavender), Lemon Queen (lemon), Miss Wilmont (soft pink), Orange King (orange), Orange Queen (golden yellow), Rose Queen (bright rose), Salmon Queen (salmon rose), Scarlet Gem (scarlet), and Viblet Queen (violet).

The lilliput variety are very handsome and make a grand show. These grow to a height of from 12 to 18 inches. Choose from Burnt Orange, Canary, Dark Crimson, Flesh, Golden Gem, Lilac Gem, Purple, Rosebud, Salmon Rose, Scarlet Gem and White Gem. This type of zinnia has small flowers very compact and makes a glorious display, so add lilliput to your garden.

One of the recent introductions of the zinnia family is Early Wonder. I grew this variety last season, and it certainly proves all that has been said about it.

Dwarf in character, growing from 12 to 15 inches, it blooms profusely, being a mass of color. It is a splendid border type, and when planted along a border with the taller varieties in the background makes an enchanting sight. The flowers are borne on long stems, and are very useful for decorative purposes.

There are two types, Fandango and Gipsy. Fandango is in two colors, one being a fiery salmon and the other a cerise-pink.

Gipsy Wonder is a beautiful deep burnished orange.



Sewing, embroidery and crochet cottons that are a joy to use, owing to their resistance and their supple, silky finish. Lasting satisfaction is ensured by reason of their uniform strength, undimmed brilliance and unequalled dyes.

high quality fast colours

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Can't work, can't sleep, it is probable your digestion is not right. The answer is a stimulating, digestive tonic such as the world-famous Mother Sopel's Syrup. It is the special combination of herbal extracts—found only in Mother Sopel's Syrup—which gives it such supreme medicinal value. Take it and you will enjoy your food; you will digest it, it will refresh you. Then you will feel you are healthy, you can play, you can sleep well and naturally. Buy a bottle to-day and try it. At Chemists and Stores 1/- and 5/-.

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Throughout the world, the Hoover is recognised as the most efficient convenient and reliable cleaner available. Hoover leadership has been built up by its ability to clean more thoroughly and completely. The exclusive "Positive Agitator" ensures the removal not only of surface dust and litter, but also of the embedded grit which causes carpet wear. Demonstrations of the new streamlined models will be gladly arranged by Hoover distributors. Easy terms available.



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Available from all leading stores and Radiola Distributors throughout N.S.W.

We've often played tennis but it's the first time you've said you'd go dancing with me

SHE THINKS
When you asked me before you hadn't discovered that LIFEBUOY stops "B.O."
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Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Start now on your Wardrobe for Warmer Days. These Styles are Chic and Adaptable.



GRACEFUL MODE
WW2475.—Charming evening gown. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 7½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

WEE MODE
WW2476.—This design is attractive for the little tot 2-8 years. Material required: 1½ to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

BOY'S SUIT
WW2477.—For little boys 2-8 years. Material required: 2 to 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

FOR SPECTATOR SPORTS
WW2478.—Unusual sports frock. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

UNUSUAL STYLE
WW2479.—A new and unusual style for early spring wear. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

SMART PLEATING
WW2480.—Note skirt pattered all round, and smocked bodice—both smart wear this season. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

BOLERO STYLE
WW2481.—Featuring nautical jacket and pleated front skirt in charming effect. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 1½ yards for bodice, and 4½ yards for bolero and skirt, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

MATERNITY FROCK
WW2482.—Charming for maternity wear—frock and coat. Frock allows for adjustment at the waistline. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 yards for frock, and 3 yards for coat, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/L.

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of pattern desired by you when ordered by post you should—(1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) State age if pattern is for child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When ordering for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

ww 2480

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



MODES FOR SMART VACATIONS

THIS week's three-in-one concession pattern provides for three delightful little frocks for vacation or light summer wear, as illustrated at left.

It is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust. To obtain pattern, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

Material required, 36 inches wide: For No. 1, 4 yards; for No. 2, 1½ yards; for No. 3, 4 yards.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. Send a stamped envelope with garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it. WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope "Concession Pattern," in one of the following addresses:

ADELAIDE—Box 888, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 480F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 193, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 1, G.P.O.
If calling, 188 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 111 Pitt Street,
TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney Office. Be careful to specify which size you want. Price 3d. MAIL COUPON ENCLOSED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSURE. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS **CLEARLY** IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
ADDRESS

STATE
Size
Pattern Coupon, 27/8/38.





ABOVE you see the darling romper suit designed to fit babes up to 18 months. It comes to you all traced ready for making in blue or cream Linora for only 1/- Postage is free.

If you want dainty yet hard-wearing rompers for your babe, you cannot afford to let his opportunity pass you by.

The material used is Linora, a beautiful washing fabric. You may, as stated above, have them in cream or blue, with the pattern marked in readiness for cutting out and making. Note also that the rompers are traced with cute embroidery motifs. Do send for two or three pairs, for they cost only 1/- each.

At the same time you'll want the enchanting 3-piece dressing-table set illustrated at right.

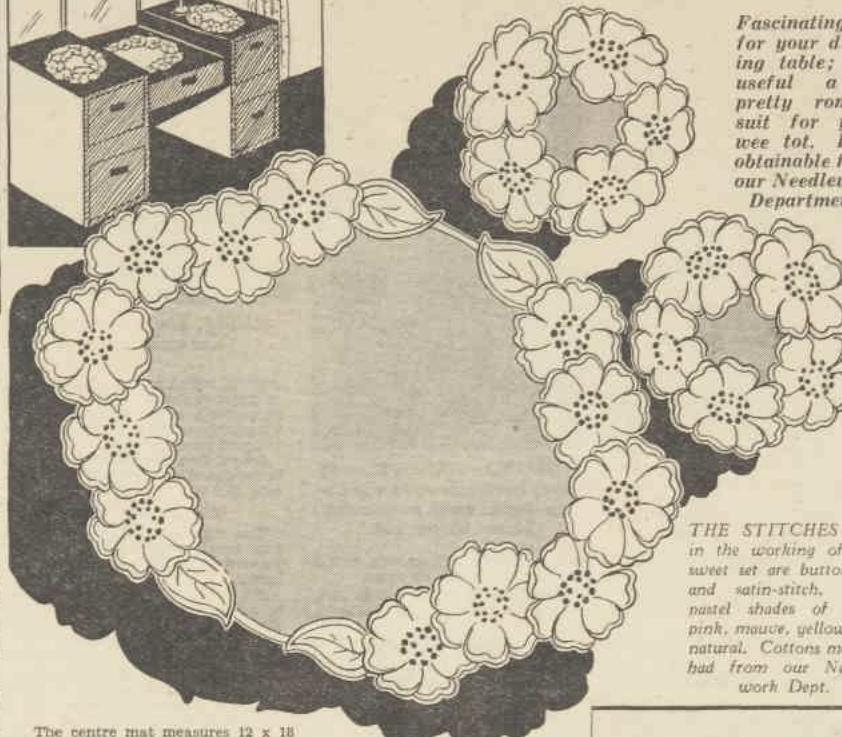
Quaintly lovely to look at, swift to work, it may be had in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen, all ready for your embroidery needle.

SPECIAL OFFERING for NEEDLE LOVERS

Needlework
Notions



Fascinating set for your dressing table; also useful and pretty romper suit for your wee tot. Both obtainable from our Needlework Department.



The centre mat measures 12 x 18 inches, and the small mats 9 x 9 inches. Price is only 2/- Cottons for working cost 1/- extra.

CHIC BLOUSE for you to KNIT

THE original garment illustrated here was worked in a lovely green and worn with a fancy gold belt.

Materials required—7 skeins flecked wool (equivalent to 4-ply), 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 10.

Tension—6 sts. 1 inch; 8 rows, 1 inch.

Measurements—Length from top of shoulder, 21 inches. Bust, 32-34. Length of sleeve at seam, 13½ inches.

Abbreviations—Tog., together; k., knit; p., pur; m., 1, make one.

This very pretty blouse is made in stocking-stitch. K. 1 row, p. the next. The cowl yoke is made all in one piece in the following fancy st. Knit plain all the time and keep one st. on each side as a border.

1st Row: K. 1, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., repeat from *, finish with k. 1.

2nd Row: K. 1, * m. 1, k. 2 tog., repeat from *. At each row the second st. of the 2 tog. will always be the made st. of the preceding row. Repeat these 2 rows all the time.

FRONT OF JUMPER

Cast on 110 sts. on No. 9 needles. Work 3 rows of ribbing, k. 1, p. 1, then in stocking-st. Decrease 1 st. on each side of every ninth row 4 times.

To shape the waist, change to No. 10 needles, and work straight for 2 inches. Then on No. 9 needles increase 1 st. at each end for 17 rows. When work measures 9½ inches cast off the six centre sts. and work



IT'S so easy to knit—this chic French blouse. Follow the directions given here to success.

Cast off on neck side and at every 2nd row: twice 3 sts., twice 2 sts., and 8 times 1 st., then 3 times 1 st. at every 4th row. There must be 21 sts. left. Shape the shoulder when work measures 19½ inches.

Sleeve: Start at top. Cast on 48 sts. on No. 9 needles. Increase 23 times 1 st. on each side of row at every 4th row. There must be 94 sts. Cast on 4 sts. on one side for front of sleeve. Work straight on those 100 sts. for 12 rows, then decrease 1 st. on each end and at every 4th row 12 times. There are 76 sts. Work 2 rows of ribbing. Cast off. Work other sleeve alike, reverting from front of sleeve.

Cowl Yoke: In fancy st. as explained above. Using No. 9 needles, cast on 10 sts.

Increase on each side and at every 2nd row: 4 times 3 sts., twice 2 sts., then 1 st. all the time.

When there are 54 sts. on needle cast off the 6 centre sts. Work on one side at a time. Continue increasing the 1 st. on armhole side at every 2nd row and on neck side decrease 3 times 2 sts. at every 2nd row, then work straight on neck side.

Continue increasing 1 st. at every 2nd row on armhole side until there are 38 sts. on needle. Work straight on these for 6½ inches.

Next Row: Starting at armhole side cast off 5 times 7 sts., and once 8 sts. at every 2nd row. Work other side of yoke alike, reverting directions.

Press well and join pieces together. On top of sleeve make 6 small pleats. Cross the yoke and sew as illustrated.

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AVAILABLE IN A WIDE SELECTION OF SHADES

Choose your design from the large range of easy-to-follow instruction leaflets at your needlework shop.

ASC 13



I'm the eighth generation to use Horrockses Sheets

MY grandmother tells me that Horrockses Sheets have been used by the women in our family for the last seven generations. I'm the eighth generation now that I've taken Granny's advice and bought Horrockses Sheets and Pillowcases for my home. "They'll last," says Granny, and after all she should know, because she has had time to prove it.

QUALITY + COMFORT + ECONOMY

are assured when you insist on

Horrockses
REGD.

SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES

PARTY RECIPES Win PRIZE!

See also other Winners in This Week's Cookery Contest

WHAT about giving your little ones a party? Children simply adore them.

With a party in the air we're sure you'll find them eager to help you with the daily chores!

So think it over, mother!

With regard to party fare! The first prizewinner in this week's recipe competition is worth noting.

Note, too, the other recipes on this page. They're a fine lot.

Remember, we give £1 every week for the best recipe received. Consolidation prizes are also awarded.

PARTY IDEAS FOR CHILDREN

A novel idea for making sandwiches: Cut the bread very thinly, butter two slices, and make a sandwich of banana sprinkled with sugar and a little lemon juice. Now butter a third slice of bread, sprinkle it with hundreds and thousands, put this on top of the banana sandwich, and you have a three-decker sandwich that will appeal to the children because of its novelty.

Little cakes are favorites, too: Cream about 1 cup sugar with about 1 cup butter, add 2 beaten eggs, then 2 cups self-raising flour and 1 cup milk. Cook this mixture (in crinkly paper cake-cups) in a moderate oven till brown, and when cold ice with lemon icing. Next decorate the cakes to represent faces. To do this you require a little cochineal, a little saffron coloring and some cocoa made to a thin paste with hot water. Use yellow or

chocolate coloring for hair, brown for eyes and eyebrows, red for mouth and cheeks. Make a number of different types of faces and they will look nice in their frilled paper cups.

For a sweet novelty, toffee animals are nice. Make a simple toffee by putting two cups sugar, 1 tablespoon butter moltened with water into a saucepan and boiling until a piece of the mixture when dropped into cold water turns brittle. For the animal shapes get some small celluloid animals, cut these in halves, grease well, fill with toffee and when it sets turn out. The animal toffees are then ready. A sprinkle of coconut or chopped nuts may be added for variety.

A striking centrepiece can be contrived by making boat-shaped cakes, iced in many colors, and fitting them with toothpick masts and gay, white little sails, on which print the names of the guests. Place the flotilla of boats on a mirror, around which arrange trails of sand.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Vera Banister, Box 266, Red Cliffs, Vic.

CARROT CUTLETS

One cup carrots boiled and mashed, 2 cups cold boiled rice, 1 beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon celery salt.

Mix all ingredients together and form into balls. Flatten to shape of cutlets, roll in breadcrumbs, then egg, and then again in breadcrumbs. Deep fry in boiling fat. Serve either



TOMATO BASKETS with celery handles, set upon crisp lettuce leaves, make an attractive picture on the table.

cold, garnished with parsley, or hot with tomato gravy or sauce.

Consolation Prize of £2/6 to Mrs. Welch, 33 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

SUNSET MOUSSE

Two egg-yolks, 1 cup cold water, 1 tablespoon granulated gelatine, 1 cup golden syrup, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup whipped cream, extra cream for decorating.

Measure syrup into a saucepan. Heat till boiling. Beat egg-yolks in a basin and stir in syrup very slowly. Turn into a saucepan and stir over heat till mixture thickens, then remove from fire. Add gelatine dissolved in cold water. Stand till



SIMPLE, wholesome and attractive sweet for a party: Pour custard over sponge cake and decorate with jelly, cream and nuts.

mixture begins to set. Lightly stir in whipped cream and lemon juice. Pour into a wet mould to set. Turn out when required and decorate with whipped cream to taste.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Forster, Monterey St., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

TRILBY BISCUITS

Two cups bran, 2½ cups flour, 1 cup brown sugar, pinch salt, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup butter.

Put butter in dry ingredients, mix to a firm dough with enough milk. Roll out, cut in shapes with a biscuit cutter. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. When cool join together with jam or crushed dates.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Smith, 2 Rosemount Avenue, Penrith Hills, N.S.W.

BATTER BUBBLES

Place 1 cup of water in a saucepan and when it boils add 1 tablespoon butter. As soon as butter melts, add 1 cup flour and beat with fork until smooth and leave side of pan. Remove from heat and add

3 eggs, one at a time, beating each in well before adding next. Let mixture stand till cold. When ready to serve, drop a dessertspoon at a time into piping hot fat. A moderate-sized pan holds about five at a time. The batter puffs into hollow balls, and when ready turns itself in the fat. Serve with castor sugar and lemon juice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Philpot, Warburton Road, Lilydale, Vic.

SUPPER SAVORIES

Devils on Horseback: For these you require an equal number of prunes, deviled almonds, fried crotons of bread and thin pieces of bacon. Stone the prunes, having soaked them for a few minutes in boiling water. Insert a deviled almond in each prune and then wrap each one up in a thin bacon rasher, season well and bake in the oven. Serve each "devil" on a croton of bread as hot as possible.

Angels on Horseback: For these you require an equal number of oysters, very thin slices of raw streaky bacon and rounds of hot toast, some lemon juice, slices of lemon, cayenne and salt. Remove beards from the oysters, sprinkle each with a few drops of lemon juice and grains of cayenne. Smooth bacon out with a rather heavy knife, trim it, lay an oyster on one end of each slice, and roll it up in the bacon. Twist a bit of thread round the bacon to keep it from uncurling, and cook these little rolls in the oven for about eight to ten minutes. Have the toast hot and cut not more than one inch in diameter. Lay a roll on each piece and garnish with lemon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Joan Graham, 29 Bland Street, Ashfield, N.S.W.

THIS WEEK

STRAWBERRY SPECIALS

STRAWBERRIES ON STICKS

Strawberries can be crystallized in the same way as "apples on sticks," but the "sticks" in this case are the stems. Fruit straight from the plants must be used, particularly if the berries are to be used, as the stems have lost the necessary "grip."

Gather ripe but firm berries carefully, snipping them off with scissors and leaving a short stem on each with a length of cotton in finding job, but well worth the trouble.

Boil 2 cups sugar in ½ cup water to a syrup and strain. Dip each berry in the clear hot syrup, coating each as done on a bed of icing sugar, as each dries, dip again till each berry is a glossy globule like a small apple on a stick, then hang up till cold.

Packed in boxes coated with icing sugar and covered with greaseproof paper (with the stems then snipped off) these berries make a delicious gift for Christmas, or may be served as a sweet course.

The sugared berries make a nice dessert when strawberries are out of season. Make a layer of the berries in a dish, a layer of the sugared berries and butter till the dish is full, then bake about an hour in slow oven. A delicious steamed pudding can be made using the berries in place of the usual fruit.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gladys Hunt, 9 Wardell Road, Petersham, N.S.W.

STRAWBERRY JAM

Take ½ lb. sugar to each lb. strawberries. Blanch strawberries in an earthenware dish over boiling water, pour off the juice and boil for 20 minutes. Add strawberries and boil for half hour or until thick. Do not stir too much, but care must be taken not to burn. When just good, strain.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Stafford, Victoria Street, Balmain, Brisbane.

STRAWBERRY SALAD

One pound strawberries, 1 cup sugar, 1 small cup orange juice, whipped cream, strawberry leaves.

Wash and drain the berries. Cut in two, sprinkle sugar over them. Toss together lightly, allow to stand for half an hour, then add orange juice. Serve in individual dishes with a spoonful of whipped cream and a sprig of strawberry leaves. Garnish with wafer.

STRAWBERRY SANDWICHES

Quarter cup butter, 1 cup caster sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 8 large firm strawberries.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add lemon juice and crush strawberries and mix with other ingredients. If mixture is rather soft, cover dish and refrigerate until it has the consistency of thick cream. Put in a cool place.

When firm it can be used as a sandwich filling or spread on slices of bread with a thin coating of jam.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. McGinley, Canning Street, Warwick, Qld.

STRAWBERRY JELLY

Take 2½ lb. sugar to each lb. strawberries. Blanch strawberries in an earthenware dish over boiling water, pour off the juice and boil for 20 minutes. Add strawberries and boil for half hour or until thick. Do not stir too much, but care must be taken not to burn. When just good, strain.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Stafford, Victoria Street, Balmain, Brisbane.

STRAWBERRY SAUCE

One pound strawberries, 1 cup sugar, 1 small cup orange juice, whipped cream, strawberry leaves.

Wash and drain the berries. Cut in two, sprinkle sugar over them. Toss together lightly, allow to stand for half an hour, then add orange juice. Serve in individual dishes with a spoonful of whipped cream and a sprig of strawberry leaves. Garnish with wafer.

STRAWBERRY SOUP

One pound strawberries, 1 cup sugar, 1 small cup orange juice, whipped cream, strawberry leaves.

Wash and drain the berries. Cut in two, sprinkle sugar over them. Toss together lightly, allow to stand for half an hour, then add orange juice. Serve in individual dishes with a spoonful of whipped cream and a sprig of strawberry leaves. Garnish with wafer.

STRAWBERRY CHUTNEY

One pound strawberries, 1 cup sugar, 1 small cup orange juice, whipped cream, strawberry leaves.

Wash and drain the berries. Cut in two, sprinkle sugar over them. Toss together lightly, allow to stand for half an hour, then add orange juice. Serve in individual dishes with a spoonful of whipped cream and a sprig of strawberry leaves. Garnish with wafer.

STRAWBERRY MARMALADE

One pound strawberries, 1 cup sugar, 1 small cup orange juice, whipped cream, strawberry leaves.

Wash and drain the berries. Cut in two, sprinkle sugar over them. Toss together lightly, allow to stand for half an hour, then add orange juice. Serve in individual dishes with a spoonful of whipped cream and a sprig of strawberry leaves. Garnish with wafer.

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One pound strawberries, 1 cup sugar, 1 small cup orange juice, whipped cream, strawberry leaves.

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TRY Your HAND . . . at WAFFLES

They're easy to make . . . light as a feather, crisp, and delicious to eat!

HERE is an endless variety of delicious dishes which can be made with waffles, which are easy and quick to prepare and inexpensive.

The only thing you must buy is a waffle-iron, which can be had in two sizes.

How to Make a Waffle: First shut the waffle-iron and place it on the stove to get nicely heated. Turn it once so that both sides are evenly heated.

Open the iron, and with a brush and fat lightly grease both sides.

Pour a little batter on one side. Close the iron. Leave it for one minute, turn, and cook other side for one minute.

Do not open the iron while cooking.

Heat the iron again before pouring in the batter for the next waffle. Serve on hot plate.

When cooked, waffles can be eaten in a variety of ways.

1. Hot and buttered for breakfast or tea.

2. As a sweet with maple syrup or honey and cream.

3. As a savory.

4. Crisped hard in the oven and topped with sweet or savory mixture.

5. Topped with ice cream and butterscotch sauce.

WAFFLE BATTER No. 1

Half-pound plain flour, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Sift dry ingredients into basin, add eggs and milk. Beat well. Add the cooled, melted butter; then fold in whisked egg-whites, mixing in evenly. Cook as directed above. If waffles are required as a savory, omit sugar.

WAFFLE BATTER No. 2

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 1½ cups milk, 1 oz. butter, 1 quart water.

Sift flour and salt, add melted butter and milk, and beat very well. Fold in well-whisked egg-white. Cook as directed.

WAFFLE BATTER No. 3

One pound dried apricots, 2½ cups cold water, 3lb. sugar, 10 passion-fruit, juice 1 lemon.

Wash apricots, and drain. Put into a preserving-pan; pour water over, and leave all night. Next day cook for 15 minutes. Add sugar, cook about 20 minutes. Add passion-fruit and lemon; cook till thick when tested on cold plate, stirring frequently. Cool; then bottle and seal down.

DRIED APRICOT AND PINEAPPLE JAM

One pound dried apricots, 1 large crushed pineapple, 4lb. sugar, 1 quart water.

Pour boiling water over apricots, and wash well. Turn into colander and rinse well with cold water. Stand all night in one pint water. In the morning turn into preserving pan together with pineapple pulp, 1 pint pineapple juice, and sugar, and boil quickly for one hour or little longer until jelled. Bottle and store in cool, dry place.

ORANGE JAM

Six oranges, 4 pints water, 4lb. sugar.

Clean oranges with a thick skin. Cut into very thin slices. Place in basin, pour over water, and allow to stand all night. Next day, boil oranges for 1 to 1½ hours, or till soft. Add sugar, stir till dissolved. Boil for 2 hours or until a small quantity sets on a cold saucer. Skim well. Bottle immediately and cork down.

WAFFLE BATTER No. 4

One and a half cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons melted butter.

Sift dry ingredients into basin, add yolks and milk. Beat well. Add the cooled melted butter, then fold in whisked egg-whites, mixing in evenly. Cook as directed.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Melt 1 tablespoon butter; add 1 cup brown sugar. Cook for 1 minute, then add 2 tablespoons cold water. Stir well. Stir in yolk of 1 egg. Cook till light and fluffy. Chill. Add 3 tablespoons whipped cream and vanilla to taste. Serve with ice-cream or waffles.

CHEESE CREAM WAFFLES

Waffle batter, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, made mustard, salt, cayenne, cream or milk.

Put cheese into basin with mustard, salt, cayenne. Add sufficient cream or milk to form a smooth paste. Make the waffle without sugar and add little grated cheese if liked. As each waffle is cooked, pour over a little of the mixture and pop into oven till ready to serve. Serve as hot as possible.

STRAWBERRY WAFFLES

No. 3 waffle batter, strawberries, sugar, whipped cream.

Make the waffles in usual way and spread with mashed, sweetened strawberries, then with flavored cream. Decorate each top with whole strawberries.

CHOCOLATE WAFFLES

Add two tablespoons finely-grated chocolate to No. 3 waffle batter. Make and cook in the usual way and serve very hot with butterscotch sauce.

BY
MARY FORBES

• Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



FROM AMERICA come these crisp and crunchy morsels called waffles. Once you have tried them you'll serve them in all the appetizing and fascinating ways suggested on this page.

AT LEFT, you see the waffle, cooked golden-brown, and ready to serve with cream, honey, maple syrup, chocolate or butterscotch sauce.

SARDINE WAFFLES

Waffle batter (without sugar), sardines, salt, cayenne, mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 2 tablespoons butter, vanilla.

Split sardines and bone them, and

as the waffles are made arrange three halves, head to tail, over each. Dust with salt and cayenne. Pour on a little mayonnaise and sprinkle with parsley. Serve at once.



"It's so strange, doctor—Alan seems to fail in his morning subjects and do much better after dinner."

"What does he have for breakfast?"

"Well—he really doesn't have much—he doesn't seem to fancy anything."



"There's the trouble," explained the doctor. "He doesn't get enough nourishment to carry on the morning work. If he's fussy give him Kellogg's Rice Bubbles—children seem to like that funny little 'SNAP,' 'CRACKLE' and 'POP' that Rice Bubbles make when the milk is poured on. My children have Rice Bubbles every day."



Now Alan has two big bowls of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles at breakfast time and has gained in weight and improved at school. Rice is one of the most nourishing and easily digested cereals—that's why doctors recommend it for growing children. And Rice Bubbles just "SNAP," "CRACKLE" and "POP" with crisp, delicious goodness. Order some to-day from your grocer.



* Hollywood, "Dick"—the REAL live-down from Hollywood, by cable, presented by Kellogg's over a national relay—Mondays at 8.15 p.m.—2CU, 3OZ, 5KO, 5TM, 5WG, 10K, 12K, 13L-K, and 14D-MU-PI-83.

R.4.

Jams You Can Make Now!

PASSIONFRUIT AND DRIED APRICOT JAM

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or until a little put on a cold saucer seems sufficiently "set." Apricot jam is easily burnt, so stir well, and use a mat if necessary. A good idea is to grease the preserving pan well with butter on the bottom and up the sides a little.

GRAPEFRUIT JAM

Three shaddock, 3 pints water, 7lb. sugar.

Wash fruit, soak whole in salt and water overnight. Drain, then slice very thinly. Boil for 14 hours in the 7½ pints of water. Add sugar and then boil till it "jellies." Bottle. Cork down and store in cool place.

MULBERRY JAM

Six pounds mulberries, 4lb. sugar, juice of 4 lemons.

Boil fruit briskly for quarter hour, stir in well-heated sugar, boil till nice and thick. Add lemon juice before taking off the fire.

Bushells

PURE COFFEE

*Has the true
Mocha flavor*



VACUUM PACKED STAYS FRESH



LATE QUEEN MARIE

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CROWNED QUEENS

By the Late
**QUEEN
MARIE**
of Rumania

A Complete
Book-length
Novel



FREE SUPPLEMENT TO THE
AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
MUST NOT BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.

CROWNED QUEENS

By Late Queen Marie of Rumania



NCIENT legends . . . tales out of the past . . . faces many faces and music like forgotten nights—the sound of steps passing down dark dim corridors; portals suddenly opening upon taper-lit chapels, far-off chants incense floating through the air—the clashing of arms, the trampling of heavy-hoofed horses . . . and over all, the fitful sunshine, then night and shade and silence . . .

The old Queen was sitting with folded hands, very still as though she were sleeping. All the bells of Ardichavar were ringing, those bells of which the old castle was so proud, bells given by kings who had lived 'neath its roof, lived and died.

Gay bells and solemn bells, the air was alive with their clamor. In waves they swelled over the distance, penetrating the hushed silence to where the woman sat alone and apart.

No emotion showed on her face, but her fingers were clenched, and from between her closed lids two heavy tears were slowly creeping down her cheeks.

Suddenly the clamor ended, the bells were still, as though all the sound had fallen into chasms of night, becoming all at once a thing of the past, perchance even a thing that had never existed except in the lone woman's brain.

Time had written its tale on her face, had hardened her features, had chiselled deep lines on her brow, had drawn marks of sorrow round her mouth.

Yes, old was she—like a forest on winter nights, yet each fold of her garment seemed guarding a remembrance of beauty that time could not wipe out.

A sudden flourish of trumpets tore the silence with a triumphant sound; there was a clamor as though of multitudes proclaiming some joyous event. Louder and louder grew the voices coming towards the chamber where the silent one sat.

The woman raised her head, the heavy lids opened over a pair of eyes, keen and inscrutable as waters that sleep over unfathomed depths.

Strange indeed was the look of those eyes—haughty and domineering, piercing yet tired, as though they longed to see no more. Although fully aware of the things of today, they seemed to be separated from the present by all the remembrances of days of yore.

The crowd was now quite near. The voices reached up through the window, swelling to a tremendous din, but the notes of the bugles were louder than all else, outringing every sound, like a call of triumph which could not be stilled. The trampling of a thousand feet accompanied the voices with dull advancing thud.

Upright sat the woman waiting for what was to come.

At the farther end of the chamber two tapers flickered before a holy image that was hidden in the dark. As the clamor grew louder and louder a shadow rose from its knees in that corner and stood quite still facing the woman in white.

No surprise was depicted upon the grand old face, the woman on the chair did not start, for she had been aware that in that shadowy nook someone was praying for the peace of her earth.

She said no word, but like a caress her eyes rested upon the young man's face. With his hands crossed over his bosom, humbly he bowed before her, bending low his tonsured head . . . for the man was a monk . . .

A door had opened, a curtain had been drawn aside, and suddenly the dim chamber became luminous because of the woman who stood on the threshold looking towards that other woman, who, in ghostly white, sat without moving on her high chair.

Past and present faced each other, the days that were to be and the days that were no more.

Rising from her chair the one who had been waiting went towards that vision of youth, and with those strange eyes that had seen so much silently scrutinised that radiant apparition arisen like a picture of other days come back to hurt her heart.

The old Queen stood before the young one and stared at her beauty as the dreamer might stare at his dream come true. She scanned her face, her jewels, her robe, her mantle; her eyes rested lingeringly upon the heavy crown that pressed upon the young woman's brow, and with her gaze fixed upon that sacred symbol of royalty, at last the old Queen spoke:

"May the circle that presses thy forehead, Izvana, give thee strength and knowledge and the power that once was mine; may its weight be easy and may its radiance suffice thee for all the days that are to come," and stretching out her hand to the one who stood on the threshold the hoary woman bent to kiss the crowned Queen's brow.

Izvana made a step forward, and taking the hand that was extended towards her, pressed her lips to the long pale fingers that lay so cool between her own; there was something of awe in her gesture, awe mingled with involuntary veneration.

Looking up in the old Queen's face she said very gently: "I have come for thy blessing, Queen Grania, for the blessing of one who knows. I am but standing before the portals of life, but thou hast trodden its many roads."

"There can be but one road for crowned queens," said Grania solemnly, "but one road. May its stones not wound thy feet, O beginner of life; may its length not appal thee; may the shadow of fear never fall over thy brightness; may the tears thou wilt shed be less in number than the pearls

round thy throat, and when thy hour cometh mayest thou close thine eyes over visions that will lead thee straightway towards gladder shores!"

"I am not afraid," said the young Queen, "life is full of promise, and have I not Galas' heart upon which I can lean?"

"Mayest thou find support in other things than in the heart of man," said the one who knew; "human hearts are treasures we never dare call our own."

The young Queen raised her eyes to the old one and looked at her as though she did not understand.

"But go now thy way, thou vision of youth; those who acclaimed thee will be needing thy beauty; many will still be the hours before they will let thee rest. But where is my grandson? Why has he not come for my blessing? Does his hour of exaltation prevent his heart remembering the one who sits alone?"

"Galas will come, Great Mother. When I came to thee he was standing with his knights and courtiers in the hall."

Queen Grania remained for a moment staring at the tapestry that had fallen over the door hiding the spot where the vision of beauty had stood a second before, then turning to the young monk who had not moved from the shadowy corner, asked in her strange deep voice:

"What sayest thou, O Giovani, to the spring-time of life?"

"There is neither spring, summer nor autumn to one of my cloth," was Giovani's reply.

"Then nothing remaineth thee but winter, Giovani, therefore thy young head is nearer to my white one than to that crowned vision of fairness!"

"Better it is not to look at the sun if one's eyes are not strong enough to sustain its glamor."

GIOVANI with eyes bent to the ground, was passing through the castle garden.

It was springtime, an apple tree in full bloom threw a trembling shade upon the grey stone wall, the birds were singing, overhead the sky was blue.

Giovani did not lift his eyes to look at the group of fair women who sat beneath the flowering tree.

Like a shadow he passed through the sunshine, and the shade of an open portal swallowed him up.

Raising her head from her embroidery Queen Izvana asked of one of the ladies:

"Who is Giovani?"

"We call him the old Queen's slave," answered Lady Eileen, who knew more about the Court than anybody else.

"Does he belong to her?" asked the young Queen.

Someone laughed; then an old lady who sat like a grey rock among flowering bushes,

CROWNED QUEENS

frowned at the speaker and said in a grave voice:

"It eases the great woman's solitude to have the young monk praying in her room."

Three companions had been given to the young Queen on her arrival in the distant country, three young companions who were closely watched by the Countess of Cathal, a lady of importance whose eyes, though old, saw as much as she would.

There was Lady Eileen of the raven-black curls, there was Lady Monica whose voice was gentle and whose hands were white as doves in a wood, and there was Cathleen, Lady of Longlow, whose father was first lord in the land, whose smile was slow to come, whose words were guarded, but whose eyes were true.

Ivana was still ill at ease in their company; often she yearned to be alone, but she held her peace—was she not a stranger in a strange land . . .

The ladies attentively watched over their new Sovereign, each in her way trying to be of use. Ivana longed to confide in them, but her blue eyes scanned their faces; anxiously beneath her costly attire the young Queen's heart beat like a bird trying to escape from its cage.

"Ivana!"

The young Queen started, for masterful was the voice which rang through the garden. With an expression half joy, half fear, the young Queen sprang to her feet and stood expectant; like the sun bursting through clouds was the smile that illuminated her face. Behind her the four ladies made deep curtseys and they, too, had smiles on their lips.

Tall was the man coming towards them; his spurs clinked loudly on the pavement, his gait was upright. Ivana stood hesitant; she longed to fly to him, but something akin to apprehension kept her rooted to the spot. At her feet lay her embroidery in a helpless heap where it had slipped from her knees to the ground.

Conflicting were the young Queen's emotions; the man who had wedded her might have been a lover, but chose to be a master instead. He, too, was a stranger to Ivana; her love was a flame she tried to suppress, but that burnt her bosom with an aching pain.

The strong man revelled in her timidity, playing with her heart as a child plays with a ball. Ivana's eyes adored him, but he only smiled at the light he perceived in their depths.

A man of many moods was King Galcas; his dark complexion and dusky locks gave him the air of a Southerner, though his dominions lay in the bleak grey North.

Almost gigantic of growth, his strength was the pride of his people; no one dared disobey his orders, his voice was cutting like a winter's wind.

A day of adventure had once led him to the palace which had been Ivana's home, yonder, in that far country, and there he had rested from the joys of battles beneath her father's roof. Touched by her excessive gentleness, the man of action had conceived an overwhelming passion for the fair flower so unlike any that bloomed in his northern clime.

King Morias, Ivana's father, had been loath to let her go; the fairest was she of four fair daughters, and so sweet was her name that the summer breezes deemed it their sister as they fanned o'er her southern home. Ivana without hesitation had followed the stranger's call, for it was written in the stars that thus her fate should be.

Now husband and wife stood looking at each other; six months of marriage had

effaced none of the distance between them; strangers they were to each other—the one trembled whilst the other laughed.

"Little bird of my heart," spoke Galcas, "why is thy face so pale? The sun of the North does not seem to warm thee, nor do my kisses bring roses to thy cheeks. Have I carried off too delicate a blossom that cannot take root in our soil?"

"There is naught amiss with me, Galcas," said Ivana, looking up into his face.

"Wilt thou not come to our chamber?" But the King was looking over her head towards the castle; he seemed not to hear the pleading in her voice.

"Hast thou seen to see Great Mother?" he suddenly inquired. "Surely thou hast not forgotten that she desires thy presence at least once a day."

"But thou! Thou dost not go to her daily," protested the young woman. "Come with me, her rooms are so dark and her voice makes me anxious; her eyes have so strange a look!"

Turning towards the ladies who were standing at a respectful distance, King Galcas laughed a loud laugh.

"Me seems the little one needs my protection," he jested: "the old Queen's apartments seem somewhat gloomy to her—she is but a child! I thought, though, that women were always happy when prattling together, that they were never at a loss for something to say."

The Countess of Cathal made first a deep curtsey, then drawing herself up stiffly she said:

"Southern flowers need sunshine: no hand should uproot them unless it means to tend them with care. Men ride to the chase and to battle leaving their women at home, but maybe, my Hege, spindle or needle cannot always replace kisses and tender words."

"Wise words from you, countess," spoke the King, staring boldly into her face, "but if I am not mistaken Queen Grania will be wondering why her grandchildren have remained away so long; come, Ivana, we shall go together as thou art so afraid of the dark."

WHAT color has the sky this morning, Giovani?" It was Queen Grania who spoke from the dark corner where she sat.

"The sky was blue, O Queen, and the trees are in bloom."

"Hast thou been wandering in the forest, Giovani?"

"I have been saying my prayers beneath the face of God's great sun," said the monk.

"Daily do I pray for the peace of thy soul, Queen Grania."

"There are souls that will never know peace, before they can quit the earthly body for other shores."

"Too many of the loved ones are sleeping in the castle crypt."

"They are at rest," was all the reply he got.

A deep silence hung for a while over the room. The old Queen sat rigid in her chair of carved wood.

"I hear steps," said Queen Grania, pointing to the door; "those who live in the sunshine are coming to the one who sits in the dark."

Galcas was the first to enter, and behind him came Ivana in her dove-grey gown. Giovani stood with folded hands; he did not raise his eyes as the hem of the young Queen's robe swept like a caress over his feet; then silently the man who had no name left the room, shutting the door behind him.

Galcas was the first to break the silence. After having made obeisance before his grandmother he politely inquired if her night had been restful and her slumbers sweet. Overloud was the sound of his voice in the shadowy chamber.

"The sleep of the old is of no importance," was the great woman's reply. "Little difference is there at my age between night and day; of greater import were it to know how thy young wife has rested," and turning to Ivana she asked: "Dost thou sleep peacefully, and art thy slumbers sweet?"

Laying her hand upon the young bride's head, in a voice that had something like an echo of forgotten gentleness Queen Grania said:

"Thou must rest, dear one, for the sake of that which is to come."

Galcas' laugh could be heard, and Ivana hid her face in her hands.

"Galcas," reproved the old Queen, "laugh not so loudly in my presence; thy mirth can be kept for thy boon-companions, here it is out of place!" Then turning to the woman at her feet, "What dost thou with the hours of day?" she asked.

"I wait for Galcas," was Ivana's simple reply.

"Ivana will one day have other amusements than waiting for a tyrannous lord. Now she is a stranger and must learn her lessons, later she will know how to stand on her feet!"

Ivana looked up into the aged face; gently she laid her fingers upon the hand that clasped the crystal cross, but Queen Grania was not looking at her, her eyes were following visions out of the past . . .

"I must begone," cried Galcas, drawing the curtain back over the window so that the chamber filled with shade once more; "my horse will be saddled, my companions waiting. Farewell, pale bride, before long I shall be back," and kissing the hand of his grandparent Galcas, without more ado, strode from the room.

For a moment the two women were silent, then the old one spoke:

"The painted chest in thy chamber is full of soft linens and laces, thou wilt find therein all that will be needed for the sons of kings."

"I thank thee," whispered Ivana.

"Be not afraid of to-morrow," said the old Queen's hollow voice. "Crowned queens must have a face for every fate; the strength for carrying grown with the weight of the burden—and even in this northeren clime there are days of sunshine, and roses bloom among thorns . . ."

"But go now, I am weary; go, my child, I want to be alone."

"Shall I call Giovani to thee?" asked Ivana; her voice was like a carmine.

The old Queen started. "Giovani! Why Giovani?" she asked.

"I thought he was always with thee," said the young one simply.

"He says his prayers before the image in my chamber," said the old Queen sternly. "It is an image that worketh miracles—an image brought from a distant land; but no need to call Giovani, Giovani will come of himself."

Ivana, making a deep curtsey before the proud woman, without further words left the room.

For a moment the woman in black sat motionless like a lay figure.

"She has a noble spirit," she murmured, "she is beautiful but why did she mention Giovani?" Then suddenly rising from her seat, she went over to the darkest corner, and bending her knees before the miraculous image, the image that had been

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Brought from a distant land, the old Queen said a silent prayer.

A SINGLE candle was burning in Izvana's room; the quivering light fell upon her fair young head as she sat bending over many small objects that were scattered on the table before her.

An ivory casket yawned beside her; from time to time her hands fluttered towards it, drawing fresh treasures from its depths.

The objects with which the young Queen was playing were not of gold or of silver, nor were they gems of priceless worth: there were smooth little pebbles among them, little chips of wood, a torn veil, a faded flower, a broken bracelet, a lock of grey hair and other worthless trinkets, old coins and buttons such as children hoard in hidden places away from critical eyes.

Then suddenly the lonely girl burst into tears.

Suddenly the Queen started and looked up, the tears still hanging like dew from her lashes. Someone was coming. Oh! well did she know that step! That step for which she was always hearkening, that step for which she waited often till much too late in the night . . .

With a nervous movement Izvana tried to gather her scattered treasures. Regardless of their fragility she hurriedly crammed them back into the box—but the door opening before she could finish, she turned round to face her master, one hand behind her on the table trying to conceal the objects that were still scattered about. The King found himself face to face with the anxious visage of his Queen. Her blush was the blush of the guilty; with wide open eyes she stared at him; there was fear hidden in their depths.

"What art thou doing?" demanded her lord and master in his imperious voice.

"Nothing! nothing!" faltered the girl, tossing the loose strands of hair away from her face.

"Then why art thy cheeks so burning, thine eyes so bright? Why art thou watching here alone in the night?"

"I was awaiting thy coming," murmured Izvana; "the night is long and I was . . ." She hesitated.

"Long the night!" cried the man. "The night is always too short! Izvana, what hast thou been doing?" Jealousy was rising like a hot flame to the husband's eyes.

With an awkward gesture Izvana tried to cover her treasures with her hand.

"I was thinking . . . I was remembering, they are not precious, there are not very many . . . but to me! . . ." She broke off with a sob in her throat.

"What is not precious?" and Galcas took hold of his wife's two hands.

Upon the table the poor little objects lay scattered like flotsam tossed up by the sea. Galcas stared without understanding. He picked up the torn veil, then throwing it from him, took within his fingers the lock of sad grey hair. Bewildered, he looked at the woman whose eyes were full of tears.

"They are from over there," she murmured with trembling lips; "from Tarano, the old home by the sea . . . I picked up this pebble from its shore, the veil was . . ." Her voice choked, she hid her face in her hands.

With a sudden movement Galcas drew her towards him; bending back her head fiercely he pressed his lips to hers. Like a broken white flower she lay within his embrace.

"There is no home for thee now but this one!" he cried. "Forget the old haunts for the new ones, the old loves for mine."

The big man held her fast; he did not understand her, no comprehension had he of the wants of her soul, but he adored her youth, her sweetness, the timid gaze of her eyes.

THE bells were ringing—ringing proudly, ringing loudly, ringing, ringing through the night.

Propped against many cushions, Queen Grania sat upright in her bed—her hair was as white as the linen against which it rested. On both sides of her couch a taper was burning, burning as tapers burn beside the dead.

With wide open eyes the old woman was staring into the dark—the bells reached her through the obscurity like the throbbing of a tremendous heart.

"Surely it is a son," she murmured; "the first-born of the Darthulas have always been sons."

Shutting her eyes she lay quite still. In complete repose her face was like the face of the dead.

Suddenly she raised her lids, listening: steps were coming along the passage, hurrying towards her; what message would they bring?

A loud knock at her door made her start, and before she could answer, Galcas with buoyant tread, entered the chamber.

"It is a son, Great Mother!" Exultant was his voice, like two stars his eyes alone in the dusk of the room.

Several couriers had followed their master, for this it is upon earth; ever will steps follow those who carry tidings of great joy; respectfully they stood against the walls not daring to raise their eyes to that spectre out of the past.

"I knew it would be a son," spoke the Queen from behind the curtains: "My prayers were with the one that had to go down into darkness so as to bring forth new life—suffering is a deep chasm of which none can see the end. Is the young Queen well?"

"She is well!" cried Galcas; his voice had something of the triumph of nature over time and space. "With thy consent, Great Mother, the child shall be called Gallion, a name that was dear to thy heart."

A quiver ran through the old Queen's frame. "I have loved more than one name," she said; "but my blessing shall be upon the head of young Gallion; may he live to become a joy and honor to his race."

"Now go from me," spoke the old woman solemnly. "I desire to think in peace over the news thou hast brought. May God protect thee and thy son, and may He have mercy upon her whom thou didst bring from so far to be guardian of thy home and hearth."

Galcas, eager to be off, made sign to his courtiers to follow him.

FIVE times had the year's changing seasons passed over Izvana's head, each bringing with it either joy or pain, but in this northern country the summer was but a fleeting blessing hardly realised before it was snatched away; therefore perchance did a haunting look of longing remain in the young Queen's eyes. It was to her followers as though she had a way of looking beyond the things that she saw!

This pale woman remained a stranger in their midst; certainly she was loved because

she was beautiful and because she was good, but her lips were too serious, and too low her laugh, there was about her an aloofness that none could pierce.

A second son had she given to Galcas. Both boys were strong as young cubs reared in a wood. When Alasar had been born the young Queen had faced her hour as a warrior who knows the mysteries of war, and somehow this second offspring was nearer to her heart than her first-born.

Galcas loved his wife with jealous pride, which nevertheless seldom kept him at home—adventure was his joy, and when the bugles of battle were not sounding it was the horns of the chase.

But when he graced Ardichavar with his buoyant vitality, Izvana would follow her lord in many a gallop through his sombre woods; her eyes then would glisten and an unwonted color came to her cheeks. Galcas marvelled how so delicate a woman could master a horse few men could daunt.

OLD Queen Grania was seated by the fire. Her feet on a very low stool; the flames threw curious lights over her black velvet gown; her hands were brilliantly illuminated, but no light fell on her face, the shadows of night rested upon it; having passed the years of beauty, Queen Grania kept her face in the dark.

Inside her, in full court apparel, stood the Countess of Cathal; the old Queen having desired to talk with someone from the world below. This night was a night of festivities; the sound of music and laughter reached up through the half-shuttered window, for the woman of yesterday had a curious craving to hear the sounds of life.

To the ladies Eileen, Cathleen and Memica, the Countess of Cathal seemed a person of venerable age, but the old Queen considered her almost as a child, having seen her grow up at her side. With the eyes of a woman who had dearly loved beauty, Grania was contemplating the noble dame's dress.

"In verity that dark blue becomes thee well," said the old Sovereign graciously. "There was a time when I, too, cared for

"It was not only for her goodness and wisdom that Queen Grania was loved in the land," said the Countess with a curtsey; "her beauty was a joy to look upon and her robes were as many colored as the flowers of Eden. When I was a child it was with ecstasy that I used to watch her pass. Her smile was a thing not easily forgotten, and having looked upon her face (so I have been told) many a noble warrior lost the peace of his soul."

The old Queen's hands were softly stroking the folds on her knee. Her expression could not be seen, but her voice was soft as she answered:

"All sorts of legends are born round the names of crowned queens."

"These are not legends, Queen Grania, they are truths as convincing as the light of the sun. It has also been related that when Queen Grania passed in procession through the streets, hands were outstretched towards her so as to touch the train of her gown; men of all stations would cast their mantles before her so that the traces of her feet should remain marked thereon."

"What do they still relate of my past?" asked the Sovereign. "Speak without fear, for all that has happened is so distant that it were like listening to an unknown tale—even to words that are scathful can I listen; it is all so long . . . long ago!"

"Yet I think that thou art of those who remember. Queen Grania, of those who cannot forget."

"Maybe that I have not forgotten, but to remember and to suffer is not always the same thing—time is as a veil covering many a crudity, is a hand that heals many a wound. Speak! What does one relate of Queen Grania? Verily I am interested, and old ears can hear much without being shocked."

"They say that thou didst dearly love power and understood how to use it with a mighty hand."

"Do they say that I robbed it from others?"

"Nay, nay, Queen Grania, that they never said!"

"Did they say that my rule was easy? Or perchance did they insinuate that my hand was none too light?"

"Especially they relate of thy beauty, of thy great learning, of thy wonderful judgment—they remember thy wise words, but more than thy words, the sound of thy voice and the splendor of thy house. A wondrous tale have I been told about a festival of roses given once in thy youth."

"A festival of roses?"

"Yes, a marvelous banquet one summer's night."

"What do they relate?"

"It is a legend, Queen Grania, recounted as poets recount episodes of distant dates."

"Let us call it legend, dear Countess . . . but relate, relate!"

Still the Court lady hesitated; her tongue seemed suddenly heavy in her mouth.

I AM waiting," said the great woman loftily, "eager to hear about the banquet of roses. Speak out, speak out!"

"It was at the time of Queen Grania's greatest glory, so says the world; guests had gathered together at Ardichavar, guests honored by word and . . . heart—guests from distant countries, men famed for deeds of valor, men whose eyes were as steady as their swords were strong, and . . ." The Countess hesitated.

"And?" repeated the Queen.

"And one was amongst them, nobler than all the others, whose coming was a joy to

"To the land," said the Queen.

"To the land . . ." The Countess cleared her throat. "And because the Queen was joyful and because she was young, she gave orders that the old hall should be covered with roses—roses on the ground, roses on the table, roses on the walls, roses round the women's foreheads, roses round the warriors' helmets, roses wound in garlands about the venerable banners, roses round the dishes and round the golden plates; from all parts of the country roses had been sent."

"Did great King Gallon also wear roses round his crown?" asked the old Queen suddenly; and it was to the Countess as though she heard something like a laugh.

"King Gallon was absent," said the Countess quietly; "Queen Grania was receiving the guests in his stead—and grandly did she do it, for her heart was hospitable, her hand generous, and in her castle there was many a room . . ."

"What was the name of the one noblest of all?"

"His name was not told me," said the Countess.

"Ah! because it is a legend," said the proud old woman. "Pray go on, go on . . ."

"Queen Grania was robed in white, and because the night was hot she had taken the royal crown of pearls from her head; her many plaits were looped round her ears, and, according to the savings of all, no other woman could stand beside her beauty; she

was as a shining diamond amidst splinters of glass."

"How old was she then?" asked the one whose face was in the dark.

"The legend does not relate it," answered the Countess, "but methinks she was already of an age when she knew what she was about."

"Speak on!" said the Queen.

"Much wine had been served, the guests were very gay, the soft night-breeze penetrated through the wide-open windows; the Queen was dangerously fascinating in the flickering torch-light."

"Then word went round the table that so

beautiful a bairn should not remain uncrowned, and many many fingers set about winding wreaths for the beautiful woman seated in their midst. More than one man discovered that night that there are no roses without thorns, and more than one drop of blood fell with the falling petals upon the broderied cloth . . ."

"Was it only because of rose-scratched fingers that blood was shed that night?" asked the Queen—strange sounded her voice.

"As all legends have not gay endings," said the Countess, "history will have it that the festival of roses ended . . ."

"In blood?" said the Queen.

"In blood," repeated the Countess of Cathal.

"Who was killed?" asked the Queen.

"The story relates how at the end of the banquet each guest laid before the Queen the coronet of roses he had bound for her brow—that the Queen stood like a tall lily in their midst, the wreaths shutting her in like a magic ring, and that it was a wondrous sight . . ."

"Go on," said the Queen.

"One wreath was redder than all the others . . . the fair woman was bending towards that wreath . . . The Countess paused.

"Was bending towards that wreath . . ."

"A scuffle ensued," continued the Countess. "Young blood was heated . . . the wine . . . the roses, the desire to please . . . someone was killed that night . . ."

"Who?" asked the Queen.

"The noblest of all, so says the legend, and that he fell forward with a dagger through his heart . . ."

"Verily the legend has a gloomy ending," murmured the old woman from out of the dark.

"There was a short silence, then she asked: 'Was that quite the end of the legend? Did the story finish there?'"

"A few words were still added," whispered the Countess, "but that is because those who listen can never hear enough."

"Like unto those who listen, fain would I hear more," demanded the Queen.

"It is said that the Queen remained standing alone in the middle of the hall, with the reddest of the wreaths in her hand, that the great chamber was full of the perfume of roses—of roses brought from all quarters of the land . . ."

"What more was said? Surely the Queen was indignant, she punished the murderer? She made a hue and a cry . . .?"

"Of that I heard nothing," spoke the Countess, "but because the tongues of those who were not there to see love a fine end to a story, it has been related that suddenly the bells began tolling . . . tolling for the dead, and that when she heard them, the Queen fell swooning among the roses, so that in the empty hall two bodies lay very close together—that of the man who had been murdered and that of the woman who had had roses brought from the four corners of the land . . ."

"Indeed it makes a good story," quoth slowly the old Queen. "Luckily it is but a

legend . . . a fine legend . . . well told, forsooth," and there was a curious sound in the old Queen's throat. Was it laughter—or was it . . .?

Suddenly from out of the dark the old Queen asked: "Are there many guests in the castle to-night?"

"The great hall is brilliantly lighted with tapers," said the Countess; "the young Sovereigns have thrown open Ardichavar's portals. To-day Queen Ivana is twenty-two years of age."

"Does the young Queen love the dance?" asked the grandmother.

"It were difficult to guess what the young Queen loves; she is very reticent, and her words are few."

"Is she much courted?" asked the Sovereign of yesterday.

"Many eyes are turned towards her, but more as they would be turned towards a figure in a church."

"And Ivana's eyes, where do they look?"

"They seem to look past things, even when they rest upon a face quite near her; it is as though our dear lady were remembering other visages which we cannot see."

"Has she no influence over the King?"

"Hard were it to say what the royal couple feel for each other. My lord the King looks at her with eyes half anxious, half watchful, and when our lady feels his gaze upon her, she smiles as one who knows something she will not say."

"In fact a woman who knoweth how to hold her peace."

"Precisely," the Countess of Cathal nodded her head, "but it worries me to see a young woman so silent; when I contemplate her, ever must I remember the words: still waters are deep."

"And art afraid of the storms that might lie hidden beneath?"

"Yes, yes, that is my feeling," sighed the Countess.

"Who are the guests my grandchildren are honoring to-night?"

"There are many, but among the most noble is my Lord Conal of Casmool."

"Ah, but he is old?" said the Queen.

"Then there is Lady Malveen Dacheona, known for her wonderful hair, for her riches and for the way she manages her estates and her handsome lord, and there is sweet Lady Rosala whom our King loved as a child, and there is Sir Malcolm and Sir Michael and other knights, and there is old Lord Gondril and his son, and still one guest is expected, Sir Froon, Lord of Cardhu, famed for his exploits of war."

"It is a name I remember," said the Queen, "it seemed to Catherine there was a catch in her voice."

"I have never seen him," continued the Countess, "but the King and he were companions in many a battle; he is said to be of unequalled bravery, not to be overthrown by either ruse or steel. I have heard that he is bringing a gift to Her Majesty, some precious jewel he won in fair fight."

"And he is to offer it to the Queen?"

"Yes, to our Queen."

"Go down to the living—too long have I detained thee—better it were, not to call back shadows that have a right to rest . . . I am tired . . . and making a sign with her pale thin hands the proud old Sovereign indicated her desire to be left alone,

DIFFERENT indeed was the scene that met the Countess' eye as she passed from the world of shadow into the world of light.

Here all was life, noise and brightness, the shine of a hundred tapers was reflected in the jewels, in the embroideries, in the

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eyes of those who laughed. The chillness of autumn was shut out by heavy curtains; the stone walls were decorated, only, the ragged banners hung right up out of sight, swathed in deepest shade.

King Galcas, disdaining no sort of amusement, was gay with the gayest, full of attention towards the ladies, who fluttered about him like butterflies round a tree, and truly what did it matter if sometimes too loud was his laugh.

In the window embrasure, where Giovani had once conversed with her children, sat Queen Ivana, very upright, with folded hands. Her lips were smiling, whilst her eyes wistfully wandered from face to face; sometimes her lids would droop suddenly, and then it was as though her soul were listening to music more distant than the sound of the viols and flutes.

Grouped on stools at her feet were several brightly-clad women, who, with looks of envy or admiration, scanned the Queen's gorgeous apparel; but the men standing behind them had their gaze fixed upon her visage, which was to them as a secret not yet disclosed.

On entering the festive chamber, the Countess of Cathal had eyes only for her Queen; no more than any other had she fathomed the thoughts of this fair woman come from a distant land.

Ivana appeared indifferent to the interest she excited; she was neither shy nor haughty, but there was about her something of a flower grown in other soil.

When she spoke it was softly, as though not to lean too heavily upon words still foreign to her tongue, and when becoming embroiled in her sentences she would finish them with a smile or a wave of her hand.

My Lady Rosalia had risen from her seat, and now the King was conversing with her, their voices often mingled in bursts of laughter. The King's face was flushed, for freely did he partake of the wine pages in bright costumes were continually serving; the air was overheated, the hum of merry voices often drowned the music; in a medley of bright colors the gaily-gowned women fluttered backwards and forwards across the hall.

Ivana sighed. She, too, had risen from her seat. How hot it was. . . . The noise confused her, she longed to rest her eyes upon something stable, upon something that neither moved nor laughed. Why did she feel so lonely, so forsaken here in the midst of the merry crowd?

"Thy crown is heavy," said a voice behind her, and turning her head Queen Ivana perceived a man whom she had not before noticed amidst the many guests.

Less gorgeously attired than the others, he had nothing to attract the eye. He was neither fair nor dark, neither tall nor short, and it would have been hard to say of what age he was. Though tasteful, his dress had none of the splendor adopted by greater lords, but something in his voice made the silent Queen feel suddenly less forlorn.

"Earthly crowns, though shining, can be a sore weight to the young," continued the man, looking at her with steady grey eyes. "Twould be a rest even to me could I see thee lift it from thy brow."

"Who art thou?" asked Ivana. "I have not been told thy name."

"I am no one," smiled the man, "no one worth our sweet lady's notice; I may be but a scribe or a poet, or a simple man-of-arms, or a dreamer, seeking for truth upon this distracting earth of ours."

"For truth?" asked Ivana with surprise.

"Thinkest thou, fair crowned woman, that truth is so easy to find?"

A sad little smile curved Ivana's lips.

"Nay, nay," she said, "it seems to me more as though I had lost it, or perchance never known it at all—but thou?"

"I am an onlooker," said the stranger, "one who looks beneath the surface, so it has happened that at times I have perceived its reflection upon moving waters, or have heard its echo in passing winds, or seen its color in fata Morganas effaced by shifting sands."

"Nowhere else?" asked Ivana, and her voice was wistful.

"Sometimes in the eyes of children," said the unknown man.

"Never in the eyes of women?" asked Ivana.

"Looking into thine eyes that appear so distant, I almost think I might find it in their depths."

Ivana blushed suddenly.

"I am not truthful," she said. "I am too much of a coward to be truthful."

"Of what art thou afraid, noble Queen?"

"Of nothing tangible," was the young woman's answer. "I am afraid of unknown emotions that take me by surprise, of gestures I do not understand, of unexpected expressions in eyes I thought to have fathomed, of words that make my heart beat, of apprehensions that take hold of my soul suddenly."

"Thou art still a stranger upon earth," said the man, "therefore does thy courage fail thee before mysteries not yet disclosed. One day thou wilt discover the shield which will protect thee against life."

"I think that I shall always be a stranger, and what shield could be mine?" sighed the Queen.

"And yet one event happeneth to all," murmured the man whose name Ivana did not know.

But Ivana had not heard; from over the hall Galcas was coming towards her; he, too, seemed to belong to the past—he was also part of a dream?

"What art thou doing here in this corner?" Yes, it was the master's voice, but it seemed to have no meaning, to reach her from a great way off.

"It is over close," said Ivana; "my robes are heavy, and I am unaccustomed to so many voices."

"But some, nevertheless, seem not unpleasant to thee?" scoffed the King.

"Someone was speaking to me," said Ivana gently, "but his name I do not know."

Galcs scanned the plainly-clad guest with half-shut eyes; there was something of insolence in the young King's look.

"If I am not mistaken thou art Douglas Deardhull—a scholar, a poet, a man who scribbles on parchment or reads in the stars."

The stranger bowed. "Thy humble servant feels greatly honored that one so mighty should remember his name."

"If I remember rightly it was my Lord of Carndhu who mentioned to me thy name. I am expecting him. Why is he so tardy? Or can it not be expected of one so famed to keep record of time?"

"My Lord Iroon is on his way to Ardichavar. He and I were brought up together; his lordship honors me with his trust. My father was his father's captive, and when my parent died, all enmity was forgotten and I remained in my captor's house."

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"Twould be a rest even to me could I see thee lift it from thy brow."

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"For truth?" asked Ivana with surprise.

venture; he is not always in need of his scribe or his poet, there are times when he loves to wander unaccompanied, therefore have I received orders to wait him here at thy court."

"Indeed, very royal are his ways!" laughed the Sovereign. "As boys many a battle did we fight together, and seldom was I able to bow his proud head."

"My lord is as haughty as the eagle on his blazon, but I have known him doff his cap to a beggar and pick up the staff a wandering gipsy let fall to the ground."

"All the more eager am I to present him to the Queen," spoke the King, and lightly saluting, with Ivana at his side, he passed on his way.

AN early autumn had

turned the forest of Ardichavar into a never-ending cathedral of russet gold. Gold on the branches, gold on the ground, each beech tree was weeping golden leaves that added thickness to the tawny carpet over which Queen Ivana was leading her numerous guests.

The day was chilly, so that the women were muffled in furs, Ivana's dark sables made her delicate visage appear more than ever like a tropical flower that some strange wind had carried off to this inclement clime.

It was not only the poet Douglas Deardhull who had thought to read wondrous mysteries in the young Queen's face. With each hour spent beneath her roof, more deeply did her guests crave to fathom the misty fakes that were her eyes. What was there behind them? Were they of ice, or was there purity such that, having once peeped into them, the winter skies had left their color therein?

Like a jungle monarch sure of his strength King Galcs prowled from group to group. His eyes were watchful, his ear attentive; if a game were to be played King Galcs had no intention to stand apart.

Sir Iroon, Lord of Carndhu, was the noblest of all the King's guests. Nature seemed to have marked him as her favorite, lavishing her gifts upon him with generous hands.

Like a garland of bright flowers, remnants of warmer seasons, the royal couple, with their guests, wound their way through the woods. The forest's fading splendor made a glorious background to the knights and the ladies, whose rich attire was as many colored and brilliant as a poet's dream.

Douglas Deardhull was walking beside the Countess of Cathal; their voices were less boisterous than those of the others, yet they had plenty to say to each other, the thoughtful poet took pleasure in the old lady's talk.

"Does this court life never weary thee?" he inquired. "This air so full of mysteries, does it not lie heavy on thy lungs?"

"I was brought up in its atmosphere," answered the lady; "my father and his father's father were loyal servants of kings. I should be as a fish out of water within other walls."

The poet smiled.

"I like thy fidelity," he said, "and when I look at her pale sadness methinks the young Queen will need thy heart."

"I watch her closely," she answered; "she is a solitary woman, not yet have I fathomed her heart."

"Is the old Queen good to her?"

"The old Queen is a shadow that is seldom lifted; one cannot speak of her as kind or unkind. She looks back and she remembers and is silent; she seems always to be waiting, but she never stretches out a hand."

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1

"A hard woman?" asked the poet.
"A woman who, having been almighty,
finds it difficult to stare into the rising
sun, preferring therefore to sit in the
dark."

"She mourns for her past glories?"
"Never would she admit it! She is much
too proud!"

The most kindly of ladies was the
Countess of Cathal the one least given to
idle talk, but the soul of every woman
dearly loves romance. The poet at her side
perceived that she had some good tale to
tell, and, anxious to hear it, he pressed
her closely with questions great and small.

The Countess fenced with words, words
that the poet's eagerness soon overcame.
Leaning towards him at last the good lady
whispered:

"When young Queen Grania was not
only venerated, she was also passionately
loved."

"Was she beautiful?" asked the poet.

"As beautiful as the rising sun," nodded
the Countess, "and it was not only King
Gallion who was aware of the fact! Ah!
but she was admired and courted all the
days of her life!"

"That is somewhat lengthy!" bantered
the poet, "but tell me, I pray thee, are any
names mentioned?"

"If ever I heard them I have forgotten
them now," was the lady's wise retort. "The
story runs that many a noble lord loved
Queen Grania, losing sometimes more than
his heart, for King Gallion had the eyes
of an eagle, and King Gallion's patience
was short . . . but he was also a great
warrior, fond of battle, sildom at home . . .
The Queen ruled in his stead . . . The
Countess had a kindly chuckle, but lifting
her head she looked furtively towards the
groups of courtiers walking beside her,
anxious that no one but Douglas should hear
her words.

"Quite at the end of her prime," con-
tinued the Countess with bated breath, "the
Queen loved a man who might have been
her son. It is said the great woman loved
him with a passion only comparable to an
autumn storm—a passion that broke
through all resistance, bearing up every
convention as a hurricane tears up trees
by the roots . . ."

The Countess hesitated.

"Well?" asked the poet, "well, did it
last?"

"It did not last," said the Countess sadly.
"He left her for another face. It was the
proud woman's first defeat. She never
faced a second . . . From that day she
allowed her hair to whiten, and many an
offering did she carry before the altar of
God."

"I feel for her," said the poet. "I could
put her despair into song. This old Queen
fascinates me; my poet's mind realises her
as an overpowering element that must tear
through thick and thin. Is that the end of
the story?"

"Not quite," said the Countess. "In fact,
the end is what I alluded to when I said
that she needed to keep beside her something
belonging to her former life."

"And what is it?"

"Giovanni!" whispered the Countess, lifting
her hand to her mouth.

"Giovanni! Thou meanest the monk? How
can a being so young belong to her former
life?"

"The one who forsook her loved many
a woman, but the time came when his hair
also turned white . . . And nigh upon twenty
years later . . . a dying woman dragged
herself to the great Queen's door . . ."

"A dying woman?"

"Yes . . . with a message . . . from one
who was dead . . . and the woman brought
something with her: a helpless infant
wrapped in a cloth . . ."

"Giovanni?"

"Yes, Giovanni! The child of the man
she had loved. And the dying mother had
been sent to the great woman with the
petition that she should keep the child
and bring it up as she found right. It was
a message . . . a prayer from beyond the
grave."

"The man was dead?"

"Yes, and the infant's mother died soon
afterwards beneath the old Queen's roof."

"And the great woman, what did she
do?"

"Brought the child up to be a monk . . .
so that he should know naught of earthly
love . . ."

"So that he should not suffer as she
had done?"

"That might be an explanation, but I
think there is another."

"What other?"

"She wants to keep the son of her love
with her always . . . bound to her with no
manner of escape!"

"Indeed a powerful woman!" exclaimed
the poet. "A great woman—a woman who
knoweth how to love and how to hate."

For a while the two companions walked
in silence through the leaves that rustled
beneath their feet. The Countess pulled
her furs closer up over her face; she felt
suddenly cold.

"Strange indeed are the lives of crowned
queens!" murmured the poet, and his keen
eyes searched the red-mantled woman who,
like a silent promise, was leading her many
guests through the woods . . .

I

T was snowing.
Alone in her chamber sat the young
Queen; deeply absorbed, she was bending
over a wondrous embroidery—an embroidery
such as few fingers have ever worked.

Ivana was humming one of her foreign
little tunes—when alone in her chamber
they would rise quite naturally to her lips.
A knock at her door made her rise from
her seat, then with a weary shake of her
head, she sat down again, softly calling,

"Come in."

Lady Eileen and Lady Cathleen stepped
over the threshold, and after having cur-
ted to their Sovereign one of them asked:

"Will it please the Queen to graciously
receive Sir Ironon, Lord of Carnahu?"

"Sir Ironon?" The Queen's needle paused
in mid-air; there was something almost
startled in her look. "What request has
Sir Ironon of the Queen?"

"No request has Sir Ironon, his lordship
desires to bring a gift to the Queen."

"A gift to me? Why just to-day: so
unawares . . . my Lord of Carnahu has
already been two weeks our guest!"

Lady Eileen made another deep curtsey.

"We can but be the bearers of the mes-
sage given us for the Queen," she said.

"Ah! . . . but . . . but say that I am
busy . . . that if his lordship desires to
see me it can be this evening . . . But tell me,
why is he not hunting with the King?"

"Lame! That great grey horse of his?"

"Lame! What great grey horse of his?"

"Yes, methinks it were ungracious were
the Queen to send him so cold an answer.
My Lord of Carnahu is a noble knight and
verily would not impertunate Her Majesty
without any reason!"

The Queen was drawing her needle in and
out of her work; her eyes were bent upon

it. For a moment not a word did she say,
then lifting her long lashes gently she
asked:

"Were it really ungracious not to receive
my Lord of Carnahu?"

"According to our humble opinion a Queen
should always be ready to listen to her
subjects!" It was Lady Eileen who was
talking.

The Queen looked at her with a curious
look.

"Even if her subjects be young and
handsome? Even if her lord and master be
away?"

Then suddenly the Queen laughed, softly,
almost gaily.

"Listen," she said. "I think they are
coming."

"Wouldst thou rather remain alone, our
Queen?" Cathleen looked up into the face
she loved.

"Nay, nay," protested her mistress. "I
must learn to look into eyes that belong
to this earth."

"Art afraid of human eyes, dear my
Queen?"

"How didst thou guess it, Cathleen?"

"I have watched thee, my Queen, and I
have wondered many a time."

"They are coming!" whispered Ivana,
clasping the young girl's hand.

Ever thicker fell the snow.

Ivana's chamber was full of shade and
beside her sat the big strong man watching
her face.

The young Queen kept her head well
down over her work: the two long plait
hanging over her shoulders made her look
extraordinarily young.

Sir Ironon was talking—his voice was deep
yet gentle, his hands were clasped between
his knees. Sometimes Ivana's eyes would
wander towards those hands, but seldom
did she lift her lids to look into his face.

Ivana felt the power of his presence;
her heart was beating, she swallowed often
as though there were a lump in her throat.

"I have seen many lands," quoth Ironon—
"lands of sunshine and lands of mist. I
have seen brave men and cowards. I have
seen both battle and peace. I have wan-
dered here, there and everywhere like the
wind."

"And where didst thou most care to
linger?" asked the woman at his side.

"There where my lips found waters that
could quench their thirst."

"Were there many?" asked Ivana. "Didst
thou find them in every land?"

"None was ever able to hold me long,"
answered the knight.

"Can anything hold man for long?" sighed
the woman.

"Hast thou no faith in man?" inquired
Ironon.

"I do not understand men," she answered.
"It is to me as though their eyes saw
other visions, as though their thoughts
took other roads, as though their hearts
had other needs than ours."

"Art thou sad?" asked the man gently.

"It is snowing," answered the Queen
evasively, "it is snowing and it is cold!"

Ivana's eyelids quivered. "We are not
living in the land of wonders," she said,
"we are living in the bleak grey North."

"I am of the North," cried Sir Ironon. "and
I love it. I could teach thee to love it also.
My castle lies by a burring stream which
sings the saddest, sweetest, most haunting
song ever sung."

"Canst thou also hear the voices in the
waters?" exclaimed Ivana with a catch in
her breath.

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"It is Douglas Deardhull who has taught me to hear the many voices of Nature," said the Lord of Carnidhu; "we were boys together, but his father was a captive who had spent many years in chains. His son, having understood his sufferings, put all his sorrow into song."

"Is Douglas thy servant?" asked Irvana.

"No, he is my friend," said the strong voice at her side.

Irvana lifted suddenly her eyes to his face and asked:

"Didst thou understand, thou free one, the sadness of chains?"

"And art thou a prisoner here in Ardichavar?" asked Iroon, leaning towards her, holding her eyes with his.

"Nay, nay, I never said such a thing," protested Irvana, trying to tear her eyes away.

"I have brought thee something," said Iroon.

He had lighted the tapers at the young Queen's side; a long line of light fell over the woman's fair head.

"I have brought it thee from very far—from a land thou hast never seen. I won it in battle. Hearing of thy fame, I vowed it should be thine—for the voices that spoke of thee conjured before me the vision of a captive waiting for light."

I THOUGHT that Douglas was the poet," smiled Irvana, "or has he taught thee the mysteries of his art?"

"Thy beauty would turn the fool into a poet," answered her companion with an easy smile.

"What hast thou brought me?" asked Irvana with childish curiosity; suddenly she felt at her ease with this man.

"It is a strange jewel," said Iroon, drawing from his bosom something that was wrapped in a dark blue cloth.

Forgetting her usual reticence, Irvana eagerly took possession of the mysterious treasure. Bending over it she unwrapped it carefully whilst the man at her side watched her, his soul in his eyes.

With an exclamation of pleasure Irvana had drawn the jewel from its covering and was holding it up to the light, which made it suddenly flash.

It was a giant ruby the shape of a heart in a curious setting of gold. Each link of the chain to which it was suspended was a treasure of intricate design; no one of them resembled the other, though the links were equal in size.

With radiant face Irvana turned to her guest, her eyes meeting his without fear.

"It is a marvellous jewel," she exclaimed. "Dost thou veritably mean it to be mine?"

"It is a charm," answered Iroon, "with a saying attached to it; that whosoever possesses it possesses also that which is dearest to his heart; therefore indeed it must be thine."

"And thou hadst the courage to tear it from the one it belonged to, thus destroying all his joy!"

"I took it with his life, in fair strife," said Iroon quietly. "I took it for thee."

"But why? Thou didst not know me," protested Irvana.

"Ah! but my soul knew thee!" was the disconcerting reply.

"Is thy soul a wanderer?" asked Irvana.

"Yes, it was, till it met thine," was the answer as he seized her hand.

Irvana's great eyes were fixed on the speaker; a world of wonders seemed to open before her. The man gazing into their

innocence felt almost ashamed of knowing life's roads so well.

Like a frightened bird her white hand lay in that of the warrior, and the man, who knew where he was leading her, bent over it and touched it with his lips. It quivered under his caress as a thing that is either dying or beginning to live.

The knight and his Queen stood facing each other. He with glistening eyes, she with a bright spot in each cheek; breathless they stared at each other whilst down the passage came the tread of heavy footsteps and the loud clinking of spurs.

With a nimble movement Irvana slipped to her chair and taking up her needle began busily pulling it through her work. Iroon stood beside her; instinctively his hand had moved to his dagger. With a catch in her breath Irvana whispered:

"No, no! It is Galcas." And as she said so the door was pushed open and the King stood before them spear in hand, his cloak dripping with melting snow.

There was an awkward silence, for all three were young. Then Irvana, making an effort, asked whilst she cleared her throat:

"Was the hunt successful? Didst thou kill bear, deer, or boar?"

Without heeding her words, Galcas turned to his guest and said in a voice full of sarcasm:

"I knew that my Lord of Carnidhu was a great huntsman, but methought that his game was either boar, stag, or bear. Was there some reason, may I ask, for remaining at home to-day?"

Galcas' nostrils were quivering, the shade over his eyes appeared deeper than ever, there was almost a stow in his brow.

Lightly turning to his Sovereign, Iroon faced him with head held high.

"True it is that my horse is lame. I know that my liege would have lent me a mount, but as his followers were many, methought that probably my presence would be missed—and since many a day have I been seeking occasion to lay a humble gift before the feet of our Queen."

"And is it a gift so secret that it could not be offered except alone in her chamber?"

The King's voice was harsh, but Irvana, knowing him, understood that he was endeavoring to keep calm.

"See," she said, and lifting the charm from the table, she handed it to him, looking calmly into his eyes, "my Lord of Carnidhu says that this jewel brings luck to the possessor; therefore did he offer it to the wife of his King."

So even was her voice, so gentle, that taken aback, Galcas looked at her, and as he met her wide open pupils, he too very suddenly realised that he was staring at someone who was a stranger, someone he had thought to dominate; but who, with baffling aloofness, had never allowed him to enter her inner thought. Leaning towards his wife Galcas suddenly asked:

"Dost thou believe in charms and legends and in God knows what tales from out the past?" Then he added, as though suddenly remembering, "But thou lovest winter and snow and the bleak grey north—what dost thou love, Irvana?" Then he laughed harshly as one who dislikes the sound of his own voice. Turning to his guest he asked with twisted lips:

"Perchance she had told the Lord of Carnidhu what she likes; thou art and always wast of finer stuff than I—the Carnidhus were ever less grim than the Darthuls; although my clan was the stronger, therefore did it win the throne."

"Since generations the Carnidhus have been loyal subjects of the Darthuls," answered Iroon with quiet dignity. "I hope that I may in all honor continue the tradition, so that my forbears should not have to blush for their offspring."

"Only time can teach us who are those upon whom we may count," said somewhat bitterly the King.

Quietly rising from her seat Irvana went over to her husband.

"Thy mantle is dripping wet," Irvana said quietly, "let me take it from thy shoulders," and with adroit fingers she detached the soaking garment and laid it near the hearth. Then moving about silently, Irvana lit a few more tapers at the farther end of the room. In her grey-green robe the Queen looked more like a spirit than like a creature of flesh and blood.

Galcas watched her. Never had she appeared to him more beautiful or more distant; she was like a sacred virgin fulfilling some rite. Would nothing ever break through her calm? Once he had thought to possess her heart and body. Where was she now?

"Would you consider it a blessing to have wedded a phantom?" he suddenly asked, swinging towards his guest. Galcas' movements had something unruly, aggressive, as though he were continually affirming rights no one was inclined to dispute.

"The Queen is pale," said Iroon evasively, "but I know the Queen too little to judge if she was ever thus."

"Ever thus!" The King threw back his head and laughed. "Ask her if her cheeks were pale while I kissed them in the gardens of Torana."

A sudden pity, never before felt, flooded the heart of Irvana. Going up to the irate monarch she laid her hand on his shoulder and her face close to his arm and whispered:

"We loved the gardens of Torana, did we not? And its flowers, its terraces, and its blue sea beyond . . . Yet I left it to come with thee . . . here to thy faraway home."

G

GALCAS seized her hand. "But thou hatest the north? With its fog and its gloom."

"What matter snow and winter, silence and solitude," said Irvana, taking the ruby heart from the table. "I have this talkman, and, as I believe in miracles and legends, I hope the one attached to this one will be true."

She was looking neither at one man nor at the other, but was leaning over the precious jewel that shone like a red light in her hand.

"Verily I am eager to hear how thou didn't win so unusual a treasure," said Galcas, making an effort to speak lightly. "I am more in my element when listening to tales of war. I know that thy fame surpasses all others, but seldom dost thou relate thy adventures or feats of arms. We must get thy poet, Douglas Deardhull, to sing us thy valorous deeds!"

"Yes, tell us," insisted Irvana, sitting down to her work.

Galcas took the seat beside her and both looked up at their guest who remained standing before them, and both the King and Queen were struck with the extraordinary comeliness of his figure and face.

Outside the snow was falling, falling; now it was completely night.

The Queen's hand flew backwards and forwards, her golden thread shone or became invisible according to her gesture. Iroon, with his eyes fixed upon that moving hand, began to relate:

"It was an eastern country; the love of battle and adventure had led me from land to land.

"At an early age I had learnt to handle a sword—as a babe my mother hushed me with songs of war; better did I love the sound of steel than the singing of birds in a wood.

"It was on an autumn morning, upon an arid plain,

"I was riding at the head of my followers—we were but a handful of men, well-armed but tired, for we had come from far. A short while ago we had been more numerous, but treacherous arrows and sickness had thinned our ranks. Too long were it to relate what chance had led us to such a spot—a warrior will always drift towards regions of battle, the love of adventure will lead him to many a place.

"Before us, in the distance, rose the walls of a city, white and dazzling beneath the rays of the sun. I had to shade my eyes to look at them, they seemed alive with sparks. I was enthralled by their radiance, and a great desire came to me to see what lay beyond.

"We pressed forward regardless of the heat that beat down upon our heads. I had lifted my helmet, for my forehead was aching, my reins lay loose on my charger's back—the tired animal stumbled more than once.

"Behind me my followers were singing; their voices seemed to remain suspended above our heads, as though the air were too heavy to let them soar upwards.

"We had reached a portal of bronze," continued the narrator; "there was a strange sign upon it, like a large stain of blood in the form of a heart . . .

"There seemed no living soul in this city—it was as though the immense heat had sent it to sleep.

"I raised my sword and struck its hilt against the portal. . . .

"Never had I heard metal return such an uncanny sound! It was like the crying of frightened children—of thousands and thousands of little children a great way off.

"My followers were startled. I heard them murmur. Startling, my charger tried to swing round. Perchance it was the silence, the heat, the oppressive atmosphere that I, too, felt something like a shudder pass through my veins.

"Having received no answer I once more struck the close-shut door. . . .

"This time the sound it gave was different. It was like the rushing of many waters.

"Still no answer; so for the third time, lifting my sword, I struck a tremendous blow on the door.

"More startling than ever was the sound it gave. But this time it was exceedingly beautiful—the voices of a thousand harps swelling in waves of harmony, then dying down till they became but as the sighing of wind through leaves. Behind me was silence, a spell seemed to have fallen over man and beast.

"Suddenly the charm was broken. There was a clinking of chains, a splashing of water, the note of a bugle—a hubbub of voices that grew and grew . . . till it was as far-off thunder rolling round hills. Then suddenly the portal opened . . . inward. For a moment the red stain flashed in the sunlight only to be swallowed by shade—and I found myself facing . . . not a street, but a canal of deep black water . . . dark . . . dark . . . as the hour of death!"

Iroon paused to take breath.

"On both sides of the canal were houses,"

pursued the narrator; "houses with flat roofs and no windows—silent houses, like the walls of fortresses, and all of them so white that the water gliding between them resembled a black serpent of monstrous size.

"Lifting my head, I perceived that the roofs were crowded with people, every one of them clad in white—this would not have been so unusual, for it was an Eastern country, but—Iroon paused as though remembering some curious sight—"but they were old, every one of them was an old man with a white beard . . . There was not a woman amongst them, nor a child, nor a youth! Their faces resembled each other strangely—the same face appeared to be repeated endlessly, all looking at me with the same expression—all clad in the same dress . . . It was more like a dream than reality. For a moment I stood speechless, finding naught to say.

"It was not I who broke the silence.

"On both sides of the open portal, upon large stepping-stones, stood two of those strange white-robed mortals, facing me with their snowy turbans and still whiter beards. One of them began to talk to me, and curiously enough I understood him though he did not speak in my own tongue.

HE asked me what I wanted—wherefore I had come, he abjured me to depart in peace without trying to go farther, that this was the City of Silence—where no stranger dare penetrate except at the peril of his life.

"Hearing this, a sort of folly came over me—I knew I must enter this city were it at the risk of my life. After much parleying, useless to recount, I at last obtained permission to enter the city—but alone."

"In truth it sounds like a dream!" exclaimed Galcas. "I marvel that they allowed thee to enter their silence. Whither did they lead thee? Didst thou perchance swim the water?"

"Nay, nay, from somewhere a boat was lowered; a black boat with a red cloth over the single seat. That splash of scarlet was startling amidst all the black and white.

"I was rowed by one of the numerous old men down the silent waterway. From the roofs many eyes followed me suspiciously, grudgingly, fanatically. I had the sensation of passing beneath a thousand arrows that would have gladly been shot into my back.

The old man rowed me, rowed standing . . ."

"Why didst thou venture there?" cried Ivana suddenly.

"A man is no man unless he ventures." Twas Galcas who answered his wife. "But go on, my lord, thy tale fascinates me—I love a story well told!"

For a moment Sir Iroon let his gaze rest on the Queen, then he pursued:

"Strange indeed was that advance upon darkness surrounded by white, nothing but white. Was I the only living man in a city of phantoms?

"The portals had been shut in the face of my followers—I was floating towards the unknown—cut off from everyone—alone . . .

"I will not lengthen a tale that might weary my Sovereign's patience—I will only say that long was the waterway, and that, in spite of my questions, my oarsman remained dumb. Thus we floated in silence, broken only by the regular splash of the oars, finally reaching a part of the canal that was covered—a sort of tunnel where no day could penetrate—then from absolute obscurity our boat shot out again into glaring light.

"We had reached a place of wondrous beauty. A lake, dark and mysterious, surrounded by buildings resembling temples, or, rather, the ghosts of temples, for everything in this city appeared to have been bleached by the passing of centuries. Behind this phantasmal circle of temples the town mounted in terraces, the houses rising one above the other, tier upon tier; the city appeared to have been built in the mouth of an ancient crater, the centre being the lake.

"My oarsman rowed me to the farther shore and made me descend before the principal temple, then with neither word nor greeting he rowed away."

"How horrible!" murmured the Queen. Iroon looked at her a moment, then continued:

"What I now have to relate is so unusual, in a way so fantastic, that I still now have the feeling that it was a dream.

"I began ascending the steps of the temple; they, too, were white. Though beautiful, all this white wearied me. I longed for a change . . . for other colors . . . for something to happen . . .

"My wish was soon to be granted in a way I had little dreamed!

"There were many steps to the temple. I was mounting them amidst such silence that almost sacrilegious was the sound of my feet on the marble.

"Suddenly I turned round, and there . . .

"was I dreaming? hundreds of shadows were trooping out of the temple, running noiselessly down the steps and all coming towards me—an army of misshapen monsters, so startling that at first I was too dazed to understand what it meant. It was a sudden invasion of darkness upon all that white—it was gruesome . . . and more so when I all at once realised that I was being followed by an army of apes!"

"Of apes!" The King and Queen both echoed the words.

"Yes, apes! Large apes! monstrous, ungainly, hideous caricatures of human beings—with sunken eyes and flashing teeth.

"They were walking upright and they were following me . . ."

Iroon paused for a second, passing his hand over his brow.

"You will smile no doubt, O King!" continued the knight, "when I tell thee that of all the encounters I have met with, none was more horrible nor needed greater courage than the fight I sustained single-handed against those apes!

"From the open door of the middle temple an old man had stepped out into the sunshine, his spotless garment shining like a white light. He much resembled all the other old men I had seen, except that he was taller and that his beard was so long that it almost touched the ground. He held a long staff in his hand and a scarlet cloak hung over his back. So red was that mantle that its folds lay on the steps like pools of blood.

"Upon the old man's breast flashed the mysterious ruby that I have laid at the feet of our Queen.

"To relate events with the rapidity with which they came to pass were impossible.

"The old man swung his staff, and at the same instant from all sides the apes threw themselves upon me. The ghastly brutes leapt at me, trying to tear me to pieces, to strangle me with their long arms and crooked fingers, to lacerate me with their formidable teeth—and whilst they thus fell upon me, the old man standing above laughed . . . and laughed . . .

"It was the old man's laugh that . . .

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couraged the monsters to always fresh fury. My sword having made many a victim, animal-like they were prepared to recognise human mastery, but that terrible laugh was like a bugle-call rallying them again and again to renewed attacks.

"It may have been imagination, but I seemed that each time the old man laughed thousands of voices laughed with him. It was as though all the houses themselves were laughing, laughing at that fight of one man alone against thousands of apes!"

"No doubt incongruous was that fight—but win I must, or succumb miserably by the hands of apes!"

ONE strange thing, though I must mention: such time that my eye rested upon the wonderful ruby, new strength seemed to come to me, new energy was given to me, to beat back my gruesome opponents.

"I know not how long the fight lasted.

"The monstrous bodies lay around me in heaps. I was so dazed, so bewildered, fighting so desperately that I had but one thought: to keep my eye upon the miraculous ruby—to fight my way towards the cruel old man who, from the top step, was encouraging his grisly subjects to do their work well, to do it thoroughly, to punish the stranger who had dared enter their sacred precinct.

"To make a long story short, in spite of the old man's uncanny defenders, I reached the spot where he stood—master of monsters, glaring at me with the eyes of a fiend!

"I had but one thought: to kill him, to cut off his head, to smash his gruesome face. All at once, another thought came to me! With a sudden movement I tore the ruby from him.

"A wrench . . . the chain broke . . . the precious jewel was mine! Then a terrible change came over the man! All power seemed to go from him; he became lifeless, helpless, as a heap of cast-away clothes. Sinking on his knees, he covered before me, covering his face with his arms.

"At the same time a horrible din arose from all sides. The apes were screaming. Never have I heard such screams! I swung round towards them, the ruby in my hand. At sight of the mysterious jewel a nameless panic seemed to come over them and they all rushed from me down the steps, tripping over their fallen companions, rolling, stumbling, yelling, wild with terror, they pushed each other, fighting themselves a way, each trying to be first—Indeed an army of devils, rushing back to the underworld out of which they had come!

"I stood panting at the head of the stairs, leaning heavily on my sword; the fight had nearly exhausted me in spite of my well-trained strength.

"Around me steaming piles of bodies: horrible faces still grinning at me in death. Their hideous resemblance to human countenance making the whole scene more than ever that of a nightmare one dreams but once in a life.

"All else that happened to me is of little import; the jewel was mine, and I was indeed master of the City of Silence.

"All the ancients of the city trooped towards me, as a short while ago the apes had done, but not with the intention of overcoming or slaying me, but to one and all kneel down in obeisance before me. Regardless of the blood that stained their robes, they grovelled at my feet as though I had always been their master. With loud voices they begged me to abide amongst them as now the ruby was mine.

"Curious it was, none tried to take the charm from me—such must have been their

belief in its power that none dare touch me. I myself had become sacred because of the sign I bore.

"They tried to persuade me to remain amongst them, they wanted to proclaim me chieftain. But I had but one thought: to hasten away from these walls, from their silence and from the ugly mysteries they concealed.

"As I was being rowed down the long waterway from under the dark tunnel into light, then towards the closed portal, it was to me as though I heard the crying of many little children, the rush of hidden waters and the music of a thousand harps—all the sounds I had heard when, before entering the city, I had struck the bronze portal with the hilt of my sword!

"I still can hear those sounds, but I cannot explain wherefore they were so gruesome, turning my blood to water, filling my soul with dread!

"As I was passing beneath the lintel of the city door, a great shout rose from the roof-tops—a cry of lamentation; a thousand arms were extended towards me in supplication, imploring me not to take from them the holy symbol in which they all believed.

"But at that very moment the vision of thy face rose before me, O Queen—so clearly that I might have touched it with my hand! I knew then that I must bring back the jewel to my own northern land. Therefore deaf to their supplications, I passed out of the City into the desert beyond. And still it was to me as though thy face floated before me, O Queen—a pale star come to lead me home . . ."

Iroon paused. The King was staring at him with lowering brows, but Ivana kept her face hidden over her work.

"That night," continued the Lord of Carnidhu, "I saw a great fire upon the horizon, and returning two days later to the City, I found but a smouldering heap of ashes surrounding a deep, dark lake . . ."

"Unable to sustain the loss of their treasure the white-bearded inhabitants had preferred to destroy their city and their temples and all that they had . . ."

"If the old white-beards remained within to be buried beneath its ashes, I really cannot tell, but seeing a flight of a thousand ravens rise from off the city ruins the strange thought came to me that they were perchance the spirits of those hard-eyed beings amongst whom I had strayed one autumn morning in an unknown land . . ."

"Turning my horse I rode thence, leaving the steaming ashes behind me. Over my head an immense cloud of smoke went with me, entirely hiding the sky . . ."

The King had risen from his seat. Going over to the hearth he stretched out his hands to the flame.

"Indeed a strange adventure," he said, "fantastic, hardly to be believed."

"Galanas," said Ivana, lifting her head to look at him, "whoever possesses this stone retains whilst it is his all that he loves best!"

"Is that the legend attached to it?" asked Galcas.

"I believe in legends," smiled the Queen, her hand on the stone.

"All the old men of the City of Silence believed in it," said the Lord of Carnidhu. "Therefore did they prefer to destroy themselves and their town rather than to exist without it."

"Why in leaving its gates didst thou see my face?" asked Ivana.

"Our visions are sent to us from above," said Iroon.

"Sometimes 'tis the devil that sends them to us!" laughed the young King.

"I hope the devil has naught to do with my face," smiled Ivana.

"Once I was taught that he uses many a wife!" was the King's retort.

"Hard were it to say why the Queen's face appeared to me at that very moment," mused Sir Iroon. "I could but take it as a sign that the charm was to be hers. Therefore do I crave pardon if to-day I laid it within her hands, it was to me as though none other had a right to it, but she alone."

"Indeed it was a loyal thought!" declared the King, "and we both thank the Lord of Carnidhu for his gift, but now methinks the Queen has need of repose; we shall leave her. As our guests depart from us to-morrow, she will wish to appear in all glory this evening so that none should go from us without a regret in his heart!"

The King laughed rather wildly, but Sir Iroon, bowing before the fair woman, quietly left the room. Galcas stood staring at his wife; he seemed to have still something to say.

There was no defiance in the Queen's eyes as her gaze met his; but on her lips was the smile he dreaded—nothing was more distant, more impenetrable than that smile upon those soft lips . . .

A bound forward . . . and the King seized his wife in his arms, crushing her to his breast. Pressing his mouth upon hers, he kissed her—kissed her till her breath came in gasps—then suddenly letting her go, he rushed from the room . . .

SNOW lay over the home of the Darthulz, snow bent the trees of their forests, covered the roof of Ardichavar Castle, barred its windows with heavy drifts.

The earth was white as the sky was white, and white the furs of Ivana the Queen as she wandered disconsolately to and fro in the garden.

According to the way of his time Galcas had gone off in quest of adventure. He had gone in quest of amusement, excitement, change; the ardour of his blood giving him no rest. And his guests had gone with him, leaving the pale Queen alone.

Five long winters had she spent beneath the snows, her soul pining for the sun and flowers of the south, but this season another longing lay festering at the roots of her heart; something unknown, something against which she felt helpless.

As the young Queen paced her garden the voice of her children reached her from the terrace beneath. Galion and his brother were having a battle with snowballs; their merry laughter made the air lighter to breathe.

Leaning over the parapet the mother looked down. A rare smile of happiness came to her lips, and once, when her little ones fell, rolling together, half buried in snow, her laugh sounded clear and jubilant, as it might have sounded when she herself was a child.

Behind her on the cleared path she had been pacing, the sound of a step! . . . Who was it?

"Giovani!"

Seldom did Ivana and the young monk meet face to face.

On hearing his name, the humble servant of God halted dutifully, awaiting the Queen's pleasure.

For a moment Ivana found naught to say to him—so shadowy was he that she had almost considered him a spirit hardly in touch with the realities of life.

"Come in the hall," she said at last, "the snow is too cold, too thick, too white! Within, a fire is burning and there are corners filled with shadows."

The monk bowed, but he did not answer. Ivana moved swiftly, the young man following her, his eyes bent upon the moving hem of her cloak. How white it was! This beautiful woman was not like him, a blotch of darkness upon the dazzling snow.

A stool had been drawn up close to the fire. Ivana sat down upon it, stretching out her hands to the flames. The rest of the hall was full of shadow; all life and warmth had gathered in this corner. Giovani, raising his eyes to the woman, compared her, in his heart, to a white rose touched by the setting sun.

"Dost thou love snow, Giovani?"

"There is no love and no hate in my heart," was Giovani's reply.

THEN it must be very empty!" sighed the Queen.

"It is full of the visions of God," said the monk.

"Are they beautiful, thy visions, Giovani?" Giovani hesitated.

"They are so far off," he murmured.

"Most things are far off," exclaimed the Queen.

"They should not be so for thee!" said the monk. "Thou art standing in the middle of life."

"I am but on the edge of it, Giovani. Ever shall I stand on its edge, I fear."

"Why, my Queen?"

"Because I am a Queen," said Ivana.

"I have not the feeling that Queen Grania stood on the edge. I have the feeling that she entered the very heart of the flames," said Giovani.

"She was a strong woman, Giovani."

"Art thou not strong, my Queen?"

"No!" said Ivana, shaking her head. "I am not strong."

"King Galcas, is he not strong enough for two?"

"He is not my idea of a strong man," said unexpectedly the Queen.

For the first time Giovani looked at her, their eyes meeting like strangers.

"What is thy meaning, gentle Queen?"

"One should be able to lean upon what is strong," spoke Ivana.

"And thou canst not lean upon the King?"

"No!"

There was a heavy silence. The reflection of the flames played wildly over the Queen's face and gown.

"Does Queen Grania ever speak to those of her past?" asked Ivana after a while.

"Very seldom. She does not consider me a being who needs to know much about life."

"Yet sometimes she speaks?" insisted Ivana.

"Yes, sometimes she speaks, but then it is more like someone talking in sleep."

"Why does she keep them always with her?"

"I know no other reason but that, being pious, the great woman desires my prayers."

"She never goes to the chapel?"

"Rarely—and when she does, it is only to visit her dead. Once, on the day of thy coronation it was, I saw her wander amidst her tombs, all white in that darkness; she was but a phantom that had been forgotten by those gone before."

"It must be lonely to be dead," sighed the Queen.

"It is more lonely to be alone upon earth," said the monk.

"Wouldst thou go from here, Giovani?"

Raising his eyes to the lovely face beside him, "Nay, I would rather remain," he said.

Again for a while neither of them spoke, then suddenly the Queen asked:

"What didst thou think of the guests in our house, Giovani?"

"I did not move amongst them," replied the monk. "The sound of their laughter did but mark a greater distance between my habit and theirs."

"But the men's faces; didst thou see them, Giovani?"

"I saw them," said Giovani. There were noble faces amongst them," whispered the Queen.

"One specially was noble, O Queen?"

"Which one, Giovani?"

"The face of Iron, Lord of Carndhu."

The Queen bent her head.

"He has gone!" she whispered.

"He will come back, O Queen!"

"Why sayest thou that, Giovani?"

"I saw his eyes," said Giovani.

"And what sawest thou in his eyes?"

"That he will come back," the monk repeated.

"Do those who go, come back, Giovani?"

"Sometimes," said the monk.

"Do they bring happiness with them, Giovani?"

"We do not believe in earthly happiness," said the monk.

"Wilt thou never do aught else but pray for the old Queen?" asked Ivana.

"I shall also pray for thee," said the man who was but a shadow.

"What wilt be thy prayer, Giovani?"

"That thou shouldest reach light," murmured the monk.

"And if I reach it, wilt thou still pray for me?"

"More than ever wilt thou then need my prayers," said the monk.

"Why?" asked the Queen.

"Because no darkness is greater than that which cometh after light."

So saying, the monk bowed before his Sovereign and on noiseless sandals slid away into the dark.

Ivana remained sitting where he left her, both hands crossed over her bosom, hiding beneath her palms the strange jewel she wore, a jewel that had the shape of a heart.

THE two Queens were talking together.

Ivana had come up to the old Queen's chamber, to bring her tidings received from the King.

"He is fighting," said Ivana. "Curious it is how men love the sound of the battle!"

"A man cannot sit at home," said the grandmother.

"That fact would be counted as a blessing," was Ivana's unexpected reply.

"Thou hast changed, Ivana: formerly other would have been thy words."

"The tree must grow," said Ivana. "Could we but see its roots we would no doubt become aware that each year they search nourishment deeper down in the ground."

"Have thy roots gone deeply down?"

"Maybe," said the young woman.

"Great Mother, dost thou love Galcas?"

"A strange question indeed: rather should I ask of thee: dost thou love Galcas?"

There was a pause. The young Queen went over to the window, and with her back to it gazed towards the very old woman whose face she could not see.

"Dost thou love Galcas?" asked once more the deep old voice.

"I love the remembrance of him," was the young woman's reply.

"At thy age it is not sufficient to live in the past. Besides, Galcas is living. As yet he is a large reality in thy life!"

Ivana threw up her head; the sound she uttered was neither laugh nor sob.

"The wings are growing, and wing-growing hath its pain," was the old lady's next remark.

"They may be growing," laughed Ivana, "but they are not yet strong enough to carry me to a safe place."

"Therefore were it better not to try them," said the grandmother.

"Great Mother, tell me! Has one a right to every joy?"

"That, Ivana, is a question thy conscience alone can answer.

"More I cannot tell thee, for each man must live his life. The greatest cannot be a model for the one who follows, for God alone knows what chance will be given him, what courage, what faith . . ."

"Great Mother! Great Mother, tell me: is it wrong to see a face in one's dream?"

"Thou seest a face in thy dreams?"

Ivana nodded her head.

"And it is not Galcas' face?"

"No, it is not Galcas' face!"

For a while the old Queen was silent—so silent that Ivana imagined that she had suddenly fallen asleep.

"There are faces," said the old one at last, "that are as stars leading us through the dark. Is this face thou seest a star to that, Ivana?"

"I see it in the dark," murmured Ivana.

"Is it joy or pain to thee?"

"Both joy and pain!"

"Couldst thou live by its light?"

"I know not," said Ivana. "I only know that I cannot put it from me."

"There are always thorns beneath roses, Ivana. Hast thou thought of that?"

"There are also thorns where there are no roses," was Ivana's reply.

"Learn then to bear thy suffering: I carried mine for many years."

"Also in thy youth?" asked Ivana.

"In my youth I laughed!"

"Great Mother, hast thou no mercy?"

"It is not for me to encourage thee on forbidden roads."

"Must I learn step by step what thou couldst teach me now so easily?"

"Thou speakest foolishly, one never learns all at once!"

Rising from her knees Ivana drew herself up. Tall and pale she stood there in her grey-green gown.

"Then naught remains to me but to crave thy pardon for having come towards thee. Forget that for once my silent lips opened, I shall leave thee, for thou givest me a stone instead of bread, but when I come again 'twill not be towards thy heart, 'twill be towards a woman who in my hour of need refused to stretch out a helping hand!"

And with a deep curtsy Ivana hurriedly left the room.

As the door closed behind her, the old woman rose slowly from her seat and stood gaunt and trembling, looking at the door.

Her lips moved as though to call back the girl she had not helped, but the cry was not uttered.

"I was strong," she murmured. "I used to take, seldom to give! That woman is of those who give. Crowned queens should not give! Their pride must be greater than their love! Their crown should eternally be a shield to their hearts!"

ARIDER had reached Ardichavir's portal! Who was he?

His steed was steaming, his cloak was pulled up half over his face. Who was he?

All the ladies living in the castle had

crooked to the windows, and, with eager faces pressed again the panes, were gazing

CROWNED QUEENS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

down upon the unexpected guest—for it was not only Ivana who found the winter season long. The Queen was in her chamber; she alone had not heard of the arrival. Trouble flooded her soul.

On her knees by the bed she crouched, overcome by sorrow and shame. Had she not opened her usually silent lips, asking of another the help she had not found?

So profoundly absorbed was Ivana in her trouble, that she heard not the repeated knocks at her door.

Receiving no answer, anxiously the Countess of Cathal stole into her Sovereign's chamber, aghast to find her in such evident distress.

Trembling she advanced, and for once, allowing her motherly instinct to break through the severe forms of court decorum, she bent down over the weeping woman and took her in her kindly arms.

Ivana looked up with tear-stained face. At first she hardly appeared to realise who had come to her, then a pale smile came to her lips, and slowly she rose to her feet.

Taking the Queen's hand the Countess gently stroked it, then in a low voice she said:

"A man has ridden through snow and storm, nor could the deep drifts stop him; he has arrived at Ardichavar . . . a message has been brought for thee, my Queen."

Ivana started. "A message for me? From the King?"

"Nay, not from the King." The Countess hesitated. "But no stranger is the man to thee; it is the poet Douglas Deardhull."

"Deardhull!" Ivana started. "Douglas Deardhull, the friend of Sir Iroon, Lord of Garndhu!"

"Yes, the friend of Sir Iroon."

For a moment Ivana was silent. The Countess noticed that the Queen's hands were trembling.

"Will thou see him, my Queen?"

Again Ivana started.

"Yes, I will see him!" But Ivana's eyes did not look into the old lady's face.

"Dost see, fair Queen, unexpected flowers can spring up on thy road?"

"Thinkest thou that they will be flowers? And what if they are but thorns?"

"Strength cometh at the hour of need! We must look life in the face, for life pursueth those who try to escape."

"I do not want to escape," murmured Ivana. "I want to live!"

"Then thus let it be," said almost solemnly the Countess, and suddenly bending forward as though the impulse were stronger than she could resist the old lady kissed the Queen on her brow. Ivana stood reading a message from Iroon which Douglas Deardhull had just handed to her.

THE face that once I saw when leaving the City of Silence is ever with me, pale, wondrous, with eyes calling for love.

"At dawn it is mine, and also at sunset, or when the sun standeth high overhead; it is mine also in the night when all are sleeping and I lie quite still, my arms crossed over my breast.

"Mine it is in the din of battle amidst the clashing of steel, smiling back to me from the shields of my foes, I see it look down upon me with the first pale star of the evening that leads me back to my tent.

"In the eyes of women when they look at me, do I see it, and so insistent is it that no other face can be mine . . . But one thing paineth me, I see it also in the eyes of my King.

"Douglas will tell the Queen about her knight—will tell her about blood, honor

and fame. But above all her humble servant has begged his poet to speak to the Queen about love!

"The one who is far, but who reads thy name in the stars bendeth down to kiss the jewel which he hopes the Queen is wearing on her heart.

"All hail to the Pale Face of Beauty, to the Rose of the World, to the Heart of Hearts. After winter, spring-time; after Battle, Peace; Love after Tears.

—"IROON, LORD OF GARNDHU."

Ivana let the parchment slip from her fingers. With a crackling sound it rolled itself up and lay like a thick taper at her feet.

The Queen was standing near the window, all its light falling over her face; Deardhull, looking upon it, knew that it was more beautiful to him than any other face.

"Where is he?" whispered Ivana, her hands crossed over the ruby heart.

"My lord is with the King. Together they are fighting certain rebels giving trouble on the borders of the land."

"He is with the King . . . and he sendeth this message to me?"

"Wouldst thou rather he had held his peace?"

Ivana did not answer immediately. Bending down she picked up the scroll of parchment, and unrolling it she passed her fingers several times over the writing.

"He wrote this for me? So he has not forgotten?"

"How could he forget!"

"There was not much to remember," whispered the Queen.

"There was thy face," said the poet, "and thou, our Queen, has naught to remember?"

"Ah! but women live with their dreams, by their dreams!" exclaimed Ivana. "Men go off to battle, to adventure and change—they go whither their desire leads them, their memories can be cast amongst the stones of the roads . . ."

"It is not always willingly that man turns his face to another place!"

With the eyes of an expectant child she looked at the man before her, as though wisdom could come to her through his lips.

"Didst read, O Queen, the words of my master? That his poet was to speak to his sovereign, about blood, battle, honor, and fame . . . but especially about . . ."

"About love . . ." murmured the Queen.

"And does the Queen desire to hear about love?"

The poet had gently taken possession of the young woman's hand; his face, ageless, looked into her face.

"The sweetest poems are the poems of love," he continued. "Thou must not run away from love, or it will take hold of thee one day and strangle thee in the dark. Love must be as bravely met as other dangers. Love is the world's master, and wills that we should look it in the face."

"What is its real face?" asked the Queen.

"That is a question each must answer for himself," said the poet, inwardly marvelling that one so young should ask such a question.

"Thou art hungering for love!" he added after a pause.

Drawing her fingers away from the man's grasp Ivana let herself drop into a chair. Sinking on one knee beside her the poet continued to talk.

"Thou art ready for love as the seed in the earth is ready to sprout. All within thee is waiting, hoping, calling for love! Thy pale lips need kisses; thy hands are longing

to lay themselves about a face smiling up into thine; within thy bosom thy heart longs to sing; words of tenderness choke thy throat, and the tears that spring to thine eyes are but an outward expression of the emotion overflowing from thy soul!

"And one there is who wakes each morning with thy name on his lips with thy vision before his eyes with the touch of thy hands on his heart. One there is who in his sleep calls for thee, who in his dreams whispers to thee the words he never dares pronounce when the sun is shining.

Ivana was listening intently. The poet watched her face with delight.

"Has he been much loved?" There was a hidden pain in the Queen's voice.

Deardhull bent down and kissed her hand.

"Yes, he has been much loved!"

For a moment there was silence. The Queen with raised head was gazing out of the window; like tiny feathers the snowflakes danced against the panes.

"Who loved him?" she asked at length.

HIS mother, his servants, even my captive father and all those who won their spurs at his side . . . also his father, who was a great knight, but seldom at home, for although noble he was wayward as the wind."

"Thou dost not answer my question," said the Queen, "thou knowest what I mean by love!"

A great tenderness swelled the poet's heart. There was something so artless about this pale crowned woman, and in her eyes he read the innocence of a child. Certainly he knew the meaning of love! And the more he looked upon her, the more did he seem to know.

"Thou art speaking of woman's love?"

The Queen nodded her head.

"Ah! fair Sovereign," exclaimed the poet, "with face and nature such as Iroon's, it were indeed impossible that he should know nothing of woman's love!"

"They all loved him, all of them!" cried the Queen, clasping her hands.

Again the poet smiled, but this time somewhat sadly.

"Now he has but one thought: thee!"

"Ah! but all those thoughts that were not mine?"

"Hast thou had no thoughts that were not his?"

Ivana hid her face in her hands.

There was a short pause, then the poet suddenly asked:

"What is thy hope in life, my Queen?"

"My hope?"

"Yes, thy hope. What picture dost see before thee? Towards what aim dost thou tend? What belief carries thee forward. For what joy dost thou crave?"

Ivana did not answer immediately. She drew her brows together; small lines of suffering appeared between them.

"I have not thought of the future," she admitted. "I stumble on from day to day with an ache in my heart, and somehow I have begun to accept that ache as a necessary part of every day."

"And old Queen Grania, does she not lend thee a hand?"

"Strange is her attitude," said the Queen ponderingly. "I feel a strong flame burning beneath the weight of years—I feel too that it could warm me, but she will not let it burst forth, something always stops her desire to take me to her heart."

"I wonder if Queen Grania would receive so humble a messenger as I?" asked the poet.

"She shuts herself away from all light," said Ivana; "she is a strange being; her past seems to cloak her in gloominess, yet

her eyes pierce both past and present, of that I feel uncomfortably certain. She is uncanny to me, yet I am attracted to her as one is attracted to some deep cism into which one fears, yet longs to look."

"A strange picture indeed, a picture that awakes my curiosity. I shall try to penetrate within her sanctuary, for I am a searcher of mystery and hidden truths."

"With thee I could talk endlessly," sighed the Queen; "there is something in thee that calms anxiety, that smooths out stormy feelings; throws light into the dark."

He knew that this young creature was in trouble and that tears were not far from her eyes.

"I am frightened," she faltered, as though some explanation were necessary.

"I know, whispered the man. "Life calls thee and thou dost not know how to answer its call." The man's heart was beating, he was fighting a desperate longing to clasp the sweet girl-woman in his arms, but he only very gently pressed his lips on her hand.

AFTER Ivana had left the chamber of shadows, old Queen Grania remained long in silent prayer. The white pearls gliding through her fingers shone dully in the dusk.

The old woman was perturbed. Indeed, it did not do to stir up visions of the past; once evoked they were no longer easily banished again.

In a waking dream she seemed to be wandering back through the years, and at a certain point her own figure and Ivana's became fantastically intermingled. She felt the weight of the royal crown on her forehead, and yet it was Ivana's face that she saw beneath its splendor.

"What a burden thoughts may become," she murmured. "When indeed does the human heart rest? The dark does not exclude visions, nor does it shut out the past!"

Heavily the lonely woman rose from her knees. The attitude of prayer wearied her aged limbs; it was not good to be old—so old. But where was Giovan?

Was that someone knocking at her door? Who dared knock at her door thus—it was not usual nor was it seemly that one should knock at her door! Her solitude was the last supreme right that remained to her, and she guarded it jealously with the tenacity of old age.

"Great Mover," said a small voice, "may I come in?" the curtain was pushed aside and a fair head appeared through the opening.

The old woman started, for a child in her chamber was indeed an unusual sight.

"Is it thou, Gallion? How comest thou here?"

The grandmother went back to her usual seat, sinking into it with a sigh of weariness, becoming once more but a denser shadow amongst shades. But, unabashed, the child advanced towards her chair, and laying two chubby fists upon her knees, he asked without periphrase:

"Why dost always sit in the dark?"

"I am old," was the answer, old and weary, and once I was good to look upon."

"And art no more good to look upon? Why?"

"I'm old," repeated the grand-dame with a sigh.

"I don't want to be old," decided the

youngster. "I want to fight and to ride and to win battles."

"That was ever the desire of the Darthulas," sneered the woman who knew.

"Alas, he's too small," continued Gallion.

"His legs are too short, he must wait."

"Are thy legs already long enough to carry thee where one kills?" There was no tenderness in the old voice.

"Didst thou never kill?" was the grandson's next startling inquiry.

Grania clutched at the arms of her chair with a sudden grip, her chaplet of pearls slid to the ground. Gallion bent and picked it up, letting the white beads slide backwards and forwards through his fingers with rough, childish movements.

"What should women have to do with killing?" asked the old Queen hoarsely, and she stretched out a trembling hand for her pearls.

"My mover would never kill," stated Gallion with conviction.

"Does that mean that thou deemest I could?" There was a ring of battle in the old woman's voice.

"We've heard tales about thee, so I've come to ask," declared the youngster.

"Hast thou indeed; and may I inquire who has thus been feeding thy tender mind?"

"It was not food," explained the boy, "it was stories."

"From whom has thou gleaned them?"

"Many talk of thee," said the child.

"Gallion," chided Grania, "but let us talk about thee not about me. Thou belongeth to the future, and I to the past."

"What is the future?"

"The future is what lies before us. I have nothing before me except death."

"When is death?" asked Gallion.

"Death is at any hour," said the old one,

"but it is nearer when one's hair is white."

"I don't want death," decided the child promptly. "I don't mean to be old nor to die."

"Thou sharpest thy desires with many another," scoffed the Queen. "Pray tell me what are thy ambitions?"

"I want a big black horse," said Gallion, "and a sword like father's and a shield and spear. I want to kill enemies, to punish robbers and to discover treasures under the ground. But I don't want a voice like father's, his voice hurts."

"What sort of voice pleases thee, may I ask?"

"It was the voice of a great knight," said the child impressively. "He had won many battles and had a tall grey horse."

"He had come from far, and he's never been beaten at all."

"Who is he?" A sound of interest had entered Grania's voice.

"Everybody loved him," said the boy.

"And when was he here?" was the old woman's next inquiry.

"With all the others, when the leaves were falling."

"And has not been here since?"

"No." The boy shook his head.

"And canst not remember his name?"

"No, but he had a song-man with him, and him's just arrived here at Ardichavar, and his horse is all steaming hot, though it's cold outside dreadful cold."

"What meanest thou by song-man? And he arrived here to-day at the castle?" The old Queen sat up very straight, all weariness gone from her aged limbs. "He has arrived here?"

"A song-man is a man who makes songs, and he belongs to the big knight with the big horse and the voice that is nicer than father's. And him, the song-man, has

arrived here now, and his horse is steaming, though it's so cold."

The little fellow accentuated each word so as to make them quite comprehensible.

"His horse is steaming, he must have ridden hard, and the snow did not stop him . . . Messengers ride hard . . . Is he a messenger?" The old Queen was speaking to herself; then turning to the child she asked: "Has he gone to thy mother?"

"Yes, I think so," said Gallion, "but why does thou sit in the dark?"

The old woman did not answer, she was pursuing her own thoughts.

Gallion continued to stare. The old woman had forgotten his presence and was quite still whilst her dry lips moved uneasily.

"Thou are like a witch," said the child suddenly. "I think thou art nothing but bones."

The old woman started. "Thou canst go now," she said harshly.

"I don't want to go yet," said the boy.

"But when I tell thee to go, go thou shalt."

"No, I won't," said Gallion.

Going warily up to the formidable figure that sat so dreadfully still, he anxiously touched her arm. The old woman did not stir.

"Great Mover, I think we'll be friends."

"No answer did he get."

"Great Mover," he repeated. "I think we'll be friends."

Slowly, as though her lids were very heavy the hoary woman opened her eyes and stared at the child, then extending a thin, dried old hand:

"Thou are a real Darthulas," she said. "But I'm too old to be a friend—I'm a ghost, a phantom out of phantom ages—but . . . I have naught to do with thee, and thou canst come again another day . . ."

"Another day, yes! Now I think I'll go," said Gallion, endeavoring to express no eagerness to escape. "I'll come another day, and then thou shalt tell me more things," and without unewomly haste, the little fellow slipped from the chamber.

DOUGLAS DEARDHUIL, pursuing the desire he had conceived, bid the Countess of Cethal to ask if Queen Grania would break through her tradition of solitude and receive a humble messenger who had ridden far through storm and snow.

Delighted to show no eagerness, although the poet's request had met her own wishes half way, the haughty recluse had graciously consented that the stranger be brought before her presence.

Now he stood by the chimney-corner in which a huge fire burned. With eager eyes he was endeavoring to pierce the shade that surrounded the great woman's face.

Queen Grania had been all her days a judge of men; this one made no deep impression. He had not the air of a knight, yet she felt interested in him; he was a type she knew not where to place.

"Thy road must have been heavy," said the Sovereign condescendingly. "I hope that shelter has been given thy horse? The wind is rising; we shall still have snow."

"I thank the Queen, my horse is being tended by friendly hands. I perceive that the Queen has a heart for beast as well as man."

"In my youth," quoth the aged woman, "I rode much and hard; I was fond of horses and could master the most rascivous animal."

"I have heard said that there are few

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things the Queen could not master in her day."

"Legends have already been woven around my name," said the Queen. "I have lived so long that to some I already seem to belong to history."

"Being a poet and a thinker," said Douglas, "I am moved by the thought of all that thou hast lived and seen."

"It has been manifold," admitted Grania, "but now events enter my life no more."

"It willingly that the Queen shuts herself away from the living."

"Each man has his day," said the recluse with dignity. "Better quit the field betimes, before others invite you to do so. I have seen sufficient unto my day."

"Was it good what thou didst see, great Queen?"

"It was both good and bad, both long and short, both great and small."

"Within thy soul dost thou harbor any regrets?"

"Only the fool regrets," said the Queen. "There are long tracks of shade along the road I have wandered, and some great patches of light."

"What stands out most luminously when thy thoughts turn back?"

BUT careful was Grania, not easily tempted or led.

"I am not in the habit of turning over the pages of my life," she said. "It is a book I have closed. But it comes to pass that others when with me, speak about it, then I listen. With folded hands, quite still do I sit, and sometimes I smile and sometimes I merely close my eyes."

"I am a poet," repeated Douglas. "To me the lives of others are as songs that one day I must sing."

"There are three sorts of songs," quoth the Queen, "three sorts: songs of Love, songs of Battle, and songs that are sung for the Dead. The first belong to youth, the second to the brave, and the third... well... although I am old as the earth, I am not yet dead..."

"There are also songs for the great," said the poet, "and songs for the sorrowful, and songs of Faith and songs of Hope."

"There are also songs for God," added the strange being who sat in the dark.

"I have sung to every key," said the stranger, "therefore permit me once more to ask thee, what stands out most luminously when thou turnest back to the past? I seem to see thee great Queen, with eyes wide open, looking straight into a light that does not blind thee because some of its radiance flowed into thy heart."

"Indeed!" said the aged one. "There are certain hours in her life that no woman can evermore forget. But certain events belong to a queen alone; there are certain glories and certain sacrifices that those whose fate has brought to do with hers can never comprehend."

"Power is a proud companion that opens every door, that smooths every road, makes possible every ascent. Power is a companion! It is not easy to part with; when it goes, the zest of life goes with it. With dry eyes and clenched fists one stares after it, jealous of the next one it will single out. Power gives a taste of creation; power drapes all things in a crimson mantle; when the mantle tears, it is as though life tore with it, and all things are at an end!"

"Didst see the mantle tear?"

"I saw it tear," pronounced the Queen glowly. "I saw it tear, and my crown..."

"Thy crown?"

"My crown passed into other hands..."

"They are gentle hands," murmured the poet.

The old Queen stiffened suddenly. "What knowest thou of Ivana's hands?"

"I know nothing," said the poet quietly. "I have come to ask thee what thou knowest, great Queen."

Grania sat up quite straight in her chair; she seemed to be hearkening for words left unspoken.

"What should I know?" she asked sharply, with a sound of suspicion in her voice.

"Art thou not the one who counsels and leads her with that long, deep experience which is thine?"

"I have no more to do with the ways of this world. I am facing the last guest man ever receives upon earth"—there was a strange finality about Grania's words.

"I cannot believe that one who has lived so strongly can ever stand quite apart."

"Yet I stand apart," said Grania, "for such is my will."

"And thou hast no desire to lead the young Queen along paths of which thou knowest each turning?"

"No one showed me my way," said Grania sternly. "I cut it out of life and shaped it out of the days I overcame."

"But perchance the young Queen has not thy power, perchance she may stumble or even fall."

For a while the old woman did not answer, she seemed to be pondering, then suddenly she asked:

"Whence didst thou come? And what is thy business?"

Then Douglas knew that he must fence.

"I dreamed of a castle enveloped in snow," spoke the poet, "and thought of two Queens sitting all lonely, hearkening for the steps of those who will come back."

"I await no one," interrupted the old Queen harshly. "All seasons are alike to me. Didst thou come from far?"

"I came from fields of battle."

"Like all men, is it thy delight to kill?"

"I am no warrior, I am in the service of one greater than I."

"Art thou a follower of the King?"

"Nay, I am not in the King's service."

"May I ask thee thy master's name?"

There was ever so slight a pause, then very quietly Deardhull pronounced the name of his lord, but at that moment the poet felt as though he and the aged sovereign were crossing swords.

"A goody name indeed, one of the proudest in the land." The old Queen cleared her throat as one suddenly gone hoarse. "And thy master had a message for the Queen?"

"I was following a road not far from Ardachar and methought that I might stop and ask tidings of the Queen."

"Will soon be returning to fields of battle?"

"And it may be," said the poet.

Again the old woman cleared her throat.

"Art thou going to sing songs to the Queen?"

"If our dear lady will deign to listen, I have more than one song to sing."

"Songs of love?"

"Does the great Queen think it is the song she would most gladly hearken to?"

"At her age I listened to songs of love."

"Should Queen Ivana listen to songs of love?"

"A strange question to ask of one who sits alone in the dark. Being a poet, art thou not also accustomed to delve down into human hearts?"

"I have watched the expression on many a face," admitted the minstrel.

"And what expression didst read upon Ivana's?"

"The young Queen's face reminds me of a saint I saw carved upon a church portal.

Her eyes are still astonished at the passions of this world."

"But I suppose that thy master is no more astonished at the passions of this world?" sneered the Queen.

"Indeed my master is no stranger to life."

"And my face," said Queen Grania, "never resembled the face of a saint!"

"It is a joy to fence with thee," thought the poet; "thou art a worthy adversary and one it is not easy to best." Aloud he said: "Does Queen Ivana come at times to ask thy advice?"

"She comes but rarely, and when she is with me I ever seem to be listening to echoes of days that full well I have known."

"Does Queen Ivana remind thee of thyself?"

The old Queen gave a short, hard laugh that sounded strange in the stillness of her chamber.

"Indeed she resembles me little; a too strong blast of wind could blow her off her feet. But she has beauty, she has dignity, and above all she knows how to hold her peace."

"She does not confide in thee?"

The old Queen hesitated, then she said: "No!"

"And hast not felt in her a desire to confide?"

"Did she speak to thee about me?" asked the old woman sharply.

"She speaks of thee as one speaks of an awesome mystery no man can fathom."

"Dost think Queen Ivana is happy?" persisted the poet.

"Only fools and children are happy," pronounced Grania.

"Has the great Queen known no happiness?"

"I stole my happiness whenever and wherever I wanted!"

"And dost not admit that Queen Ivana should steal?"

"And why not if she be strong enough? Hast thou perchance come to help her to steal?"

The poet laughed softly. "Rather would I lay the world's heart at her feet!"

"And my Lord of Carnhill?"

"He is a mighty warrior," said Deardhull. "Cannot a mighty warrior be a lover as well?"

"Meseems the two have been known to go apace," smiled the poet.

"Is it thou who hast come to open out dangerous paths unto Ivana? If so, be careful," she said. "The Darthulas have eagle eyes and iron fist. If the young Queen's pale visage has cast its spell over thee, beware! It may be for another that thou art stealing. I have seen human folly in many a form—but beware—she was sleeping, perchance it had been better to let her sleep."

"Life will let no man sleep," sighed the poet. "But is thy heart open to the young Queen's joys and sorrows?"

Grania did not answer immediately.

"I am weary," she said at last, "I can but watch; sometimes I can cry beware, but I can also close my eyes when it is better that I should not see." The poet, seeing how exhausted the old Queen had become made his adieu.

EVEN in the north, winter passes. Much else passes too, not only frost and snow. But to Ivana, the pale Queen, spring was as the breaking of chains with which she had been fettered too long.

In the darkness of her chamber the Queen of yesterday knew but little of the coming of spring, yet even through her veins a vague tremor was passing; her ears seemed

to be listening, but for what? Perhaps for the tread of Fate, for events which repeat themselves, for things which the human heart knows without knowing, and yet waits.

Galcas had come and gone, and come and gone again. The shadow on his brow was darker than ever and there was something almost fierce about the kisses he gave his Queen.

Ivana, quite unaware of the eyes that were watching her, sauntered leisurely deeper and deeper into the forest. From time to time she stood still, drinking in the glorious freshness of the spring air. The ground was damp underfoot with that delicious dampness in which all things take root, first to bloom and then to bear fruit.

Suddenly she looked up. Surely that was the sound of horse-hoofs? Galcas? But Galcas had said that he would not be back for several weeks. Galcas was too large too dark for the spring.

But certainly that was a horse's tread. Should she wait here, or move into a thicket out of the rider's way?

But instinctively Ivana hated every moment which might appear secretive; she dreaded meeting Galcas in this spring cathedral where his great body would be too material, yet still more would she hate him to think that she was afraid.

"I wonder why he has returned so soon?" "I shall smile—as I am learning to smile in more ways than one. But . . ."

Here Ivana's thoughts suddenly broke off, for the horse coming towards her was not Galcas' charger and yet the smoke-grey of its coat was familiar . . . familiar as very dear stories which one's mother relates.

Ivana caught her breath. The flowers in her hands began to tremble; she felt how her fingers loosed and how one by one the innocent blossoms dropped to the ground, softly like snow. Yellow, mauve and blue they lay at her feet; her hands were empty now—empty so that she could bury her face within them hiding it away as though shielding her eyes from the sun . . .

"Ivana!"

Oh yes, she knew that voice. She would have known it among thousands, even in the dark.

"Ivana!"

The horse had stopped at her side and the rider had slipped from the saddle; he was quite close to her—the whole forest was full of his presence as though in the wide world there could be but that one man . . . That one man . . .

And now the rider had put a knee to the ground and was kissing one of the pale Queen's hands, whilst with the other she was still covering her face as though to shield her eyes from the sun . . .

"I crave the Queen's pardon"—thus spoke the intruder. "My tongue, before I could control it, shaped the name I have for months carried in my heart, like a prayer that one never says aloud; forgive me if it suddenly burst from my lips as a great truth which comes to a man but once in a life-time!"

Because there were over many words to say, the knight and his lady did not know which to utter.

"Thou hast had far to come," said the Queen at last. "To know little of the world beyond this forest."

"The world beyond this forest counts as naught," was Iroon's reply.

Both understood that the other was using words without much cause, because it was not words which mattered, but the spring and the birds building their nest and the faint rustling of the forest and the sound of their throbbing hearts.

"Douglas sent me a poem," went on Ivana. She felt she must speak, must say something; silence was the great danger, that silence filled by all those voices of spring. "It was a strange poem. I wonder—if he also sent one to Queen Grania?"

"Thou must read me that poem," said the Lord of Carndhu. "But even Douglas will never be able to sing of the Pale Face of Beauty. Nature alone—and the beating of a man's heart could find the right accents."

"The winter was long," said the Queen. It was almost as a cry of pain.

"Doubly sweet therefore is the spring," declared the knight.

"Yes, yes," agreed Ivana, and then again there was silence.

Ivana's lips moved as though to say something. Not a word could she utter, but suddenly raising both hands she laid them upon the charm this hero of many battles had given her—the charm King Galcas hated but dared not tear from her neck. This gesture had become habitual to her; strength and protection seemed to come to her when she touched the ruby heart.

"Has it guarded thee?" asked Iroon; his voice was husky.

"It is a comfort," she said evasively. "I believe in charms." And suddenly both smiled, remembering that evening when Iroon had given her the magic ruby.

NOW they were standing very close together. The forest rustled around them. Nature was full of voices; afar off there was the sound of water trickling over stones—birds were calling to each other, and a hare suddenly ran over their path.

"Fair Queen, or dare I say Pale Face of Beauty, for thus do I call thee in those hours when I hold converse with thy soul—Pale Face of Beauty—thou hast become my talisman, and at night when I close my eyes it is as though thy prayer reached me and laid itself like a soft hand on my heart. I wondered if it was but an illusion, but now I know that I have had a place in thy thoughts."

"Has thou come to say?" she whispered. "Has Douglas Deardhull come, too?"

"He will soon be here," said Iroon. "his heart is large as a home to which men come back."

"His eyes are kind as those of a dog who watches before your door," remarked Ivana.

"He is made for friendship," said the knight.

"For friendship? Yes, I think that thou art right. But thou didst not answer. Hast thou come to stay?"

"Ivana, shall I stay?"

The woman raised her eyes; again there was that tortured look in them. "I want thee to stay," she said.

"Then I shall stay," said the man quietly—so quietly did he say it that it was to Ivana as though she must lay her head upon that strong man's heart to feel the real meaning of rest.

Suddenly a shadow fell over the path not many paces from them. Ivana started. Who was coming? Whose shadow was it? Why must there be shadows even in the Spring forest?

"Giovani!" Both Iroon and Ivana pronounced the name in a same breath. The monk standing in the sunshine was as dark as his shadow.

"May the Peace of God that passeth all understanding be with the one who cometh from afar," said the monk in that toneless voice of his. There was in Giovani's voice a sound of things that vainly struggle for life.

"The greeting is welcome to one who knows both the glory and the weariness of battle," answered Iroon.

"Heavenly indeed must be the voices of Spring to those who have known that weariness," pronounced the man of prayer.

"Heavenly indeed," Iroon echoed the monk's words whilst his eyes consumed the face of his Queen.

"My Lord of Carndhu has come to stay amongst us," said the Queen—she felt compelled to say this to Giovani.

"Is great Queen Grania in good health?" asked the knight; for it suddenly seemed to him as though in some inexplicable way the old Queen's presence could be felt amongst them.

"She is well," pronounced the monk. "I have never seen her," said Iroon.

"She remembers thy name well."

"She knew my father, I think?" asked Iroon.

"She has known all the great names of this realm," said the monk, "but she avoids speaking of the past."

"I wonder if she would deign to let me come before her presence?" inquired the Lord of Carndhu.

Again Giovani raised his head, and Iroon felt rather than saw how the monk's eyes were searching his face—it was a strange sensation, uncanny, disturbing.

"The Great Queen is interested in my Lord Iroon of Carndhu," pronounced the man of prayer.

"Indeed? And why, may I ask?"

"The Queen is for ever listening for echoes of the past."

"Am I an echo of the past?"

"Yes," said the monk.

"Thy words astound me!" exclaimed the knight.

"She has awaited thy return," persisted the monk.

"Awaited my return?"

"Awaited his return?"

The knight and his lady were both taken aback.

"I, too, have awaited thy return," declared the monk solemnly, "so has the pale Queen—only she doubted . . ."

"And thou didst not doubt?" There was a ring of something like anger in the warrior's voice.

"Let no anger enter thy heart," said the monk softly. "In the solitude of my soul I can hear the feet of Fate better than can those who live in the turmoil of the world; so also can the woman of yesterday who sits in the dark. I can only pray for those who must live."

"Is it such a very terrible thing, then, to live?" It was Ivana who asked the question, and instinctively as one groping in the dark, she held out her hand, which Iroon took possession of with a sudden grasp.

Giovani gazed fascinated at those two hands that had clasped.

"To a wrath like me to live seems glorious," murmured the nameless one, "but every dawn is followed by sunset, and every sunset by the dark." Giovani bowed his head. And silently as he had come, Giovani moved away; his shadow moved with him through the sunshine, a dark blotch on all that glory of Spring green.

Ivana stood gazing after him, a strained look in her eyes; then quite suddenly she leant forward, and like one who is overcome by faintness laid her head upon the breast-plate which covered Iroon's heart.

The big man did not move—but lifting both hands he placed them like a shield over

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the fair head of the one whom life frightened but who yet wanted to live . . .

WITHIN Queen Grania's withered fingers lay a twig of fresh sloe-blossoms. Their bitter-sweet scent mounted towards her like a haunting dream. The darkness with which she liked to surround herself could not entirely shut out the feeling of spring. She was breathing with difficulty, and from time to time she would raise the snowy twigs and lay it against her lips. Spring . . . what was Izvana doing? Why so seldom now did she cross her threshold? Had she frightened her away? All sounds of life were carefully kept from Grania's apartments, but occasionally an echo, deadened by distance, reached her hearing that old age had scarcely rendered less acute. Just now had she not heard like the sound of a horse being ridden over the drawbridge? It had not been Galcas, for Galcas came with a clatter of many hoofs and weapons and a sounding of bugles; this had been a single horse—his tread had been heavy—he had heard it; the firm tread, the tread of a charger; there had been something proud about it.

Grania suddenly threw the broken sweet-smelling twigs from her, and with nervous fingers brushed the fallen petals from her knees.

"But I must know," she murmured, "if I really heard a horse crossing the drawbridge . . . and the impious old woman feverishly summoned her attendant, for at that instant it seemed all important to her to know who had crossed the drawbridge on this day of spring . . .

Grania's bell was answered by Giovani. It was always Giovani who waited on the old Queen's wishes, she had little patience with anyone else; his absolutely soundless tread was agreeable to her; she had wrapped herself up so completely in silence that she hated all noise.

"Ghosts have been coming to me, Giovani," she said at length. "Ghosts and visions and faint sounds rising out of the dark."

Giovani made no answer.

"Meseemed I heard a rider crossing the drawbridge. It is a sound I have heard all through my life—a sound which was sometimes portent of good, sometimes of evil, sometimes of joy, sometimes of grief. Was I dreaming today—it was only the past coming back to me, or did someone verily ride over the drawbridge a short while ago?"

The old Queen's voice was oddly calm. Giovani well knew that sound in her voice; it boded no good.

"One who has come from afar did ride to-day over the drawbridge of Ardichavar," said Giovani.

"Who?" asked the Queen.

"Iroon, Lord of Carndhu."

Grania's hands quivered on her knees, but for a while no word did she say, then:

"Did he come as a messenger from the King?"

"I do not know," said Giovani.

"Did Queen Izvana expect him?"

"I cannot say; I do not know," said Giovani again.

"Where is he now?"

"I saw him arrive, but I do not know where he is now."

"Thou art tongue-tied, Giovani."

"I have nothing to do with those who belong to the world beyond," gravely did the monk speak. "It is but rarely that I see our dear lady, nor do I hold converse with her followers. My days belong to thee, Queen

Grania; no contact have I with the court."

"Why does Izvana never more come to see?" asked the old woman suddenly.

"Has the great Queen encouraged her to come?"

"What ails thee, Giovani? Thy voice has a ring in it which I do not like."

"My voice is as it ever was, Queen Grania, but may be that I have been too long silent, and then it is as dead things coming to life at night."

"Ghosts?" asked the very old woman.

"I have not even ghosts to live with," said the monk. There was an unwonted ring of bitterness in his words.

"Giovani, what ails thee?"

"Giovani, hast thou wandered too long in the sunshine?"

"It is possible," said the monk. "The chapel is where I belong; the sunshine has naught to do with me."

There was a pause until the monk spoke again.

"What dost thou wish to know, Queen Grania?" Giovani's nerves were strained to breaking point. "If there is some information thou desirest, I stand here before thee ready to give thee answer; if not, may I take up the holy Book of Psalms and read to thee therefrom?"

"I wish to know where is Queen Izvana and where the noble knight who rode like a light through the green spring woods."

"They are together." Giovani pronounced the words low but distinctly; they were like a weight falling to the ground.

"Ah!" That exclamation from the old Queen's lips was almost a groan.

Giovani furtively raised his head and looked at his old mistress.

Suddenly he met Grania's eyes, those appalling eyes which seemed to be a well of dead remembrances, which were also a flame—consuming flame which never burnt out . . .

"To-day thy thoughts are against me," pronounced the terrible old woman. "My shadow suffocates thee, and this dusk I live in, this past, this necropolis of old loves, old hates, old glories, old ambitions. I sympathise with them, but I cannot free thee. I am as a spider in its web; I must live . . . I must still live . . ."

For that self-contained, proud, unbendable old woman, this outburst had in it something terrifying. Giovani instinctively moved back a step. It was as an ice-bound river, suddenly releasing its waters with a rush.

Then suddenly, as though awakening, she leaned forward, and stretching out a shaking skeleton-like hand, "Giovani," she said—her voice now was almost pleading—"Giovani, is my Lord of Carndhu with the Queen?"

"I told thee, Queen Grania, that my Lord of Carndhu was with the Queen."

"And Douglas, his poet?"

"I believe he is to follow soon," said Giovani.

"When he comes I want to see him," said the woman of yesterday.

"It shall be as thou desirest," pronounced Giovani.

"But, Giovani, let those who live in the sunshine beware of an armed shadow which might fall at any moment over their light."

"The King?" asked Giovani.

"I shall feel when he is coming," declared Grania under her breath. "I am accustomed to hearken to every sound. I always had my ears wide open and God has not sealed them with age . . ."

The Countess of Cathal was standing in the great hall. The front portal was open;

she could look out upon the castle close and thence through a deep archway upon the drawbridge.

The Countess was pacing restlessly over the worn flags, to and fro, to and fro . . . Her kindly face was puckered into lines of anxiety. Something was disturbing her sorely; some trouble had come into the monotony of her life.

"He ought to arrive today," she murmured. "Were my hair grey everybody might imagine that 'tis a lover I'm awaiting," she smiled grimly. "A lover indeed! Oh, if we could but be done with such nonsense once and for all! Yet when I hear her dear voice, so clear, so happy—and that laugh! A child's laugh! Why did King Galcas never make her laugh thus? . . . And to think that here I am waiting for Douglas Deardhull, that man who has come God knows whence, whose name is nothing, who is nothing! But he has a head on his shoulders, that man; a heart, too, I believe, and such a quiet safe way about him."

But surely that was the sound of a horse! Could it be the "song-man" as young Galcas called him? It must be he! But Ardichavar was at the end of the world, and ten leagues long the road through the forest to get here.

Yes! now she could recognise the rider who was approaching. That was Douglas Deardhull right enough, with that something almost rugged about his appearance, something stolid, solid, and strong, so little in keeping with the Countess of Cathal's idea of a poet.

IT was with a sigh of relief that the flustered lady laid her hand in his as, with tread none too light, he came towards her over the stone floor.

"Art troubled, my good lady?" he asked with a humorous smile.

"And I should think so! Ardichavar, forsooth, is none too gay when all its males go to battle or joust. But at least one's not all of a flutter as I have been these days."

"And one event happeneth to them all," murmured Douglas, repeating a sentence he had pronounced once before. "Ah! well, my good Countess, and were we not somewhat prepared for it?"

"Indeed it turns my last few black hairs grey," complained the Countess, "and with a King like ours—a man who scowls even when there is naught to scowl at!"

"And there would be something to scowl at now, thou meanest?"

The Countess raised her hands towards the ceiling with a gesture of helplessness.

"Och! indeed," was all she said.

"And our Pale Face of Beauty?"

"Och!" said the Countess again.

"Well?" insisted the poet.

"She's just all saturated in sunshine, and her dear sad heart is one song!"

"Well, that does not sound so bad," smiled the poet.

"And those three girls under my charge, have they no eyes in their heads, I would like to know!"

"But they love the Queen."

"Och! there'll be no foul play if that is thy meaning?"

"Well, that's something! In fact, it's a great deal; there might be a fox in the fold!"

"We are pretty safe against foxes, but what sayest thou to the wolf?"

Deardhull shrugged his shoulders: "And Queen Grania?"

"For the moment nothing! but Giovani brought me a message that if Douglas Deardhull were to come to Ardichavar, her Majesty desired his presence."

"Whew! . . ." Deardhull whistled and drew

his brows together. "But her heart is there all right. The snow of ages has in no ways crushed it with its weight. I have a mighty feeling for that Queen of yesterday!"

"... But is that not Giovani coming towards us?... That shadowy being, forsooth, fits well into my legends and ballads."

"My motherly heart aches for his colorless youth," sighed the dame.

"Well, well... But what has Giovani to say?"

Giovani, he too having heard a horse crossing the drawbridge, had come to see if perchance it might be the man for whom Queen Grania was waiting.

The old Queen's impatience had become feverish. It was as though she had forebodings of evil. She, who at all times was so calm, so awesomely self-possessed, had been seized with a sort of unrest which had made a misery of Giovani's days.

"Our lady, Queen Grania, keeps asking for thee," said Giovani. His voice was low as usual, but he seemed less calm than his wont.

"Does the Queen know that I am here?"

"Nay, but she has been fretting as one who is being in pain, so far as ever asking when the physician will come."

"I am, of course, at the great woman's orders for whenever it pleases her to call me to her presence, but I would have craved leave first to present myself to my lord and master. Perchance he has orders for me."

"Go, go to the old Queen," urged the Countess of Cathal. "I shall see that my Lord of Carnidhu receives word of thy arrival, and why thou didst not at once appear before him."

"Och! och!" said the Countess, for that was her exclamation when worried. And she hurried away, leaving Giovani in charge of the man whom more than one was relieved to greet within the walls of Ardichavar.

So Douglas Deardhull, the poet, found himself for a second time in the great woman's presence.

She sat as usual in her high-backed chair, which had about it something of a throne. Strange beasts were carved upon it, and its arms were two crouching creatures whose bodies had been drawn out to an uncanny length.

"I thank thee for thy poem," were the old woman's first words. "I thank thee. I know by heart. My eyes are tired, nor did I ever know much about reading, so I got Giovani to read it over and over again, and by listening intently, finally I knew it by heart. For my memory is one of the crosses I bear."

"I hope," said the poet, bowing low, "to be able to rhyme in thine honor still many a verse."

"Verses are generally dedicated to the young and fair," said the Queen of yesterday day, "but perchance thou seest in me a monument erected over past glories."

"I see in thee a heart of flame half hidden beneath a weight of past sorrows and joys."

"Past... yes," said Grania, "but in vain I struggle for..."

"For what?"

A moment the Queen did not answer.

"For peace," she said at length.

"And it cometh not?" The poet's voice was gentle as a woman as he put this question.

"It cometh not," repeated the very old being.

She wants to tell me what she heard, thought the poet, but I must go warily. I remember from last time that I must call upon all my facilities to be her equal at fencing with words. But this duel with a

mortal of her quality fills me with an unholy delight.

"Has any particular sound cut into thy silence?" asked the man.

"The sound of horse's hoofs riding over Ardichavar's drawbridge," said the Queen.

"A guest or a messenger?" inquired the man, who was obliged to fence.

"Thou knowest as well as I what sort of messenger it was."

Deardhull drew himself up and instinctively squared his shoulders; now he must be on his guard.

"Do not many guests come to Ardichavar?" he asked.

"In my time they came in great numbers," said the Queen. "But Izvana has not yet attracted many to her court."

"She has been over-timid," explained the poet. "She has, or so it seems to me, been afraid of throwing herself into life."

The poet made a step forward, and fanning that shadowy being in the long flowing robe of black, he said:

"Queen Grania, may I speak without symbol? A woman cannot and ought not to live without love. It is her heritage, and if he who has the right to give it her, give it her not then..."

"Then according to thee she may steal!" rasped the old woman.

"Need we call it stealing?" The poet's voice was very soft. "Should we not rather call it receiving with pure hands that which another offers on his knees..."

The ghostly old creature in the carved chair raised a skeleton hand.

"Enough! Thou art endeavoring to confuse my judgment with honeyed words. But I am ill at ease, it is true. Being tired of women's prattle, tired also of prayer, I wished to speak to thee, but now my peace has gone from me. It is as though with the sound of those horse's hoofs crossing Ardichavar's drawbridge, events of ominous importance had penetrated within our walls."

"But thou, Queen Grania, hast known greater events?"

"That may be, but now I am a listener, I live no more."

"But can one prevent others from living?" And coming close up to her he had the audacity to lay his hand on hers.

For a moment Grania let his fingers lie there, then drawing herself up, "Enough," she said. "Enough, I am the woman of yesterday. My heart is of ice." And raising both hands she held them up, palm outwards, like one defending a sanctuary. "I am weary; it is enough; enough..."

And Deardhull, realising that to-day he dare go no further, bowed low his head and left the terrible presence.

"But I have sown my seed," he said to himself. "She was ripe for it; she was ready."

But Grania, seated alone in her chamber, still felt the touch of his fingers warm on her hand...

THREE was one, by name Robert Dahlgrane, who has not as yet been mentioned in these pages, for he was seldom seen at the court of Ardichavar.

Those devoted to the King cared but little about him. No one could quite remember whence he came, nor when or how he had won his spurs, but he carried a sword and had two squires in constant attendance; besides, his laugh was gay, his manners easy, and no one better than he could tell a tale.

Galcas at first paid him but scanty attention, but again and again did he find him on his path. The King was haughty with those beneath him, but being of those for ever seeking new adventures, unrest was in

his blood. Impatient of all restriction he seldom listened to the voice of caution, and when a man pandered to his passions he did not pause to question whence he came or who he was.

Being well skilled with bow, sword or lance, Sir Robert found many an occasion to attract the monarch's attention. At tournaments he bravely flew his colors alongside of those names which were better known than his, and he was to be found at the King's side whenever his services might be useful, for few things escaped his keen glance. So it came to pass that on a day of high good humor the young monarch accepted Sir Robert's hospitality and was grandly entertained at that gentleman's castle, Kirkwall.

THE name of Dahlgrane may not have had a high sound in the ears of one Carnidhu, Cathal, Gondril, or Casmool, but when the King arrived before the gates of Kirkwall he was received with much display and all the honors that were his due, and having understood the nature of his Sovereign's appetites, Sir Robert found means to make the three days the Lord of the Land spent beneath his roof well worth his while.

Besides, Sir Robert had a sister...

Ursula was her name; no one seemed to know of any other; but her eyes were as black as a raven and her lips exceeding red... She moved with the grace of a forest creature, a grace that none could ignore, and when she glanced over her shoulder answering some jest, her laugh was as free, as engaging as her brother's and the curve of her lashes was distracting to a degree.

Ursula came, went and was everywhere, the only woman about the place. Brother and sister were devoted to each other; but old Lord Gondril, watching the pair, did not always like the looks which passed between them...

It was evening. The attentive host was royally attending to his guests' welfare after a day spent hunting through the early spring forests. A fire had been lit on the tremendous hearth; the flames were roaring up the chimney, making the many faces gathered around it glow with ruddy light. Much wine had been handed around; tongues were loosened; jests flew thicker and thicker, interspersed with shouts of laughter and snatches of song.

This evening Galcas was in his element. He had thrown off all restraint, and the shadow usually darkening his brow was hardly visible. Seated on a low stool before the fire, he looked almost boyish, and the smile upon his lips was pleasant to see. His face was tanned bright red by the day's strenuous exercise, his hair was ruffled; he looked young and happy, and from time to time he would lift his head suddenly and join in with either laughter or song. At no times a great talker, Galcas preferred listening when he was not more actively occupied, and Sir Robert knew how to keep the interest of his guests alive with the many tales he had to tell.

He sat opposite the King, and behind him, leaning against the stone mantel of the great hearth, was Ursula, that fair maiden, the curve of her slim yet vigorous body well in relief. Lord Gondril sat a little to one side, his bushy eyebrows twitching, his keen grey eyes watchful, and sideways did a smile curve the grim line of his lips. Gondril had been a faithful servant of the King's father and had won his spurs under old King Gallion's reign. He was one of the truest vassals of the Darnellas, but his temper was short. Galcas

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tolerated his gruff fidelity as one tolerates the affection of a watchful dog.

Some wild jest had been let loose and the stone walls rang with laughter. The young King's eyes were fixed upon Ursula, fascinated by the curve of her throat and by the splendor of her teeth.

"When wilt thou be bringing fair Ursula to Ardichavar?" inquired suddenly the King of his host.

"It is for our lord and master to give orders," answered glibly Sir Robert, "but my sister, I fear, has hardly the manners of a court lady; she might not be according to the Duchess of Cathia's taste."

"Oh! old Catherine's bark is worse than her bite," laughed Galcas. "When I was a babe she carried me in her arms, and many a good old song could she sing."

"She has not become younger since then," jested someone.

"And the Queen?" asked Ursula, lifting her head.

"Of which of the two art thou speaking? The King's voice had suddenly taken a harder sound.

"Well, of our beautiful Queen Iavana for sure."

"Beautiful yes," said Galcas grimly, "but cold like winter ice."

"Our Lady Iavana is mother of two grand boys," interposed Lord Gondril, "and young Galcas is a Darthule every inch!"

"Ever wert thou an admirer of the Darthules!" bantered Galcas. "For thee they are above reproach!"

"I have heard that a poet has sung of her in many a poem." This time twas Dahigrane who spoke.

"A poet?" The King lifted his head.

"One by name Douglas Deardhull, I believe," continued the King's host. "I've heard that he is famed for his art."

"Pah! I am no lover of poetry," cried the King impatiently; "drinking songs suffice me, or hymns when I'm in a mood for church. I can also find use for dirges for the dead."

"Hooh!" and Ursula pretended to shiver. "My lord must not speak of dirges; he is too young, too . . ."

"Too what?" inquired the King, staring boldly at his host's sister.

LEANING forward and putting her hands upon her brother's shoulders, Ursula murmured archly, "Too handsome, too smooth, too brave, too daring, meseems death must keep his hands off thee, Lord King."

"And yet no long life has been predicted to me," and Galcas shrugged his shoulders.

"Has my Lord King had his fortune told him?" Ursula seemed suddenly interested.

"I'm a grand one at reading Fate!"

"In the hand, or by signs, in water, cloud or smoke?" jested the King.

"In the lines of the hand and otherwise also," and Ursula gravely nodded her head, but her eyes were alive with an almost fierce light.

"Aha! that's a fine art," laughed the King.

"My Lord King scoffs," and Ursula drew herself up, stretching her arms out on both sides of her as a young animal stretches its limbs on awakening from sleep.

"Thou art ready for the fray, fair sister mine," laughed Sir Robert.

"Aye! But far too bashful am I to approach one of so exalted rank."

"Ho, ho! Bashful indeed," laughed one of the guests, "twere hardly our idea of fair Ursula!"

The girl swung sharply round towards the speaker. "I forbid such jests," said she, and although her lips smiled, the flash

of her eyes had something of battle. There was nothing tame about Ursula; she could have been turned unto a wild cat or a forest lynx.

Gondril watched her keenly; he was too old to fall beneath her spell.

"Come hither," beckoned the King. "I am in no wise taken in by thy pretence at modesty, and my warrior's hand can safely afront the touch of thy fingers."

Ursula made a pretence at pouting; many eyes were upon her; certainly those curved red lips seemed ripe for kisses, so thought not a few.

"Haste thee, my child," urged Galcas; "my patience is not overlong!"

With a gliding movement Ursula was suddenly at his side, and sinking to her knees she seized hold of the King's hand in both her own. "A fine size," said she, "a fist with which to split a tree or speed a bow with one stroke into a better world!"

"Bravo," cried several voices.

The girl turned the King's hand palm upward.

"This line," began Ursula in her caressing voice, "is thy line of heart; it is good, but I would not say that my Lord King is inclined to fidelity overmuch?" Ursula looked up into Galcas' face as though questioning.

"Ho, ho! We will let that be," he laughed. "What else?"

"The line of Fate?" continued the girl, "well, it begins strong, early, but . . ."

She shook her head. "Does not please thee?" inquired Galcas.

"It breaks off rather too abruptly, and thy line of life does somewhat the same," and a frown gathered between Ursula's smooth brows.

"Well, I have no taste for white heads and bent backs, as far as I am concerned. Honor age in others, but rather would I end my days in battle than in bed. Speak out, my black beauty. I can hear anything thou hast to say."

"Temper—yes, decided signs of temper, impatience, violence even, and here," closing the King's hand, she examined the creases his fingers made on the inner side. "Love-affairs, one, two, three, four! Oho, and my lord still young!"

"Well, and is not youth the time for love?"

The look Ursula gave her Sovereign was sufficient answer to that question.

"Go on," urged the King. "What else?"

"Here there is something I do not like," said the girl, pointing to a line in his hand. "Here I scent a rival, one who crosses thy road, who disturbs thy peace of mind . . ."

"A man?" asked Galcas sharply.

"A woman could hardly be a rival," and Ursula looked archly up into his eyes. But Galcas was not smiling.

"Go on," he urged. "Thou hast whetted my appetite for knowledge. What about this rival?"

"Ah! but I would need my bowl of water, my ashes and sticks, if thou dost need further information."

"Where are they?"

"A second and I shall fetch them," volunteered the girl, springing to her feet.

Galcas sat, head bent looking into the flames. Sir Robert's eyes never left his face.

"Ursula is a witch," he said at last, breaking through the King's abstraction.

"These dark women have a way about them. Ursula is for ever pottering among the black arts."

"A witch indeed," agreed the King, and

he laughed a loud, short laugh. "But I for one would not burn her or drown her in a pond!"

"A ducking, though, might do her no harm," grumbled Lord Gondril.

"But here comes our witch with the instruments of her art."

The King rose from his stool and went over to the table where they had been feasting earlier in the evening, and shoving back the plates and goblets, drew Ursula down to a seat at his side. A group of men gathered around them and Lord Gondril rose heavily from his stool and came with weighty tread to stand not far off.

Ursula laid her sticks cross-wise on the table, "to keep the devil out," she explained; then uncovering a bowl full of water she dropped a few ashes into it; some sank to the bottom others remained floating on the top. She stirred the water with a twig which had the shape of a three-fingered hand.

"Close thine eyes for a second, my Lord King," said the fortune-teller, lightly touching the King on his forehead. "Close thine eyes and think deeply on thy heart's desire."

"My heart's desire?"

"Aye, but speak it not aloud."

I"M little accustomed to secretiveness," declared the monarch. "But such are the rules of the game," smiled the dark maiden.

Galcas obeyed her orders; for a while he closed his eyes, then opening them again after a few seconds, "Well?" he inquired.

Ursula took the young King's hand and placing her fingers upon his pulse, gazed steadily into the bowl. For a space she said nothing, then she began talking in short sentences:

"I see a great many people—turmoil, restlessness, noise—battle, no doubt—I see the shadow of wings . . . victory perhaps, for art thou not a conquering King . . ."

"Not so sure," growled Galcas; "bright also be the wings of the bird of ill-omen."

"Tut tut!" interrupted Ursula. "But I confess there's a shadow lurking somewhere, the shadow of a man, I should say—not exactly inimical—but . . ."

Ursula paused.

"But what?"

"Disturbing I should call it—persistent and there is someone standing beside him . . . another man. The two are friends. There are also two women, an old one and a younger one . . . they seem to be the central point of thy life . . ."

"Have the men something to do with the women?" asked Galcas.

"That's generally the case meseems," smiled Ursula, looking up into the young King's face,

"I'm not jesting," Galcas frowned.

"There seems like a circle round one of the women, round the younger one," pursued Ursula.

"A charmed circle?" inquired the King ironically.

"Nay! More like a circle of faces . . . not exactly anxious faces but watchful."

"And the men?"

"One is watching," said Ursula, bending closer to the bowl.

"And the other?" There was something like anxiety in the King's voice.

"The other?" Ursula paused again. "The other is tall . . . noble, I should say . . .

fair of face, straight of limb—a warrior—a

victor perhaps . . . a man who commands respect—almost a king, according to the signs . . .

"There is but one King in this country," said Galcas sharply, and he brought his closed fist down upon the table so suddenly that the crossed twigs fell apart and the ashes upon the water began to dance.

"Now thou art letting the devil in!" warned Ursula, pointing to the twigs.

"All the better!" cried Galcas. "He and I are no strangers."

Ursula crossed the sticks anew, and gazing intently into the water, "He has come from far," she said; "his steed is weary, but his heart is happy as though he had found a treasure . . . yet around him I also see a shadow—about his heart though there is a light . . . messeems . . . yes a light."

"What has his heart got to do with it?" scowled the King.

"The heart has generally much to do with it," pronounced Ursula.

Several voices laughed and a few jests were exchanged. One young knight leaned over the table; he had been drinking heavily. Catching at Ursula's hand he stammered, "Dost thou always insist that it should be the heart?"

Laughter rang round the room.

"Sir Andrew," clapped the host of Kirkwallies, "for then 'twere time for bed, mesame!"

Ursula shook the man's hand off.

"We'll have that out another time, Sir Andrew," she said. "I am a match for any of you," and Ursula flashed her splendid teeth.

"There's no doubt about that!" grumbled Lord Gondril under his breath.

"Thou hast left me in suspense." The King stamped his foot impatiently. "Be still all of you: Ursula is not finished. If you want to make coarse jokes, go out amongst the soldiers and dogs."

"Aye, but we like to hear fair Ursula playing the prophet," exclaimed one of the guests.

"Then keep clean tongues in your heads," warned the King; "and pray thee, Sir Robert, be less free with thy wine; it is too strong and too good."

Ursula raised her hand bidding the King not to interrupt.

"I see two beings, man and woman, I believe. They are straining towards each other—but there is something separating them, a sword . . . perhaps thought . . . perhaps words; I cannot say! But around these, my King, I always see shadow—something which follows these—dogs thy steps, will not let thee be . . . I cannot say if it comes from thy thoughts or from outside . . . but darkness there is—persistent . . . Any light about thee is in flashes only—irregular, fitful—and there is someone stronger than thou . . . man or woman, I cannot say. Wait . . . I must look closer . . ." And Ursula bent lower over the water. "Tis like an influence—a restraining hand—there are also prayers and the sound of a babe crying . . . or a new-born babe . . ."

"Does not tell me much," growled the King.

"Or too much?" suggested Ursula.

"What dost thou mean?" Galcas frowned at her.

"I would need more words to make that clear. All things cannot be said at once. First parables . . . or perchance predictions—then the reading of the riddle—or oracle, call it what thou wilt."

"Oracle, indeed!" snorted Lord Gondril, who had come right up to the table. He was standing with his mighty legs planted

firmly wide apart. There was something of a rock about him, a rugged, weatherbeaten rock. "Oracle, indeed! Pah! A lot of idle words I call it, fit to muddle men's brains and give them the creeps. We of the sword need fresh air, strong winds—not words and signs, except God's words." And the old man crossed himself.

"May I light my lord to his chamber?" inquired the host. The flash of his teeth was exactly like Ursula's. He took up a taper and the King followed him out of the room.

"H'm!" said Lord Gondril to himself, as he watched the King and his host leave the room. "H'm, h'm! There is something I do not quite like in this house. . . ." And he, too, with heavy tread strode from the hall.

"I NEED word with thy sister," declared the King when he had reached his chamber.

"The hour is somewhat advanced," protested his host, but there was less denial in his voice than in his words.

"I shall not keep her long, but there is a question I want to ask."

"Can I be of no use?" inquired the master of Kirkwallies.

"Nay!" The King shook his head. There was a brooding look on his face.

"My lord is overtired," suggested Dahlgrane. At times his voice could be almost as soft as a woman's. The light he was holding cast a curious glow over his face.

The King gazed at him attentively. He stood with lowered head; the scowl had reappeared on his brow.

"Was not the Lord of Carndhu to be one of thy guests?"

"Yes," said Sir Robert, tightening his lips as if to prevent other words passing through them.

"Is he a friend of thine?"

"I think one so haughty would not honor me with the name of friend."

"But thou?"

"Oh, I . . ." And the host made a gesture with his hands.

"Well, what?"

"Oh! I admire the great Iroon as everyone does. Is he not the pride of this country, the paragon, the not-to-be-equalled model of all virtues? But a friend of mine . . ." Sir Robert left his sentence unfinished.

"I have known him since we were boys," said the King.

"Perhaps my lord wished to see him here?"

"As youngsters we were rivals," pursued the King, following up his thought, instead of answering his host's question. "His father was a great man before him, and was often seen at Ardichavar."

"Therefore I suppose my lord is afraid of seeing history repeat itself," suggested Ursula's brother.

"The King started. "What dost thou mean?"

Dahlgrane shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly. "Of seeing him come over often to Ardichavar."

"Why should he not come to Ardichavar?" demanded hoarsely the King.

"Why not, indeed?" said his host.

Galcas sprang to his feet.

"Why did not Iroon come here?" There was a quality of thunder in the King's voice.

"I am not in his confidence," Dahlgrane's voice was non-committal.

"Send me Ursula!" exclaimed the King, suddenly turning back to the window.

But Dahlgrane had still something to say. "There might be reason why my Lord of Carndhu did not come to Kirkwallies." His voice was horribly smooth, as voices are when they want to reach the secret places of a man's mind.

"And the reason?" Galcas turned towards him so suddenly that Sir Robert made a step backwards.

"Might it not be that the Lord of Carndhu preferred going elsewhere, was expected elsewhere? . . ."

"Thy meaning! . . ." roared the King.

"That history repeats itself . . . perhaps

"Thou meanest that . . ."

Dahlgrane nodded.

"Great Queen Grania . . . and . . . the father of my Lord of Carndhu?" The King spoke slowly as one putting two and two together with difficulty. "And now . . ." He stopped abruptly, then: "I have never heard Great Mother pronounce the name of Carndhu . . ."

"Do women pronounce the names of . . ."

the host smiled.

"Hold thy tongue!" roared the King.

"May I wish my Lord King a good-night," said Sir Robert, bowing his way towards the door.

"Ah! Good-night indeed!" muttered the King between his teeth; but he did not offer his host his hand, nor did he try to detain him any longer, but just as Dahlgrane had his hand on the latch, "Send me thy sister," he said, and his voice was the voice of a master giving an order to a servant. But Sir Robert had not wiped the smile from his lips . . .

THE King watched the latch click, then going over to the table he sat down, and leaning his head in his hand remained thus for a while without movement. Then he got up and paced the room . . .

"History which repeats itself," he murmured. "Could he mean that Great Mother . . . Queen Grania . . . Pah! I hate mysteries . . . and yes? The father came often to Ardichavar . . . But the father must have been a young man in comparison to Great Mother . . . There must have been at least twenty years' difference . . . But I've heard said that at fifty great Grania was still superb—outshining any other woman . . . History repeating itself . . . Does he dare to insinuate . . . Pah! I hate the fellow . . . and yet, why is Iroon not here . . . why? . . ." And suddenly Galcas had the vision of a gem—red, abominably red, lying on Ursula's bosom, a stone as red as a wound . . . Iroon's gift . . . and she wore it always. She called it a charm—aburd! . . . The latch of the door clicked again.

"Am I wanted?" And Ursula's face appeared, peering through a chink of the door that she had only just set ajar. An alluring face indeed.

"Wanted! I should think so," cried Galcas. "Come in!"

Ursula slipped in through the hardly opened door and then stood against it, rushlight in hand.

"Thou are a beauty!" breathed the King.

"I'm young," smiled the girl. "But why is there thunder between thy brows? Tis an ill way to go to thy rest."

"That is why I needed thee."

"So I was told; so I came."

"Thy brother . . ." began Galcas, and then he broke off.

"Has angered thee?"

Galcas did not answer, but he stood

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biting his lips, and his eyes were miserable as the eyes of a child who has seen ugly visions.

With one of her unexpected little movements Ursula was suddenly close up beside him, and laying her light upon the table she leant forward, and before Galcas knew what she was about, she had given him a kiss straight on the lips.

Galcas, taken aback for the fraction of a moment, seized her roughly and turning her face up till his hung close over her:

"Is that thy way with all thy brother's guests?"

"What inquisitiveness!" mocked the maiden, and a deep curvy did she drop him in her provocative way, "but baste thee, my lord. I am sleepy and truly the hour is late! What can I do for one who seems to be chewing a bitter bit?"

"Meseems," breathed the King, "that thou couldst do much," and again he made as though to seize hold of her.

"Listen," said the girl, and putting a finger to her lips she whispered: "I shall tell thee something . . . I'm a witch, remember, but I've discovered a truth!"

"What truth?"

"Thou art jealous! I saw it in the lines of thy hand but before so many vassals I did not wish to give thee away!"

"Say!" cried the King, grabbing at her hand, "have I a reason to be jealous?"

Ursula shrugged her shoulders. "How should I know?"

"And thy brother?"

"Och! Robert!" There was a sound of contempt in Ursula's voice.

"But thou, thou didst see a shadow lurking around me. What else didst thou see?"

"Now Hatten!" said Ursula, in a purring voice: "Men are fools, all of them; women, too . . . sometimes, but less often. Besides, I've had over-little to do with them . . . over-little." And something like a shadow passed over the dark girl's face. "Besides, they'd despise me . . . perhaps with some right, but we all grow up as we can . . . not always as we would wish. My brother . . ." And suddenly she laughed, and pulling the King's face down to her, for a second time she kissed him on the lips. Then roughly she pushed him from her, putting both hands on his shoulders.

"My brother," she continued, "has a grudge against . . ." She hesitated.

The King was no close observer. Had he been, he would have noticed that a conflict was going on in the girl's mind. Were there perchance two Ursulas? Now her eyes were dark as night, but the bright light had gone out of them; they were sombre eyes, not happy eyes.

"Enough words," interrupted the King brutally. "For once let's have a straight tongue in thy head. Against whom has thy brother a grudge?"

"Against my Lord Iroon of Carndhu." The name came strangled from the girl's throat.

"Iroon!" The King glared at her. "Why?"

"The Lord of Carndhu is no climber," said Ursula harshly. "He is made straight all through as God desired man to be. A glorious tree growing towards the light of heaven. His roots, no doubt, are down amongst the dark things under the earth, but his branches love the sun!"

"Ho! ho! my good girl," cried the King, "thou dost not seem to have a grudge against my Lord of Carndhu."

"I could fall down and kiss his feet!" Ursula drew herself up proudly and looked defiantly into the wrathful monarch's face. "And that would still be too little!"

"What has my Lord of Carndhu been to thee? done to thee . . . to thy brother?"

"Done to me? To my brother?" Ursula folded her hands as for prayer. Suddenly she looked much younger, almost as a child. Something happy came into her face. "My Lord of Carndhu, Iroon, the brave, the mighty. Iroon, whom child and beast love . . .

Iroon . . ." For a moment the girl, whose brother was a climber, closed her eyes, and Galcas could not but marvel at the gentle expression about her lips. "He just laid his hand on my hair, he kissed me on my forehead, and he said to me: 'Ursula, thou art too good for your brother's game. Where is thy mother? . . .'

"Then, seeing by my eyes that no mother I had, he said: 'Poor child!' and he laid his arm round my shoulder. 'I wish I had a sister like thee,' he said; just that . . . and . . . I never saw eyes like his, nowhere, never . . . then I bent down and kissed his hand; I never thought I should ever kiss a man's hand! but . . . well, I could just fall down and kiss his feet . . . so there!"

SHE was all defiance now, head up, eyes full of fire, hands clenched, a glorious sight, no mask, no pretence—a woman confessing her faith.

"So that's the way women love him?" Galcas had a puzzled look. "What is he made of? . . . Why?"

"Why?" Ursula moved a step forward. Now there were tears in her eyes, in her voice. "Why? Understand ye not that in making Iroon, Lord of Carndhu, God made a man straight as a ray of light, true as the steel of an archangel's sword, generous as the great sun itself. My brother tried to fling me in his way, got me to try and trap him with my wiles—because . . ."

"Because . . ." repeated the King after her.

"Because . . . Oh! I do not know what was his real reason, he does not always honor me with his confidence, thank God; but my Lord of Carndhu is not of those one traps, neither by words, smiles nor threats. He did not want to be friends with Robert. Now Robert hates him, hates him like death. He did not really invite him here now, he did not dare . . . but to my lord he said . . . ?"

"Forget what I said," pleaded Ursula. "Forget . . . forget . . ."

"Forget! Does one ever forget?"

Ursula remained silent. There were many words she wanted to say, but she had already gone further than was prudent. She had not wanted to betray her brother. How would the King act now? She had advanced on dangerous ground. Galcas was a man not used to master his passions.

"Does one ever forget?" said the King again. "Tall, noble . . . a victor perhaps according to the signs almost a king! Did thy brother make thee say that?"

Ursula was silent.

"Did thy brother force thee to say that? Wert thou fooling me or didst thou really see those signs in the water—that story thou didst tell?"

Still Ursula was silent.

"Answer!" Galcas' face was quite close to hers; his eyes glared at her; his hands were clenched. "Answer, I tell thee."

"It was not thus I had planned to help

my brother," faltered the girl. "I . . . I was to be fooled by both of you, led on, trapped, mystified. Why? Girl, speak!"

"Nay, nay," protested Ursula, "my brother honors thee; his great desire was to be thy host. He is a man of intelligence; he knows how to entertain; he has the Southern wits of his mother . . . it was his day of days when thou didst ride up to his door."

"Pah! I hate the whole thing! But thou didst not answer. Wert thou fooling me with the signs thou didst read?"

Ursula came slowly forward, and laying one hand on the King's shoulder, she slipped the other into his. "Sit down, my lord," she pleaded. "Do not burn me with thy scorn. I am but a poor wench unaccustomed to speak with kings . . ."

"Tis somewhat late to play that game," growled the King, but all the same he let himself be led by the girl to the stool by the table, and mechanically he sat down, drawing her down with him till she sat on his knee.

"Thou art tired, my King, and if thou wilt not strangle me, I shall confess to thee that all I said was . . . invention . . . just the wiles of a bad girl . . . Be still, my lord. Ursula is a bad girl . . . a bad girl . . . everybody knows how bad she is . . . And suddenly Sir Robert's sister slipped off the King's knees and hiding her head in both her arms on the table, burst into tears.

"Ursula!" cried Galcas. "Ursula! What is it? Is this another of thy faces? Who art thou? What does it all mean?"

But Ursula did not answer; her shoulders were heaving, sobs shook her as a storm shakes a tree.

"Ursula! What does it mean?"

"It means," sobbed Ursula, lifting a face all convulsed with misery, "it means that everything is wrong in a world where men are worse than they should be, and women weaker."

Galcas was quite at a loss to know what to do with the weeping girl.

Seeing the perplexed expression upon the young monarch's face, Ursula suddenly smiled through her tears. "Thou art but a boy," she laughed, with a catch in her throat, dashing the tears from her eyes. "a great, big spoilt boy, who tears things to pieces, and throws away every toy, always hungry, always unsatisfied. Thou wilt have to suffer before thou canst learn anything. I pity thee . . . Oh yes! I pity thee—but I pity thee as I pity myself . . . but in another way. But now let me go," and the girl sprang to her feet.

"This is real," said Ursula, as though reading his thoughts, and going straight up to him for the third time she kissed him on the lips; and before the astonished monarch could gather his wits the distracting woman had seized her light and slipped out of the room . . . like water . . . as she had come.

The King remained standing, as one dazed. "And still I do not know if she really read signs in my hand and in the water, or if she has been fooling me all along. Curse her!" crowed Galcas. "I had planned it otherwise . . . but women! Or are we men really fools? . . ."

"Tell me, my Queen," said the Lord of Carndhu, "when thou wast a child, what were thy dreams?"

Invana looked up at the tall man lean-

ing over her. The light in her eyes was as the light of a southern sky.

"When I was quite small they were all about fairies and ogres, and about the great dragon who lived in a cave, spitting fire and demanding sacrifices of man." She smiled.

There were also magic animals and strange monsters, and my sisters and I would wander about our gardens looking beneath each stone to see if anywhere we could find the secret door leading to fairy-land; later we looked for the door to the Garden of Paradise."

"And thy dreams then?"

"All of the strong, beautiful, irreproachable knight who one day would come . . ."

"What was his face like?" asked Ironon, and his lips were very near Ivana's.

Ivana leaned her head back against his shoulder and closed her eyes. Oh! so happy was the smile on her lips.

"I can see no other face but thine," she whispered. "There never was another face, I think, never . . ." And she sighed like a child profoundly at peace with herself and the whole world.

"Someone's coming," whispered Ivana, and taking her hands from his he passed them instinctively over her hair.

Ironon was watching her face, and seeing the fear in the eyes that had always been so clear, so guileless—he felt that something in life was wrong, quite wrong. Why, with his love, which was what he had most precious to give her, why had he sown that look of fear in her eyes? Why? Why?

The steps came nearer, then a knock at the Queen's door. Ironon had risen and gone over to the window:

It was Lady Eileen who appeared in the doorway when the Queen called, "Come in."

"May it please the Queen to receive Douglas Deardhull, he comes with a message from Queen Grania?"

"He may come," said Ivana, looking up from her work, and Lady Eileen hurriedly left the room. Did her voice sound very small, very far off? She was afraid of what the sound of her voice might reveal to one as clear-sighted as Eileen.

"Welcome!" said Ivana, stretching out her hand to the post as he entered the room. "Thou comest from Great Mother?"

"I have now daily the honor to be called before her presence," said Deardhull.

"And what an honor!" exclaimed Ivana. "She who will never see anyone but Giovani and her women who minister to her wants."

"Thou, my Queen, goest too seldom," said Deardhull in that direct way which was his.

"She does not want me," declared the young Queen.

"And yet she is craving for thy presence. Just for thine."

"For mine!" Ivana was genuinely astonished.

"Who would not crave for her presence?" Twas the Lord of Carndhu who spoke, and going up to his friend he laid a possessive hand on his shoulder. "But what message dost thou bring from that great and mysterious woman who belongs to the past?"

"Much less to the past than all of you imagine," declared the poet. "But the message of which I am the bearer to-day will fill my lord with astonishment."

"No bearer of ill tidings I hope?"

"Nay! but the great woman desires my lord to be brought before her presence."

"My Lord of Carndhu," cried Ivana, full of astonishment.

"I shall go without delay," said Ironon; and bending a knee before Ivana, the big man seized her hand. "Bless me!" he whispered.

"God be with thee," murmured the woman he loved. "My heart is in thy hand, and thy face is in my heart."

Then Ironon rose and left the room.

IT was Giovani who ushered Ironon, Lord of Carndhu, into the old Queen's presence. Before the monk opened the door both men stood for a moment looking at each other. Ironon was the taller, the more magnificent, but Giovani's features were as nobly cut as those of the knight and something about their faces was alike, some curve of their lips, some line in the brow.

And now Ironon stood in the presence of the one of whom he had heard so much and yet had never seen.

Then suddenly that strange, deep, toneless and yet penetrating voice Giovani knew so well, let fall these words. They were like drops of melted lead, heavy words.

"This hour had to come. I see thee before me, Ironon, first-born of my Lord Carndhu."

Then again silence. Ironon moved a step forward, but he waited for the old woman's next words.

"Draw back that curtain from the window," ordered that voice that had never been disobeyed. "I no longer wish for the light of day to fall upon the ruin that I am, but this is an hour that was to be, therefore must I see thy face."

The old Queen started; closing for a second her terrible eyes she opened them again to glare at him, then harshly she said:

"Giovani is no one. Giovani has no name, Giovani is mine . . . mine!"

"To me it is as though in some dreamland I had known his face, touched his hand."

"He is mine," repeated the old woman. "I brought him up; he is mine." And then suddenly raising her hand, "Hark!" she said, "he is coming."

"Who?"

"Giovani."

"The King?" Ironon made a step backward, but his face was a mask.

"I have felt him coming all day," pronounced the old woman. "From out of my silence I can hear what others do not hear."

"Shall I quit the great Queen's presence?" asked the knight.

"Nay!" ordered the proud old being. "It is because he is coming that I bid thee to my chamber. Thou art my guest. I called them because . . . because thy father . . . For a second she paused, then clearing her voice, "because thy father was my friend . . . like thee a faithful servant of his King . . . for kings have faithful servants . . . sometimes."

Ironon made a sudden step forward and taking hold of one of the old, broken, withered hands those hands that had once held roses, he raised it to his lips.

"I understand," he said slowly and clearly, resting his eyes for a moment in hers, meeting them steadily as brave men meet. "I understand and I recognize the spirit of great Queen Grania—that spirit which fired strong men to greater strength."

Grania closed her eyes as was her wont when the past surged too strongly up before her.

King," said Ironon in measured tones; he was afraid of his voice being too loud for this flushed chamber.

"Did thy King call thee?" asked Grania. "The Carndhus do not need to be called."

"Aha! There I recognize the Carndhu spirit, they acknowledge no will but their own. They need not to be called, but they come."

"Yea, I came," said Ironon.

For a moment a look of something akin to anxiety came into the big man's eyes, but all he said was:

"A knight must ever be ready for any call, day or night."

"Art thou ready?" asked Grania.

"I am," said the knight.

"And she, is she ready?" was the old woman's next question.

A wave of pain passed over the strong man's face, but he did not reply.

"Ah! thou canst not answer that second question as readily as the first. The hour of folly is soon lived, but what then, what then?"

"Our lives are in the hand of God," said the knight.

"Those were rather words for Giovani than for the knight, Ironon, Lord of Carndhu."

"Who is Giovani?" asked suddenly Ironon, as once many years ago Ivana had asked, "Who is Giovani? Why do I feel as though I know his face?"

The old Queen started; closing for a second her terrible eyes she opened them again to glare at him, then harshly she said:

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PALE Ivana was waiting her hands pressed to her heart.

That bugleblast had torn her dream right in two, once, long ago, oh! how long, long ago, it had sounded like a cry of love, in those days when she had always been waiting.

CROWNED QUEENS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ing for Galcas—Galcas who remained away too long, Galcas who loved battle and chase, Galcas, worthy son of the Darthulas who remain not at home to speak to their queens of love . . .

Deardhull had seen her eyes fill with a nameless dread; two pools filling with night!—and the sight had been agony to the man who was but a friend.

"Send my boys to me," she said, "and Catherine. . . . I want Catherine to come. . . ." And Deardhull had left her standing there with her hands on her heart.

She did not have to wait long . . .

"Mover!" Orl blessed small voices, blessed faces, blessed little feet running over the floor. "Mover! . . ."

Irvana sat down on a low stool. Outside a clatter of horses' hoofs, the sound of champing bits, of chains, a sound of steel—a sound of men returning—from what? Why did they return with so much noise? Why so soon?

Then the Countess of Cathal came hurrying into the room and rather breathlessly she said:

"Our great Queen Grania has sent for the King, she desired to see him at once."

Irvana sprang to her feet. "Great Mother sent for him! So he will go to her first, will not come here, oh!" An expression of intense relief spread over the young Queen's face.

"Yes, Giovani met my lord on the threshold with a pressing command from the old Queen to come to her at once."

"Did she know Galcas was coming? . . . That he was coming here to-day?"

"Giovani says that for days the great woman has been listening, as though expecting some event."

"And Galcas was that event?"

"My Lord of Carnidhu was the first; then King Galcas, the second event." The old Countess looked troubled. "Two events; one the inevitable result of the other. . . . Events never remain single . . . they cannot remain single. Life is relentless . . . moves on. . . ."

Irvana bowed her head. She stood a while quite still, then sank down again upon her stool; her two boys were prattling together, looking out of the window, down into the court; to them this unexpected arrival of the King with his followers was a pleasurable event.

DOWN the long stone passage close upon Giovani's noiseless heels strode Galcas with clinking spurs.

Queen Grania desired his presence immediately. What did it mean? What ailed the great woman?

But here they were before Grania's door. Was Grania dying? The old, old Queen, the woman who to others was nearly a legend already . . . Was she dying at last?

Pushing roughly past Giovani, Galcas tore aside the heavy curtain. He was in a hurry, although Galcas hated seeing death lay its hand upon a victim, be it old or young. Galcas hated what he could not overcome.

But what was this?

Upright, commanding, with the light of day invading her usually dusk-filled chamber, sat Grania, the one to whose death bed he believed he had been called, and opposite her . . . tall, magnificent, noble with that nobleness no man could deny, stood Iroon . . . Iroon, the man he hated . . . the man who once had been friend . . . Why was he here?

"Galcas!" Grania's voice came to him clear and commanding. "My Lord of Carnidhu,

duh is here to do my bidding, but he is in haste, therefore did I call for thee at once, for he cannot wait . . ."

"Indeed," said Galcas. His tone was haughty, thunder rolled through his voice; nevertheless he approached his grandparent, making obeisance before her, then he added: "I did not know that my lord was here. Now do I understand why he did not meet me at Kirkwallies." And Galcas stared at his friend, but extended no hand in greeting.

"I sent for my Lord of Carnidhu," spoke the grandparent. "Once his father and I were friends . . . a great many years ago . . ."

AND this thou didst suddenly remember . . . after so many years?" Galcas' words were like iron upon iron.

In a forbidding voice the proud woman made answer, each word a reproof.

"And feeling the shadow of the Great Silence coming nearer and nearer each day, and knowing that from beyond that last threshold no man's voice cometh back, except in dreams, I wished to entrust certain words to my Lord of Carnidhu."

"And I, what have I to do with those words, that trust?"

"Thou are my heir," declared the Queen of yesterday, drawing herself up with inimitable dignity, facing his impatience like a statue before which men bow. "My days are counted, and there is one whose fate I am desirous to assure."

"And Great Queen Grania has none to stand by her but my Lord of Carnidhu!" There was wrath in the young King's voice; wrath and a ring of mortification.

"It is but a trust I am handing on . . . from father to son . . ."

Both men started.

"Once many years ago—over twenty years ago," said Grania, measuring her words slowly, knowing that each one counted that each henceforth would be remembered by both men standing before her—"nearly twenty years ago, Angus, Lord of Carnidhu, entrusted" She paused.

Both men hung on her words. What was coming? Why did she wish both to hear what she had to say?

"He sent me," continued the old woman, her voice becoming fainter as though stifled by emotion, "sent me a dying woman with a child in her arms—a newborn babe . . ."

"Well," cried Galcas impatiently.

"Once we had been friends—for it does happen that crowned queens have friends—sometimes. Sometimes they do not outlast the flow of years—but when dying, Angus, Lord of Carnidhu, remembered and sent me . . . a new-born babe . . . in sign that he remembered . . ."

The very old woman lingered almost lovingly over that last word, "Remembered . . . and as the mother was dying the babe . . . was left with me . . ."

"And?" asked Galcas slowly. "I brought up the child, for the mother died, here within these walls."

Iroon's eyes had a sudden flash, his nostrils quivered; sharply he drew in his breath, but only the old Queen who was facing him saw this. Galcas, completely taken by surprise, cried out:

"Giovani! . . . So Giovani? . . ."

He left the sentence unfinished.

"I sent for Iroon, Lord of Carnidhu, first-born son of Lord Angus, to ask him that when I step over the dark edge he take unto his heart one whom his father entrusted to

my care, and my Lord Iroon has promised to do so," said Grania solemnly. "He has promised to treat him as he would treat a brother, he has accepted this trust, and he will live up to the promise given, as is the way of the Carnidhus."

Galcas turned and stared at Iroon; but the big man said nothing, he merely bowed his head as one who has already assented and said all the words that were to be said.

"So Lord Iroon and Giovani are brothers. This indeed is news! Great Mother, thy mysterious shadowy man of prayers—that silent man of sombre habit, is the great Iroon's brother!

"I did not say that Giovani and Lord Iroon are brothers. Giovani was brought up nameless and nameless he is to remain as long as I live. It is my desire that neither thou, my grandson, nor this, the son of my friend who rests in God's mercy, say aught of this to Giovani. It is kinder to leave him in ignorance of a fact that could disturb his peace of mind."

"Why was it so important, so imperative that I should know this?" asked her grandson angrily. Darker than ever was the shadow on his brow.

"Because thou art King," replied sternly the old woman, "and, being King, I consider it thy right to know whom thou are harboring beneath thy roof, and I respect this right."

"And now, my Lord of Carnidhu, thou cannot withdraw. I know that thou are in haste, that pressing duties call thee hence. I thank thee for thy promise given, for having responded without demur to my demand. If thy soul be as thy face, thou art a worthy son of the Carnidhus. And with a dignity which had ever been Queen Grania's secret, the hoary woman bent her head, and Iroon was dismissed from her presence.

Galcas made a step forward as though to follow him from this chamber where the old sovereign still reigned supreme, but his grandfather raised a thin hand.

"Stay," she said, "I have more to say to thee, Galcas; and my lord," she added, raising her voice, as Carnidhu was already passing over her threshold, "I would crave of thee a boon. Give lead to thy friend and follower, Douglas Deardhull, to remain a few days longer at Ardichavar; there are certain poems of his I still wish to hear . . ."

Again Iroon bowed and then stepped from the room.

ALONE in her chamber sat Irvana, waiting, waiting, as one sentenced to death. On her low stool she sat, her back against the wall, eyes closed, hands folded, her face pale as wax.

And then suddenly Galcas stood beside her, Galcas . . . Galcas whose shadow always came first—even over the terrace at Torana in her old home, his shadow had come first.

Galcas was scowling at her; she saw nothing very clearly, but she saw the cloud on his brow; like a black thundercloud it was, dark like his shadow.

"Thy face is paler than ever!"

Was Galcas speaking? Yes, it was his voice. How distant it sounded, yet he had such a mighty, such an angry, such a resonant voice.

"What ails thee? Art thou sick? The spring does not seem to suit thee over well, Shall I take thee away from Ardichavar's forests? Shall I take thee to my Castle Groorwan up on the mountain crest. He laughed his wild, mirthless laugh, and going up to her seized her suddenly in his arms, crushing her brutally to him in a wild, relentless, stifling, cruel embrace.

Hearing the pounding of the man's heart, Ivana made no effort to tear herself away. There was something terrible in those heartbeats, something tragic, defeated, and with a new knowledge of conflict and sorrow. Ivana seemed to understand almost unbearably well how much suffering there was in the beat of that angry, resentful male heart. So no struggle did she make, but lay there within his grasp like a martyr paying for the whole world's sins.

Almost throwing her from him he then exclaimed:

"Great Mother wants thee. She has become more imperious than ever. Having looked upon a face which reminds her of olden sins she thought to have buried forever, she is filled anew with fresh thoughts, fresh life . . . Are ye indeed one and all alike, ye women?

"But be off. Go to that terrible woman who held me and another before her like boys in our teens. Be off! thy rose-pale face, thy eyes like a sky spread over lonely places awake a devil within me that my two hands might not be strong enough to throttle. Go, go! for how can I know what lies behind that face of thine so like an angel's mask!"

And casting Ivana's hand from him the irate and cruelly confounded monarch stormed like a gale from the room, leaving his Queen pale and trembling.

GALCAS the King had carried out his threat. Ivana was at Groorowan, the castle on the mountain crest, and the clouds and the eagles were her neighbors, and no one else. Galcas had not brought her there himself, but had sent her under the protection of old Lord Gondril; and the Countess of Cathal had gone also, shaking her head.

More silent than ever had Ivana become, but there was a light in her eyes that had never before been there—her two companions noticed it and also the women who served her as maids.

For endless hours at a time she would bend over her embroidery, singing one song after another, and so full of longing was her voice that out of sympathy the windowpanes sang with her, echoing it with a faint sound of distress.

Ivana would also take long rambling walks all by herself.

AND it came to pass that one day during a lonely ramble over rocky path and through night-dark forest, Ivana encountered a maiden whom we have met before, but who was a stranger to the Queen. Black were her eyes as bitter cherries and her lips were red as rowan berries before the frost. Her hair was dishevelled, her clothes torn and soiled; she was leading by the bridle a footsore mule; evidently the comely maiden was in distress, for there was about her the look of a forest creature pursued.

Both women stopped and stared at each other, for the path upon which they met was narrow, leaving place but for one to pass at a time, but strange to say 'twas the stranger who spoke first, and indeed her words startled the Queen:

"And can it be that the good Lord in His mercy has led me straight towards the one of all others I most intensely desired to meet?"

"But thou art flying from something," observed the Queen. "Thy dress all torn? Thy mount lame? Weary thou seemest and distressed?"

"Yes, I've left! For Kirkwallies is no longer a home for me!"

"Kirkwallies? Meseems I know the name?"

"Thy Lord King knows it well!"

"Galcas! Has he been there?"

"Aye, and hast thou never heard of one with name Robert Dahlgrane?"

"Dahlgrane? Yes . . . it sounds known to me—but I cannot remember where I heard it? Has one with such name ever been?"

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Impatiently Izvana turned from the window. Should she call? What should she do? Ah! . . . The sound of a closing door! A dull thud . . . and . . . yes! Steps on the stairs; heavy steps, the steps of two . . . the clink of spurs. Who could it be? Surely not Galcas? Not Galcas!

The steps were coming nearer . . . stopping before her door . . . What a mighty resonance there was in this bare, empty old fortress—waves of sound the moment anyone moved . . . Who was standing before her door? What presence did the heavy wood shut away from her sight?

Gondril's voice . . . What was he saying?

"So loud did Izvana's heart beat that she could not at first catch the words . . .

"Dear lady, may I come in? . . . Dear lady, art thou still up?"

"Come in!" cried Izvana; absurd, futile sounded her voice. Here within these walls no voice had personality; the walls seemed to snatch them up to drown them with their echoes. "Come in," repeated Izvana. "Come in!"

And there stood Gondril in the doorway, a mighty figure concealing the one who had come with him. Who could it be?

"Sweet lady," said the knight, "one who has come from far, through night, storm and rain, craves word with thee. My Lord Carndhu begs shelter from the storm."

WHAT a night!

Outside the storm was still raging, tearing with angry shrieks at Izvana's window which had now been carefully closed against its fury, shutting out night, darkness, fear . . . shutting off yesterday from to-day.

From time to time Izvana lifted a searching hand, touching Iroon's cheeks, his eyes, his lips, as though to make sure that she was not dreaming, that really he was there, hers, here on this stormy night . . .

A long, long while they remained thus, he seated in her old carved chair, she in his arms, pressed close up against him, her white gown mingling its spotlessness with the dark folds of his damp, way-stained cloak. Then in a whisper in which laughter and tears mingled like sister-notes, Izvana said:

"It is as though it could not be otherwise!"

"Nor could it be otherwise, Izvana, my love."

"I have been patient," she murmured. "I would not give way to despair. I had three living in my heart, so I was never quite alone."

"But what a cruel, hard place is this Groorowan for thee!"

"Nay, nay. In some ways 'tis better than Ardichavar—there are fewer eyes watching."

"Thou wilt have to steel thyself against eyes which watch, Izvana, my Queen, my love."

"I know, I know, but 'tis a rest to be alone, quite alone."

"Me seems thy life has been lonely enough."

A long time they remained thus, their dreams carrying them to an impossibly safe and happy place. Then suddenly Izvana asked:

"How didst thou come, and whence?"

"I rode through the great forest of Crathmead from my own Castle Droomoor which lies by the sea."

"I shall never see it," said Izvana sadly. "I can follow thee only to the land of dreams."

Iroon said nothing, for he knew that this was true.

"And Douglas, where is he?"

"On guard," said Iroon. "If danger there be, three blasts of his horn will be blow."

NEXT morning at an early hour Lord Gondril himself opened Groorowan's heavy portal, and one whose face was partially hidden by the folds of his cloak stepped over the threshold out into the mist. For a moment he paused and both men's hands clasped.

"It may be for ever," breathed the one who was going.

"I shall guard her," said the other, "as the holy monstrance in a church."

So Iroon went, and the mist swallowed him up.

The seasons had passed; winter was now nearing its end though snow still lay thickly on the ground. In October Galcas had had the young Queen brought back to Ardichavar, treating her now well, now ill, according to the changing whims of his humor, which the years did not seem to improve, and in the last days of January a daughter had been born to the King and Queen.

The King was not there when this new offspring of the Darthulas saw the light of day; he was far off, where battle was raging. But all the bells of Ardichavar had rung and Queen Grania this time also had listened to them from her darkened chamber, for the great Queen was still of this world.

On Izvana's return from Groorowan, Grania had greeted her with unaccustomed gentleness, scanning her delicate face with a concern not unmixed with pity for one so much less robust than she had been in her day. Beautiful was Izvana, with beauty that had made the grandmother catch her breath and hold back the exclamation rising to her lips.

Now Izvana's babe was two months old, and she had called it Rowana; blending her own name with something taken from the name of the fortress-like castle where she had lived for four months so near the clouds. Galcas, although he had come back to Ardichavar for the christening, had raised no objection to the unusual name. The same royal pomp had been displayed as for the two princes, but this third child, being a daughter, the war-loving King had paid but scant attention to it, being an offspring never destined to carry a sword.

BATTLE was raging on the borders of Galcas' country, for restless neighbors had Galcas, the restless King.

But this worthy offspring of the Darthulas was happiest with a sword in his hand. 'Twas joy to him to raise his voice o'er the din of strife, joy to be obeyed, joy to be arbiter of life and death.

Galcas was, of his time, a warrior, and a brave one, too, but cruel and ruthless, one who could look death in the face for himself and for others. But lately Galcas had drunk deeply of Izvana's lips, and the new quality in Izvana's beauty had run fire into Galcas' blood.

And it came to pass that one day when the King's sudden appearance had been more than ever unexpected, he found his Queen in the strange company of Ursula Dahligrane, whom never again had he set eyes upon since his visit to Castle Kirkwall—a visit he cared not to remember overmuch. Both women were sitting on low stools before Izvana's hearth, bending over something that lay on Ursula's lap.

The King felt his wrath mount like a red wave to his brain. His hands clenched! And there sat Izvana, the White Queen, more wondrously lovely than ever before, with a glow over her as of the dawn; Izvana, the wife he loved, and who tortured him with that smile of hers, more distant than the smile of angels playing on shores beyond the sunset, beyond the rim of the world . . .

Twas over Rowana that both women were bending. Rowana, Izvana's two-months-old babe, and at that moment so alike was the expression of both their faces that sisters they might have been.

Suddenly Galcas was in the chamber.

With a little cry Ursula sprang to her feet. Izvana, however, with that new calm she had achieved, that calm which was one of Galcas' torments, remained seated, but extended towards him a hand through which the flame shone like liquid rubies.

"Welcome, Galcas," she said. "I knew not that thou wast coming home to-day."

"Thou countest overmuch upon my love of battle, Izvana," he growled. "There are other lures no less strong than the sound of steel upon steel." And throwing back his head haughtily he asked: "And may I know what ill-wind has blown Ursula the witch within Ardichavar walls?"

And Izvana, knowing to her own detriment her lord's every mood, realized that he was keeping himself in hand, and that his words expressed but half his thought.

"A queer guest, indeed, for a Queen to house."

Izvana protested at this insinuation, but without raising her voice. "Listen, Galcas, whilst wandering about Groorowan's lonely paths, an exile amidst rock and cloud, God led Ursula's steps that way. She was weary, a tortured creature fleeing from shame, and I, the Queen, one set up above others, as last and supreme refuge for those in distress, offered her the sanctuary of my hearth. For is not this law of hospitality a blessed right in all lands, since all ages, among high and low, a sacred law none should break?"

"Words, fine words, many words, 'tis woman's way to fog men's brain with words big and small, words of every color and shape! Sanctuary, indeed! Even Groorowan, that lonely stronghold seems not to have been near enough the clouds to keep thieves from breaking in. And Gondril, what was he about, I wonder, and old Catherine? In truth, who can be trusted? Upon what hearts dare a man lean?"

"Galcas!" Tall and white Izvana rose to her feet; a beautiful figure of queenly sweetness, her face all luminous with gentle goodness. "Galcas, Ursula is homeless; Ursula whose life has been one aching wound, needs a woman's love . . ." And Izvana laid a hand on Galcas' arm.

"Thy love!" interrupted the King furiously, shaking off his wife's touch. "Thy love!"

A moment Galcas hesitated, uncertain of how he meant to behave, but then drawing himself up with a haughty shrug of his shoulders, he stared fiercely at his wife, and Ursula saw how his hands clenched and unclenched, but what he said was:

"Thus let it be. This night I shall expect to taste of all good things to which I have a right, food, wine and the kisses of my Queen. Then turning to Ursula, "But as none of us have need to hear our fortune told this evening I think that Sir Dahligrane's sister has no reason to have a place at our board." And before Izvana could make him take back those ungracious

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words, the King strode from the room with more noise than he had come.

Ivana watched him go, but when the sound of his steps had died away, as one suddenly overcome by deadly weariness she moved over to the hearth and leaned her head against its stone mantel. For a while there was silence except for the sound of the crackling fire—then noiselessly Ursula went up to her and laid Rowana in the Queen's arms.

"At least thou hast thy babe," she said. "Look deep into its eyes and rejoice, for indeed they are not Galcas' eyes."

A sound very like a sob came from Ivana's throat as she bent over the child who, suddenly awaking from sleep, with a start stared at her, and indeed those deep, grey, mysterious, far-gazing eyes were not Galcas' eyes . . .

Like a vision, the White Light of Truth, which at certain hours of their lives men are allowed to behold, thus did Ivana, the pale Queen, appear to Galcas' warriors that evening as she sat at the head of Galcas' table, calm, aloof, radiantly lovely, with the face of a dimly-remembered saint.

The King drank heavily that night.

'Twas a feast according to his taste, for Ivana had seen to it that the food should be plentiful, and wine of every kind be served, but women being present for a while he kept himself in hand.

Many eyes watched him but the most anxious were Lord Gondril's. He loved both his master and mistress, and his loyal old heart suffered to see Grief sitting between them instead of Love.

With beating heart Gondril allowed his glance to rest upon Galcas' Queen. Her beauty brought tears to his eyes which had seen fair sights and foul all the world over.

So intently did the old man gaze upon her that Galcas, ever on the alert, noticed it and called out to him over the table:

"And what seemst thou written on the face of our Queen, my lord?" And his hard, short laugh rung through the hall.

"Do we not all see beauty written upon it?" had been the old knight's answer. "Beauty and goodness, and something of a soul which seems white through and through."

"Oho! whilst Yes, white indeed, for is she not of ice—ice which freezes men's blood in their veins, and stops all life in their fingertips when they touch her!"

"The Snow Queen!" said someone.

Gondril could not see who had spoken the word.

"Snow Queen! Yes, indeed! 'Tis a good title for Galcas' Queen," cried the sovereign. "Look how white she is, but ask not if her heart be of ice or of flames. Let us drink to her health; to the health of the noblest, purest, whitest woman ever born. Galcas' Queen—the Snow Queen indeed!"

Many cups were raised. Ivana bowed her head ever so slightly, and the smile did not leave her lips.

Galcas' thirst seemed unquenchable; one tankard after another did he empty, but seldom did he turn his gaze away from his Queen. Ugly became the expression of his eyes, ugly, too, his short, hard laugh, and ever more unguarded his language. Often he leaned over the table towards Ivana, taunting her with words over which he was losing all control.

She rose at last, tall and stately, but without any outward show of haste or confusion.

"The King will allow me and my ladies to retire. Wishing our honored guests good-night, the hour is far advanced, 'tis time we should seek our chambers. To-morrow at dawn we shall be down in the courtyard to wish our brave knights God-speed and a happy return, crowned with glory and success."

With an exclamation of protest Galcas sprang to his feet, making a sudden lunge over the table towards Ivana, but in doing so he overturned his brimful goblet. In a crimson stream the wine flowed over the cloth down Ivana's immaculate robe, staining it with splashes of dark red. Taken aback by the sight of those ugly marks upon the White Queen's gown, the words of anger which had mounted to his lips died in his throat, and as one dazed he remained silent, with clenched fists, gazing after his wife's retreating figure as she passed down the long hall like a magic trail of light . . . and dared not bid her stay.

THE candle beside Ivana's bed had almost burnt down to its socket when, like a great prowler, with cautious tread, Galcas entered his lady's chamber.

Overcome by fatigue, Ivana had finally fallen asleep. Her slumber was that of deep exhaustion. She lay on her back, her wonderful hair covering her pillow with showers of pale gold. One of her arms was thrown over her coverlet, but in the other lay Rowana, the Star-Child, also fast asleep, her tiny head nestling close to her mother's breast, like a bud.

Galcas stood a moment leaning over that picture of perfect peace and loveliness, a storm of conflicting emotions surging through his heart. This exquisite woman who lay there, wrapped in the unconscious abandon of sleep, was his, his Queen, his wife, his possession! He had brought her from a far country, torn her out of her native soil to plant her here in his Northern gloom. How had he tended her delicate bloom? What had he given to her heart, to her soul? And that child . . .

A little stranger . . . What did man know about the child woman brought into the world through agony and tears?

Closer bent Galcas, his face now almost touching that of the sleeping babe. Rowana . . . There was a sound of distance in the name, a sound of longing . . . a sound of love.

Galcas passed a burning hand over a still more burning brow, and suddenly he began to tremble. Yes, he had been drinking down there in the great hall he had been drinking.

But what was that? . . . Why did he see crimson stains everywhere? Why also here on the White Queen's bed . . . quite near the sleeping babe . . .

Fascinated, the King leaned closer . . . A crimson blotch upon the White Queen's bed! . . .

The ruby! The magic ruby! Galcas drew himself up suddenly. The ruby! Iroon's ruby, and Rowana was clutching its chains within a tiny fist . . . a baby's fist . . .

Like seething waves a thousand conflicting thoughts took possession of Galcas, pouring through his brain till every drop of blood in his body throbbed intolerably.

And suddenly a thought rose clear, compelling out of the chaos of the young King's brain: he could tear the ruby from the infant's hands. What resistance could those wee hands make? He had always hated to see that flaming stone lie on the White Queen's breast . . . It had always

been like a stain, like something he wanted to wipe from her . . . a stain . . .

Impulsively Galcas bent down again over mother and child . . . But . . . what was that? Ivana was looking at him; her eyes were open, her glacier-green eyes, and oh, what fear he read in those eyes—a dumb, abominable fear, like the fear of a small animal tracked by a beast of prey . . .

"Ivana!"
Twas a cry of pain, a cry which irresistibly mounted from the man's heart to his lips.

"Ivana!"
The wife felt the pain in that cry; it pierced her through and through. Her own grief made her understand the grief of others.

Galcas was now on his knees beside Ivana's bed, his head with the tumbled hair quite near the baby's face. Ivana caught her breath; her heart pounded in her breast like the beating of some tremendous flood against a barrier it is endeavoring to burst. What would Galcas do? What were the emotions that had made him utter that cry which had awakened her from sleep?

"Ivana, is it because thou dost not want me that thou hast taken the child against thee like a shield?"

But Ivana said nothing.
Suddenly Rowana cried out—a strange, wailing cry which made the mother start up and clutch it to her heart, her hair falling all about the infant like a veil thrown over it in protection; but what Ivana did not notice was that as she lifted the child, the precious ruby slipped from the grasp of its wet hand . . .

Like great drops of blood it lay upon the white cover, and Galcas stared down upon it with fascinated gaze; then slowly his fingers advanced towards it, noiselessly like those of a thief afraid of making any sound, they closed around it, grasped it . . . Iroon's ruby was his . . .

GALCAS had returned to his troops.

His tent had been pitched by the shore of the sea. Beyond, on a vast field, stood thousands of other tents—as far as the eye could reach, tents, tents, a mighty camp full of soldiers resting, for a great battle was planned for the morrow and each man was seeing to his armor, to his weapons, to his horse.

It was evening and Galcas, like the rest of his army, was resting, that is to say, awaiting the events that were close at hand, for the King knew that upon to-morrow's victory depended his country's peace.

He had taken off his heavy armor and stood in his purple doublet in front of his tent, looking out upon the sea over which the sun was setting with pale golden light.

The King stared at the sea; the sun was just dipping down behind it, but its last rays clung to the ruby he was holding in his hand.

"I loathe the thing!" he said half aloud. "I want to be rid of it. I shall pitch it into the waves and its cursed stine will be swallowed up, for all times—buried, drowned—its light put out for ever . . . for ever . . ."

The King raised his arm to fling Iroon's talisman far out into the water, but a sudden thought struck him . . . he would send for Iroon . . . Yes, and he would toss the stone away before his very eyes . . . the stone he had stolen at the risk of his life from the terrible old men . . .

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the stone he had brought to the Queen . . . to Ivana, Galcas' wife . . .

Besides, he had another reason why he must see Iroon. To-morrow . . . yes, to-morrow a great battle was to be fought and Iroon . . .

The King suddenly lifted his voice and gave a loud call, which was immediately answered by one of his squires.

"I desire to see my Lord of Carndhu, here at once . . . Haste thee . . . My Lord Iroon, he is to come at once . . ."

GALCAS had seated himself upon a large chest on the beach. The sea was calm but its voice as ever was weary and full of a moaning complaint, something like an old song it was tired of singing and yet sang over and over again out of an old habit it could not give up.

Galcas suddenly looked up; the sun had disappeared and night was at hand, but an enormous moon had risen full-faced and staring, the same moon as had shone down two nights ago upon Ardichavar and upon Ivana . . . Ivana . . . Galcas shivered; it was still almost winter and it was cold.

The young King rose to his feet, and as did so Iroon was suddenly before him—Lord of Carndhu.

How tall he was! How upright, how splendid, verily a king amongst men—a conqueror, one whom women loved.

Bending his head before his Sovereign:

"I am here to obey my lord's commands," he said. "And crave pardon if I have kept the King waiting, but my tent has been pitched at the other end of the camp."

"Is all ready for to-morrow?" inquired the King without looking into his vassal's face.

"Yes, and the men are eager to enter the fray; they are well rested, have been well fed—they scold the enemy like well-trained hounds."

"And the horses?"

"Winter has tried their legs; the snow drifts, the cold ice mats on their fetlocks and makes them sore, but spring is soon at hand."

There was a pause. Like a rock, Iroon stood before the King, but he did not speak. "I have come from Ardichavar," said the King, clearing his throat.

"The roads must have been heavy," remarked Iroon. "The forest must still be full of drifts."

"Going and coming, both ways I rode hard. Spring comes slowly in the north. Ivana . . . hates the north."

Again there was silence. The moon shone down upon the two warriors, and the sea sang them her eternal complaint. From afar came the sound of music and laughter and of voices singing in chorus some ancient song.

This time 'twas Iroon who broke the silence.

"Has my lord any order to give me? For if I am not needed I crave leave to go back to my men. I like to be amongst them the eve of a battle."

The King, ignoring his vassal's question, came a step nearer up to where his former friend stood.

"Art thou prepared for thy evil hour?" asked the King.

"I am ready, I hope, as any true knight should be," declared Iroon.

Again the King cleared his throat and then very clearly he said these words:

"The bravest are sent where danger is greatest."

"It is their sacred right," answered Iroon.

"I have designed thee, my Lord of Carndhu, for the supreme post of honor in the coming battle . . ."

"Receive my humble thanks, my Lord King; greatly have I prayed for that word to be spoken."

"It had to be spoken," declared the King looking searchingly into the other man's face.

"Yes, it had to be spoken," agreed the man Ivana loved. "The world is wide and yet not wide enough . . ."

"For the same love in two men's hearts," added the King, with smouldering rage in his voice.

Now he was so close up to Iroon that his face almost touched the other's. His hands were clenched; his eyes glittered like the eyes of an angry animal, ready to spring.

"As my lord has now told me what he wishes me to hear, may I take leave and go back to my men?" inquired Iroon. "I was to watch and pray with them throughout this night."

"Doth know where I am sending thee to-morrow, my Lord of Carndhu?" asked suddenly the King.

"To my death." Quietly, without a tremor did the big man pronounce the fatal words.

Galcas sprang back as though stung but then suddenly putting his hand into his breast he drew from it the magic ruby, which shone strangely for a second beneath the rays of the moon, and then with a wide, sweeping gesture he threw it far out into the sea.

Like a tiny streak of light it whizzed through the air, both men followed it with their eyes, and then it was gone.

For a moment Iroon closed his lids; 'twas his only sign of emotion.

"Think ye that Ivana will search for her ruby?" asked Galcas, wiping his hand as one who has committed a crime.

"I am wondering if any man has the right to take what is not his?" pronounced Iroon; "even a king."

"Let us not speak of taking what is not ours," sneered the King. "There are also other hearts, not only gems that usurp that shape. But perchance thou dost not call that stealing."

Sweat stood in big drops on Galcas' forehead; every muscle in his face was twitching; he could not keep his hands still.

A pulsing silence ensued, then:

Tearing his eyes away from the King's, Iroon inquired with steady voice:

"And may I now, with the King's permission, go back to my men. The hour is advancing, and to-morrow . . ."

"Once we were friends," murmured Galcas.

"And it is for a last time that I look into the eyes of my King," said Iroon.

"And in what dost thou see?"

"Regret," said Iroon.

"I am sending thee to thy death!" And the King clenched his hands.

"The world is not large enough for us both," said Iroon sadly. "Therefore one of us must go."

A last look into each other's eyes, and then Iroon was gone . . .

Alone stood Galcas, quite motionless with hanging arms, his face lifted towards the stars; the earth beneath his feet seemed dead . . .

Douglas Deardhull was waiting for Iroon in his tent. Douglas knew how to wait, the long captivity of his childhood had taught

him patience, a lesson he had never unlearned.

Douglas was anxious. There was something ominous about the stillness of this night. It seemed to be holding its breath, waiting . . . Waiting for what?

Deardhull began pacing up and down, up and down in front of his master's tent.

Ah! but was that not Iroon coming towards him? . . . It must be Iroon! Who else in the wide world walked as upright, as straight, as tall, as magnificent?

"Iroon!"

"Friend," answered Iroon. "Yes, 'tis I!"

"Let me see thy face," cried the poet.

"Tis ever the same face," smiled Iroon.

"Nay, nay!" protested the poet, looking at him searchingly, "'tis the face of . . ."

"Or what?"

"The face of one who has a far way to go; the face of one who has taken leave—of one who has said farewell . . ."

"I have said farewell to my King."

"And to what else, Iroon?"

"To love."

"And still to what else hast thou said farewell?"

"Does not that one word include every other?" And Iroon laid his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Does it not include hope, joy, ambition . . . The very breath of life itself?"

"And to all these thou hast said farewell?"

"Yes."

"Iroon, thou art made for life!"

"Yes, I thought so, too, but that was yesterday . . ."

"What words were spoken?" asked anxiously the poet.

"Not many," said Iroon evasively. "Come, 'tis late, and before morning . . ." Iroon did not finish his sentence, but turning entering his tent followed by the poet.

"Wilt thou light yonder torch?" requested Iroon. "I have something I must write," and he threw his sword upon the couch which served as a bed. For a moment he stood pondering. Douglas watched him with anxious eyes.

"Shall I leave thee alone?"

"Nay, my friend. If thou art not too weary, I would beg thee to stay . . . for this night certain words will still have to be spoken."

"And wilt thou take no rest?"

"Why should I rest?" And the well-known smile which Ivana loved softened the big man's lips.

"But to-morrow's battle . . . thou wilt need all thy head . . . all thy strength."

"There'll be over and enough time to rest after to-morrow's battle—a long, endless rest. And my head? . . . Never was it clearer, but lie down upon yonder couch—thou hast waited long for me this night; 'twas a heavy vigil. I shall call thee when I'm done." And as Deardhull hesitated: "Do as I bid thee, and turn the face against the tent wall whilst I write; I want to see her face, hers alone . . ."

IROON, Lord of Carndhu . . .

Carefully the big man signed his name. It must even be confessed that with a certain difficulty did he sign it, for those were days when knights seldom held a pen, and greatly embarrassed would Galcas, for instance, have been, had he tried to pen a message of love. For it was a message of love that Iroon had been writing—a message of love to the Queen.

"Douglas?"

The poet sprang to his feet,

Iroon was now attaching a heavy seal to his parchment.

"Douglas, thou wilt see that this safely reaches her hands."

"Twill safely reach her hands, my lord."

"Thou wilt take it thyself . . . to-morrow."

"I . . . forsake thee to-morrow! . . . How canst thou give such an order to a friend?"

"A dying man's wish." And Iroon smiled his lovely smile. "Not an order, Douglas . . . just a wish!"

"But what of thee?"

"Not much more of me, probably," smiled the Lord of Carndhu. "The honor is being offered me of throwing away my life for my country . . . I've accepted the offer . . . that is all . . . But listen, my friend . . ."

"Yes?"

For a moment the big man paused, clutching his fist before him on the table and drawing his brows together—for he wished to say just a few words . . . not too many . . . but Ivana's eyes kept looking at him—and they were full of grief. Then very slowly he said:

"Crowned Queens must have a face for every fate—Grania said so. Grania is great, she knows . . . she had a face for every fate; always the right face. She could always show it before her people . . . but the Pale Face of Beauty . . ."

The man stopped a moment to clear his throat, then:

"Listen, Douglas . . . these are my wishes . . . I will not make many words . . . Go to her, give her . . . what I have written, and tell her . . ." He paused. "Tell her . . . I shall await her in the far country . . . where at night we shall sail in a golden boat on a softly-singing sea. The sail will glow with mystic radiance, and tell her that by that radiance I shall adore her moon-white face . . . Tell her that to leave her is . . ."

Iroon broke off. "Words are too small," he said, "too small."

Gently Deardhull laid his arm round his friend's shoulders.

"I'll tell her—fear not; she shall know all that thy lips this night hardly dare pronounce . . ."

"Yes, tell her, Douglas! And tell her that I make the sign of the cross over Rowana's heart—over the Star-Child's heart. And listen, Douglas . . . if . . ." Iroon threw back his head, passing his hands over his hair.

"Douglas, if I should not . . . if death never let life from my body at once . . . for this can happen—life is tenacious, and a man seeking death dies not always at once. If life still flows in me just a little bring Giovani to me—Giovani the nameless,

"Giovani!"

"Yes, for before I die I would like to tell him . . . What?"

"What Queen Grania told me: that he is my brother!"

"Giovani thy brother?"

"Yes."

"By thy father?"

"Yes."

"And Queen Grania told thee?"

"Yes, that day when she sent for me—and then for Galcas. The day when she saved Ivana, because she was a crowned queen . . ."

"And thou wouldst leave some message for Giovani?"

"If I live not to tell him—tell him that he is not nameless—tell him that he is Lord of Carndhu!"

"Lord of Carndhu, Giovani! Yes . . . now suddenly I see his eyes, and something I could not explain in his face!"

After that silence for a while; an angel seemed passing through the tent.

"And now, Douglas, bid me farewell—for I feel the need to go out alone beneath the stars and pray. Friend of all my days, good-bye! . . ."

"Good-bye, Iroon, Lord of Carndhu."

And then, silently taking the scroll of parchment from the knight's hand, Deardhull strode out into the night. Nor did he turn again to look upon the face of the man Ivana loved.

IZVANA was sitting at Grania's feet. With hands clasped round her knees was she sitting there, eyes staring into space.

She could hardly have explained why, but more and more often now did Ivana come to Grania's darkened chamber, and this morning she had come earlier than usual. She needed to take refuge somewhere, and Grania, at the hour when the world seemed trembling, had about her something of things that cannot fall.

Grania had made no comment upon her coming. She had greeted her without effusion, but had somehow made Ivana feel that she had come to the right place.

"To-day the great battle is to be fought," said Ivana. After her long silence her voice seemed quite small.

"I know," answered the grandmother. "I awoke with the sound of bugles in my ears. I have, in my time, sat many a day awaiting the news of battle."

"Why didst thou hear the bugles of battle this morning?"

"Because a great battle is to be fought to-day."

"And the bravest will not come back?" Ivana pronounced the thought uppermost in her mind.

"There will be a sound of closing doors," whispered Grania.

"Of closing doors?" For the first time Ivana raised her head to look into the hoary woman's face. "What doors?"

"The doors of thy dream," answered the grandmother. "Tis a dreary sound, and one which remains with one till the very end of life. I still hear my doors closing. But others can open for all that . . ."

"Not for me!" And Ivana suddenly hid her face against the old woman's knee.

"Great Mother, I do not think I shall be here for long!"

"The beginning and the end of things are in the hands of God."

"Wilt thou bless me, Great Mother?"

"I bless thee, Ivana. May God's peace be with thee, and all the strength of which thou wilt have. It is ever darkest before dawn, but there is light at the end, at the very end . . ."

"And the one who declared that she was frozen suddenly drew the young woman into her arms; bedding her head against her shoulder she held her there for a moment—then drawing herself up to her greatest height, "Child," she said, and the hand with which she pointed towards the door though withered and weightless, could not be disobeyed, never had been disobeyed.

"Now go!"

And Ivana, not knowing if she were waking or dreaming, went . . .

Douglas Deardhull had arrived at the castle. Ardichavar's portals had opened to receive him, then they had closed again, and old Catherine, gazing from her window, had nodded her head as one satisfied, then seeing three pairs of eyes fixed inquiringly

upon her, she had said as though answering a question:

"Yes, girls, 'tis Deardhull; thank God 'tis he."

With hands crossed over her bosom as though to control the beating of her heart, stood Ivana the Queen—and thus did she receive Deardhull who came to her with a misive in his hand.

Like one hungry he stared into her face, Oh, wonderful face. Who could look upon it and not yearn to look again?

Bending knee before her, he presented her the rolled parchment with the heavy seal; the seal of those of Carndhu.

Ivana stretched out a hand.

"From him?"

Still kneeling, Douglas bowed as answer. He could not trust his voice.

"A farewell?" asked Ivana, and her words seemed to come from far off . . .

"Written at night," breathed the poet "Under the light of the moon."

Slowly Ivana detached the seal and unrolled the parchment.

Moving to the window she bent over the parchment and the light from outside fell upon her head.

Deardhull had risen from his knees. His eyes were upon her, consuming her face. "How the light must love lingering on her head!" was his thought.

When she had read her message, Ivana stood quite still, the parchment in her hands. Not a word did she say, and her eyes were dry as a land over which a scorching wind had passed.

"I wish she could weep," thought the poet. "Her tears would be as healing rain after a sweltering heat. She ought to weep!"

"My Queen!"

No answer.

"My Queen, speak!"

Ivana's lids flickered slightly.

"My charm is gone . . ." she whispered at last.

"I know . . ."

"Did he know?"

"Yes."

"Galcas told him?"

"Yes."

"What did Galcas do with it?"

For a moment Douglas hesitated.

"He threw it into the sea," said the poet at last. Beneath his breath he said it, as one ashamed of his words.

"Into the sea . . . And Iroon knew? . . ."

"Yes, he threw it into the sea when my master was with him."

"He taunted him with it?"

"Yes, but afterwards . . . quite at the last, they shook hands . . . They parted friends . . ."

"Ah!"

Ivana's cry was a moan, half agony, half relief.

"Was it not better so?" asked the poet.

"Yes, yes. Anyhow 'twas more beautiful."

"I hoped it, and yet, oh, the pain, the pain! . . . And Ivana sank down upon the seat near the window, her head bedded in her arms on the sill.

THE bells of Ardichavar were ringing; those wondrous, many-voiced bells, those bells which stirred the old Queen's soul as did nothing else on earth.

Hands clenched on the two arms of her chair, Grania was listening as one haunted by the remembrance of a dream.

"What are those bells, Giovani?"

"Bells that are sounding for victory," said Giovani.

CROWNED QUEENS

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"Victory! I have heard such bells more than once in my life," remarked the Queen, "but these somehow seem to have also another message to proclaim."

Ivana, too, was listening to the bells of Ardichavar. She was standing at her window and her hands hung down as one who has just surrendered something she can hold fast no more.

The Countess of Cathal had come to her chamber; she knew that the sound of those bells would startle the woman whose heart was being torn in two.

"What are those bells? Catherine, what are those bells?"

"Bells that are ringing for victory, dear lady of my heart."

"Victory! Ye call it victory!"

"Tidings have reached Ardichavar that our King has vanquished his enemy, that as conqueror he is returning to us . . ."

"He is returning . . . and . . ."

"Yes, also in Craggenlee all the bells are ringing. The joyful news has spread like wildfire through all the country, and the King . . . The Countess hesitated.

"And the King?" Ivana's eyes were full of fear.

"The King . . . I believe our lord will expect the Queen to meet him at Craggenlee so as to give thanks in the great cathedral, for thus was the habit of the Dartihulus from father to son."

"Thanksgiving?"

"Yes, for a message has been received that the Queen is asked to bring the young princes with her."

"Gallion and Alazar . . . They, too, are to render thanks?"

"My Queen! It has been a great victory."

The old lady went up to her mistress and laying her hand upon her shoulder:

"Crowned Queens must have a face for every fate . . ."

"What sort of face should mine be to-day?"

"The face of one who has received glad tidings . . . The country has escaped from a grievous fate."

"Oh, my Queen! Oh, my Queen!" and the old lady, putting both hands up to Ivana's face drew it down towards her and kissed her forehead reverently, tenderly, as one taking leave . . . Yes, in spite of her brave words it was as one taking leave . . . Then hurrying out of the Queen's chamber, the faithful old body went about her work.

Ivana remained standing with closed eyes—the bells were still ringing, ringing, the whole world seemed just one clamor of clashing, calling bells . . .

IZVANA was riding at Galcas' side towards the great cathedral at Craggenlee. King and Queen had met on the old market-place, she having ridden from Ardichavar and Galcas from the field of battle. A riotous crowd had received them: the old town was one surging mass of inhabitants, one crazy because a much-feared foe had been routed and a great danger overcome. Galcas had been victorious!

Galcas had returned as hero! His name was on every tongue. It could be heard like a clarion-call rising above the din.

"Galcas! Galcas!" and ever again, "Galcas!"

Ivana saw the many faces and yet she did not see them. Ivana was as one in a trance . . . But one thing, though, had pierced that trance: Galcas' eyes. She had met them, in full, and the look husband and wife had exchanged as coming from two different sides, they had pulled up their horses, facing each other, was a question and answer which had needed no words. That one look into Galcas' eyes had told Ivana that her fate was sealed.

The tremendous din around them was sufficient excuse for no further greeting to pass between them; the Queen had bowed her head before him in acknowledgment of his triumphant return, and Grana had lightly guessed; there was a smile on Ivana's lips: Queen's smile.

At sight of the beautiful Queen advancing at their war lord's side, the shouts, cheers and cries grew ever more deafening, but when the women became aware that Ivana was carrying her babe in her arms, excitement turned into jubilant frenzy. All hands were extended towards her; her name came to every lip, and blessings were poured over her head. The old ones crossed themselves and a strange emotion made many eyes dim.

Galcas heard their shouts, and his proud, resentful heart was stirred by a bitter pride and a still bitter love, which had about it a flavor of hate. Furtively he scanned the face of his life's companion, and her extraordinary beauty struck him like a blow on the heart. Indeed there was something immaterial about her, something unearthly—and that smile! Where before had he seen such a smile? Where?

In his dreams, perhaps. Or was it in the old mosaics, on faces of martyrs and saints? But she was not a martyr!

They had reached the foot of the stone stairs leading up the cathedral portal. A crimson carpet like a blood-red river ran down the steps to meet them. Why was it so red, so horribly red? Galcas hated its color, yet it had been spread out in his honor. It was only on the most royal occasions that the carpet reddened the stairs!

Ivana had dismounted; her babe clasped in her arms, she was standing at his side. "Twas Gondril who had helped her from the saddle, and her two wee sons were holding on to her mantle, one at her right, the other at her left.

Ivana raised her head. How weary she was! How endless seemed the steps she was mounting; how mercilessly red the cloth over which she was treading at Galcas' side. Before her gaped the portal, still a long way off! 'Twas wide open but dark, like a mystery to which God alone has the key. Inside was sanctuary—peace.

Many were standing on the topmost step ready to receive the royal couple—many. Their faces swam before Ivana's gaze as in a mist. Heavier and heavier became the babe in her arms. How angrily the ice-cold wind blew over her darling, how knife-like was each breath she drew, and her two sons were clinging to her mantle; two living weights she was dragging with her up, up . . . Would those red-decked steps never come to an end?

But . . . was she dreaming? Not . . . that face in the dark doorway! That grave, emaciated, martyr-like face—Giovani!

How had Giovani come here, and why was he waiting with so many others up there on the threshold of the church? Giovani!

And there was something in Giovani's face she had noticed once before, some re-

semblance, some terrible, haunting likeness to . . .

A gasp very like a moan tore itself from the pale Queen's throat. Galcas heard it, and through his sullen resentment flashed something of comprehension, some almost unconscious understanding of what his crowned companion was enduring, and almost involuntarily he held out his hand, catching hers in a firm grip.

The look she gave him was one of gratitude.

Galcas made sign to his Queen to turn, and facing the crowd, to answer their jubilant acclamations before entering the church. Passively the weary woman obeyed, calling upon all her royal strength, upon that instinctive subconscious sense of duty which is at once pride and a desire to serve.

Giovani, watching her, marvelled at the strength that had come to her, and thanked Heaven for giving her such power, for Giovani knew the message she was soon to receive. 'Twas because of that message that Giovani was here . . .

Within, the sanctuary voices were singing in chorus, like angels before the throne of God.

The air was heavy with incense rising to the vaulted dome, filmy dreams straining heavenwards.

Ever louder rose the singing; hymns of thanksgiving, glorious chants of earthly gladness, of earthly gratitude to One who had sent victory to their King.

Upright at the site of the kneeling woman he stood, that mighty warrior all were acclaiming. His brow was dark as it ever was, but on his face was the look of triumph of one who had lived up to his code, of one who to the bitter end ruthlessly cuts his way through life.

O

On the threshold of Craggenlee's cathedral stood the poet, Douglas Deardhull. The wintry sun was taking a pale farewell of the day. Its last, curiously livid rays fell full upon the crowned couple as they stepped out of the dim interior into the waning light.

Taken aback by the sudden appearance of one they had not expected thus to meet, both King and Queen stood still, and the poet, knowing what emotion must be choking the woman, marvelled at the way she strangled the cry mounting to her throat.

Galcas frowned and made a gesture as though to pass the man who had sunk upon one knee before his Sovereigns, but Douglas, doffing his cap, pronounced the solemn words:

"'Twas always from all times the tradition of Crowned Queens to be sisters of mercy when the poor and the sick are in need. One who is dying craves for her blessing and for a last look at our dear lady's face. I have come to lead her thither."

For a moment Galcas, like a great tiger, was ready to spring, ready to tear asunder one who was an unwelcome shadow thrown over his hour of glory. But, all at once, something came over him, he could not have said what, something like a hand on his shoulder, like a voice in his ear: "Let her go—it is right that she should go; it is right that thou bid her go—for death doth not wait . . . Didst thou not at that last hour of parting clasp thy hand as a friend?"

Dumbly, like a wounded creature in

CROWNED QUEENS

mortal pain, Iwana had been looking at her lord and master, the Star-Child pressed to her heart, her two red-clad little sons clinging to the folds of her cloak which the wind was worrying like the sail of a ship.

"Go!" said Galcas dully. "The right that thou shouldst go. Gondril will go with thee. Yonder before the town hall I shall await thy return." And striding over the terrible crimson carpet, down the long stone stairs, Galcas left his trembling Queen to the care of those who had better known how to love her than he.

A SINGLE candle was burning beside the bed where the Lord of Carnahu lay with closed eyes like one already dead.

The chamber was small, bare, comfortless. From time to time sounds from the festive town, dulled by distance, reached even here. Sometimes the storm raged into the chamber through the unglazed window, and it was as though its voice were a message full of tribulation that even the sick man was to hear.

But hark! Were those not footsteps? Very distant, hardly audible, and yet . . . Allan, Iroon's favorite page, raised his head. Yes, those were footsteps, and more than one! Were they coming here?

Deardhull had said he would be back soon, but he had already been gone long, horribly long, and it was fearful to wait here all alone with that silent figure on the bed.

The steps were coming nearer; it sounded as though they had turned into this quiet side street. But now it was quite dark outside; nothing could young Allan distinguish. Who was Deardhull bringing with him? Was it someone the wounded man still wished to see?

But was he dead?

The boy rose to his feet, but before going over to the window furtively he cast a glance towards the man on the bed.

Allan started. Iroon's eyes were open. Had he heard those steps coming down the street? Was he waiting for someone?

But oh, how bright were those two deep-sunken eyes! The light of the candle was reflected in them, but they were not looking at him, but at the window. His head was wound round and round with bandages; forehead, temples, and neck.

The steps advancing towards the silent listeners rang quite distinctly now on the cobbled pavement. How many might there be? One, two, three, but . . . oh! Allan, who had been leaning out of the window, drew back his head suddenly. Did he see rightly? There was a woman amongst them. Yes, a woman, and . . . oh! If he only dared look again! . . . But really he had seen it in spite of the dark.

He was not dreaming; it was no fantasy of his overwrought brain; he really had seen a crown on the woman's head, a marvellous, glittering, gleaming crown.

Without daring to cast a look upon the man on the bed, Allan, with a swift movement, glided to the door and threw it wide open. But as one who does not wish to be noticed, he flattened himself within its shade against the wall, staring with astonished eyes at those who stepped over the threshold.

There were four in all. Douglas the poet, followed by a woman in costly raiment and with a crown on her head, and close on her heels a grim old warrior all clad in steel, and then a monk! Yes, actually a monk, quite a young monk! His head was bent, but all the same Allan had noticed the wonderful purity of his face.

Like four figures in a dream they passed him, and then, quite dazed, Allan had closed the door.

IWANA was on her knees beside the bed of the great warrior who was breathing his last. Without a sound she had just dropped down there beside her love, and had silently handed her babe to the poet, who received it with difficulty, in arms he tried to make as tender as those of a mother.

But it had been Giovani who unobtrusively had leaned down, and with merciful hands had removed the over-heavy crown from her head, so that she had been able to lay her released forehead upon the heart of the man who was going fast.

Iroon's right hand had been raised, and he laid it upon her as though claiming for a last time what had been dearest to him in this world. His breath came in short gasps, his face was wan, his eyes as dying stars, but her name came like a blessing to his lips—ever again it came!

"Iwana, Iwana, Iwana, my love . . . forgive, oh, forgive!" . . . And then again, "Forgive, forgive . . ."

Iwana groaned as in mortal pain.

"I cannot let thee go. I cannot remain alone. I'll go with thee or I'll come soon—soon." And again she laid her lips on his and there was silence except for the occasional howl of the wind.

Those standing with their backs to the bed felt that long, vibrating silence like a living presence in the room.

Then suddenly Giovani heard his name called faintly as from a great distance. Swiftly the monk turned and sank to his knees beside the bed, opposite Iwana, who lay with her face on her lover's heart. He unwound her hand lay over it as in protection. But the Queen's eyes were dry and hot.

"Giovani," whispered Iroon, "my brother . . . Giovani, Lord of Carnahu . . ."

Iwana started, looking up, and there was Giovani staring at her over the body of the stricken knight, and suddenly she realized the reason of the likeness that had haunted her earlier in the day.

"Lord of Carnahu," whispered Iroon, "Douglas will explain . . . Douglas! . . ."

The life-long friend wheeled round towards him, and going over to the bed tenderly lifted his master's head in both hands so as to look closer into his face.

"Best friend . . . man ever possessed. Poet . . . follower . . . explain . . . thou . . . Twas good our friendship . . . Douglas . . . love her . . . him, the babe . . . I'm going, going fast . . ."

"Iroon!" Iwana's cry was so mortally full of anguish that old Gondril, hearing it, half drew his sword from its scabbard as though to defend the adored woman from a living danger with her in the room.

"I am here, beloved . . . See, I am here!"

But the knight of knights heard no more than last cry of his love . . . His hand fell away from her like a weight . . . The Lord of Carnahu, hero of many battles, the White Queen's love, was dead . . .

IWANA rose from her knees with the help of Douglas Deardhull. With dry eyes she looked down for a last time into the face of Iroon, Lord of Carnahu. The poet had kept her hand in his. Together they stood contemplating the one who would never more open his eyes upon their lives. By the window stood

old Gondril and in his steel-clad arms was Iwana's babe holding it carefully as though afraid it might break in two. Allan at their side was staring over towards his dead master with the face of one who had seen a ghost.

"He has gone," whispered Iwana. "Gone where?"

"He had to go," answered sadly the poet. "His honor demanded that he should go."

"Think ye that he suffered much?" All the woman's anguish lay in that question.

Allan lifted his head:

"I never heard him groan once—nor did a complaint ever escape his lips; but he was one mass of wounds and his left arm was all but severed from his body and . . ." Then down went the boy's head again; his voice breaking, he could not speak of all the anguish he had witnessed the last three days. But raising it again he looked up at the fair woman who now stood there crownless. "But he seemed always to be waiting. His ears were all swathed in bandages, so 'twas his eyes that listened. Now I know, he was waiting for thee . . ."

Still holding the Queen's hand Douglas said:

"He knows not how far he already is from our voices, yet how blessedly near in his new loneliness . . ."

The Queen said nothing but never took her eyes from the dead man's face.

"Douglas!" Iwana turned upon the poet her great eyes of grief. In his hands hers trembled like a bird beating out its frightened heart.

Douglas started as one suddenly called out of sleep.

"Oh, White Queen, forgive—forgive, but thy sorrow it was wailing within me, sister to my own. My eye was turned inwards. There is folly in a poet's brain, and pictures without number; and words are as so many prisoners casting from them their chains."

But now grey-headed Gondril, all sombre in his black-steel came with heavy tread towards his Queen—in his arms the living bundle lay like a small nest in the boughs of an oak.

"Time does not stand still, dear our Queen." The grim warrior's voice was harsh from having throttled every emotion. "Thy lord will be awaiting thee—he is king—and the patience of the crowned is sometimes long, sometimes short, according to their moods . . . And here is thy last born and yonder . . . thy crown!"

Was there reproach in the old follower's words? Iwana turned her wounded eyes upon him, then drawing her hand away from out the poet's clasp, she laid it gently upon Rowana's head.

"I am coming, Gondril . . . coming . . ." And then all her agony mounted a last time to her lips; "Iroon!" she wailed, "I must go . . . I must go!"

But Iroon heard no more the cry of his love. Iroon lay with closed eyes and face upturned as a blank page upon which now only God could write.

Gondril, who had drawn young Allan to his side, laid Iwana's babe into the astonished boy's arms, then going over to the table, lifted from it the royal crown which had shimmmed all the while through the dusk, watchfully, like a tyrant who knows that he cannot be ignored for long.

Holding it up before him as a priest holds a chalice on the altar steps, he went over to Galcas' Queen and the way she humbly bent her head to receive its weight made Douglas, who was watching her, think of

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how in old days martyrs were supposed to offer their necks to the executioner's axe.

WITH impatient step King Galcas was pacing the old marketplace of Cruggenlee; up and down, up and down like an animal in a cage, but less silently, for his spurs rang against every stone and a clinking of armor accompanied his every stride.

The storm had abated, but it was bitterly cold and a few flakes of snow floating now and again across the darkness were like thy feathers lost in the night.

Would Ivana never come? Into what dark corner had that madman taken her—and he, Galcas, had allowed it. Without a word of protest he had let his wife go to the man she loved. But he was dying, was probably already dead. When he had met those men of Carndhu carrying away the great knight's body, he had thought he was uncovering his head before death. But then the sun had been in his eyes, so he had not clearly seen the color of the hero's face. For he was a hero. Twas thanks to Iroon's bravery that Galcas had won the day. But now? . . . Up and down, up and down. . . . How monstrous are the hours of waiting.

They were coming! Yes, that was Lord Gondril, heavy, steady and dogged, the very picture of a warrior of the safest, truest sort. But Dearhull and Giovani were not with him, only Ivana was following Gondril's torch. He saw her crown glisten suddenly. How tired must her forehead be; she had born that weight from early morning, and Ivana was delicate, she was not as Granta had been—proud, unbendable, equal to a man in strength; and Ivana was still carrying the Star-Child in her arms.

What would he find to say to her? What words do men say at such hours, such tragic hours of their life?

And then Ivana was beside him, looking up into his face. Her eyes had never been so dark; they were neither sea-blue nor glacier-green to-night, but the color of sorrow, a color not to be confounded with any other.

Galcas stared at her. He wanted to ask many questions but dared not; there was an atmosphere about Ivana as though she had come from church.

"He has gone," said the White Queen gently. Her voice, though low and a little hoarse, did not tremble, and softly she laid her hand upon his arm. "Will thou come with me only for a single second. I want to kneel a moment before the shrine of 'Our Blessed Lady of Sorrows.' I would like to have thee with me. Besides, I am weary, and would be grateful for the support of thy hand."

And Galcas suddenly knew that there are certain hours in life too tremendous for either words, reproaches or jealousies—hours where nothing really counts except truth.

Silently he offered his arm to the pale wraith at his side. Old Catherine had suddenly appeared from somewhere out of the dark. Neither King nor Queen wondered whence she had come. Were they not walking deep, always deeper, into an impossible dream? Ivana laid her babe into the anxious woman's arms, and, making a sign to Gondril, she indicated that she wished the crown taken from her head.

Gondril handed the torch he was holding to an attendant who had followed the Countess of Cathal, and going up to his Queen he lifted the heavy symbol of royalty from her brow. It was as though

chains were being removed from one condemned to death.

King and Queen moved away, her hand on his arm, the man with the torch walked behind them at a respectful distance.

The two faithful old followers stood side by side staring after them—Catherine with the Star-Child in her arms, Gondril holding the crown before him as a relic he hardly dared touch.

"Ghosts!" murmured the woman.

"Sorrow!" said the white-haired warrior and reverently he bowed his head.

THE White Queen was kneeling before "Our Blessed Lady of Sorrows," Galcas was standing beside her, both hands crossed on the hilt of his sword. A small lamp was burning at the foot of the Blessed Virgin. But when the man who had followed the crowned couple held up his torch, it flared over the stone image with weird and changing light.

Ivana's head was bent low, her face hidden in her hands. From her niche in the wall the carved image looked upon the woman's sorrow and smiled.

The light of the torch flared suddenly, and she found herself looking down into a small, anxious, thin little face. A child! Who was it? Whence had it come, and why?

What was she hugging with such a frightened but possessive gesture against her skinny little chest?

"Mother's dying," she whispered, her large, frightened eyes fixed upon the Queen. She could not tear them from the beautiful woman in the gorgeous robes. Was she real?

"Mother is dying, and Malcolm found this over there down on the beach. He told me to carry it to the Mother of Sorrows because she could help," she said, then with a trembling lip and anguish in her voice, "but it's too high up. . . . I can't reach. I'm too small; but it ought to hang round her neck. . . ."

Touchèd by the little wail's evident distress, Ivana put out her hand to take whatever humbug offering the child had brought.

"Give it to me, poor little one," she said. "I shall lay it at our Merciful Mother's feet."

Galcas had come a step nearer. He was annoyed, irritation could be read in his face.

As though loath to part with its treasure the child hesitated, but then with a sudden quick movement she laid it into the Queen's hands. . . . a large red ruby, the shape of a heart.

A cry which was echoed by another from Galcas escaped the Queen's lips. She stood as one struck by lightning, holding within her palm Iroon's gift.

"The charm!" whispered Galcas, who had come a step nearer.

"The charm!" repeated Ivana.

"The sea must have thrown it up," breathed the King. His voice was choked with emotion; 'twas as though he had seen a ghost.

The ragged urchin stood with large eyes set in a starved, grimy face, staring up at the two mighty people whose sudden emotion she could not understand.

The Queen stood speechless, staring down at what had once been her greatest treasure—but now . . .

Galcas, bending over her, whispered hoarsely: "'Tis thine, Ivana. The sea has given it back to thee!"

For a moment not a word did the pale

Queen say, then turning her wounded eyes towards her master:

"The charm is broken," she said, and the sadness in her voice had in it a sound of Eternity. "It is broken, Galcas, for have I not lost what best I loved upon earth. . . ."

Galcas turned away with a smothered oath. Lifting the now meaningless gem to her lips, Ivana kissed it, then reaching up so that her wide sleeves fell away from her arms, she deliberately fastened what had been her luck round the neck of the Virgin, whose smile never left her lips. . . .

The urchin was watching the wonderful woman's movements with anxious eyes in which there lived a world of unexpressed misery.

"Take this," said the Queen, and slipping a ring from her finger she let it drop into the beggar-child's hands. "And carry my blessings with it to thy mother," she said gently, and again she clasped the grimy small face. "Galcas, I am ready. . . ."

Galcas made a step forward, but avoided looking into his Queen's face.

Ivana laid her hand on his arm, and preceded by the torch-bearer, the royal couple moved away.

GIOVANI was praying at the foot of Ivana's bed. The beads of his rosary slipped through his fingers, but so low was his head bowed that naught could be seen of his face.

Plowed against many cushions, the White Queen lay with closed lids, her breath coming in rattling gasps.

Outside her door someone was pacing up and down, up and down, with heavy, restless tread.

Huddled together in the window embrasure were the Countess of Cathal, Ursula and Douglas, Iroon's friends. . . . In Ursula's arms lay Rowans with pale and pinched face.

With hate breath they were whispering together, casting the while anxious, sorrow-filled glances towards the bed.

"The doctor has left her to the prayers of the Church. Of all the bad signs, 'tis the worst." It was old Catherine who spoke.

"She ought never to have ridden out into that wind and storm, our pale, sweet Queen," groaned Ursula. "And yet when I think of how she loved him. . . . And here at Ardchiar, with Galcas. . . ."

"Hush, hush!" reproved the old woman. "Listen to those awful footsteps. Think of what our King must be suffering—think of the torture of his heart."

"And hers?" asked Ursula resentfully.

"She is nearing light." 'Twas the poet speaking. "He remains in darkness, and he sent his friend to death. . . ."

"Och! och!" sighed the old lady. "'Tis a weary world, indeed. . . . But see!" starting forward, "see, her dear eyes are opening! Is she going to speak?" And gliding swiftly to the bedside the faithful old body sank to her knees.

Yes, widely had Ivana opened her eyes, wide as two stars before dawn wipes them out. Her lips murmured something. The old lady leaned towards her. What was she saying . . . ?

"Poor Galcas . . . tell him . . ."

That was all. A long shuddering sigh—a few more deep-drawn struggling breaths like sobs. . . . then a little quiver. . . . That was all. . . .

Someone opened the door; Galcas turned with an exclamation, half oath, half sob. The Countess of Cathal stood before him; her eyes were red, she held a handkerchief in her hand.

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"Ivana?" cried the King.
"She is at rest." The old woman bowed her head, hiding it away in her hands.

"Gone . . ." The King stood staring at her. "Gone . . ."

"God has taken her . . ."
"She has gone to him Galcas clenched his hands.

"She has gone to God . . ."
Almost severe were the old lady's words.

"And the child . . . Rowana . . . she added, "our baby princess . . ."

"What?"
"God has plucked her like a flower in bud . . ."

"The Star-Child? Gone with her?"

"Twas too small a babe to remain alone."

"Too small, yes . . . And did she . . .

Ivana . . . ?"

"Ask for thee? She had no breath . . . but her last words were . . ."

"Were?" The King laid violent hold of the old lady's hand.

"She listened . . . she was gasping . . . but she heard thy step, beyond the door . . ."

"And?"

"Poor Galcas," she said, and then . . . and then . . .

"And then?"

"She died."

Galcas stumbled a step forward. Now he was on the threshold of Ivana's chamber. There he sank to his knees . . .

Then suddenly the bells began ringing . . . All Ardichavar's bells,

ALONE in her chamber sat Grania. . . . Those bells . . .

She clutched at the two arms of her chair . . . Bells for birth, bells for glory, bells for victory, bells for marriage, bells for . . .

"Ivana," murmured the one whom death had forgotten, "Ivana . . ."

Deep, merciless, tragically sombre, fearfully sombre, desperately grand . . . the bells of Ardichavar . . .

Were they really ringing or was the clamor in her brain . . . in her heart?

"Giovani," cried the hoary woman. "Giovani! Giovani!"

No answer, only those bells, those fearful, relentless, merciless bells . . . voices she knew too well, had heard too often, but which one day, when they sounded a last time for her, she would hear no more . . . "Giovani!"

But Giovani did not answer . . . Giovani was kneeling at the White Queen's feet. Giovani was praying, and his prayers were like words of love . . .

REVERENT hands had decked out Ivana in queenly splendor. On her head was the crown of which she no more felt the weight. Its pearls were no whiter than the White Queen's face.

But in her arms lay the Star-Child Rowana, its wee face turned towards its mother's breast. The Star-Child had a Christmas rose between its tiny fingers; that had been Ursula's loving touch.

Beautiful was Queen Ivana, beautiful as an ivory-carved saint.

Galcas rose from his knees. Long had he prayed there at her side, but his prayers had been silent, and no man could know what had been his last communion with his wife.

Now he gazed down upon her as one who

on his road of life suddenly comes upon a chasm he cannot pass.

Others, flattened like shadows against the walls, were in the room with his followers, and also many menials, for many flock around death-beds, and all eyes were turned towards the White Queen.

The tall lights burning around the bed flickered in the breeze coming in through the window. One side of each taper was heavily weighted with tears of wax. At Ivana's feet Giovani knelt, dark as night. There was a sound of sobbing in the chamber of death.

Outside the bells were ringing a solemn knell.

Suddenly Galcas raised his head.

"Lord Gondril," he said, and his voice seemed to fill the quiet chamber with something alien and out of place, "lift the crown from the White Queen's forehead, and I pray thee have it carried to that darkened chamber where great Grania sits."

"The crown . . . the Queen's crown . . . A murmur of shocked, muffled protest ran along the ranks of those shadows standing against the walls. "The crown . . . ?"

Galcas cleared his throat, and his eyes searching the shadowy face, became hard as stone.

"Lord Gondril, lift the crown from the White Queen's brow!" he repeated loudly. "For her 'tis too heavy a weight. Giovani can carry it to the Great Woman who wore it so proudly, and who, alone, like a watcher for countless years has done naught but contemplate the coming and passing of so many events."

"Grania loved her crown," rasped the master. "Ivana wore it as a martyr wears a wreath of thorns; relieve her of its burden and bring it back to the one to whom it meant life!"

Was it a petty revenge over the woman who had worn the flaming ruby on her heart? Or was it so as to give Queen Grania a last satisfaction?

What was passing through the young King's mind?

Did he want to humiliate that white silent woman, even beyond the Gates of Death?

Douglas, from the corner where he was leaning against the window, sadly contemplated the man who stood there, over-large over-masterful, almost pathetic in his useless, inuisit strength.

His heart bursting with nameless agony, Lord Gondril bent down over the woman he had loved like a faithful watch-dog, and with fingers cold with emotion, he lifted the heavy jewel from her head. A stray lock of hair caught on one of its stones. The crown seemed to be dumbly protesting against being taken thus from off the brow it graced so well . . .

"Giovani," bade King Galcas, "carry the royal crown to Queen Grania. Tell her that the King sends it to her, for as none other amongst the Queens of the Darthilas has known how to honor its fame. Tell her that to-morrow I shall come to her chamber, but that to-day I shall watch beside one who loved not its weight . . . Go, Giovani . . . go . . ."

Obediently the monk rose from his kneeling posture keeping his eyes bent towards the ground. Lord Gondril advanced a few steps towards him: without raising his gaze, almost shuddering, the monk allowed the pearl and diamond treasure to be given over into his hands.

Monk and knight stood opposite each other, the one like an old oak without leaves, the other as a sapling bent by an early storm.

Without showing the slightest sign of emotion the King watched the monk move

soundlessly from the room, then with an imperious wave of his hand, the monarch indicated that he wished to be left alone with the dead.

OUTSIDE Grania's door stood Giovani with the royal crown in his hands. With trembling fingers he was tenderly detaching three silken hairs from its rounded rim.

Then taking up the crown again, like a shadow, the man who was now no more nameless passed under the curtain into the Great Queen's presence.

Grania had been waiting, waiting in anguish, the bells clamoring at her brain. Her oft-repeated calls for Giovani had remained unanswered: unanswered also her dumb prayer that at least someone, anyone might take mercy on her and come.

When Giovani stepped over the threshold she started violently as though awakening from a cruel nightmare, and stared at him almost unbelievingly; then slowly, like a tree when the snow rolls off its branches, she straightened, slowly, slowly, slowly, till mastering her weakness she sat upright again, commanding every inch a queen.

But how old she looked, how frail, how almost pathetic; never had her age sat so heavily upon her. And yet she was alive . . . alive, whilst yonder, below, the White Queen lay dead.

Oh, but what an uncanny glint in Grania's eyes when she realized what Giovani was holding before him! She began to tremble and instinctively, almost unconsciously, she extended towards it both hands.

"Wait!" exclaimed Grania, "wait . . . Tell me first . . . did she? . . . Oh, why didn't thou abandon me here in the dark? . . . Know ye what it means to sit here waiting—helpless—the bells tolling?"

"Oh, those bells . . . those bells for the dead . . . And why must I be the last one . . . the last one to go? . . ."

The monk stood facing her, a dark, dolorous figure holding like something alien, the precious crown in his hands.

"Why . . ." murmured Grania, "why if she is lying in state as Crowned Queen should, why has she not the crown on her head?"

"King Galcas gave order to Lord Gondril to lift it from her brow: For our White Queen it is too heavy," he said, "carry it to the one to whom it meant life . . ."

"Meant life!" Grania caught her breath. "Meant life, and Ivana . . . is dead . . . and I . . . the one who has been overmuch, the one who ought to have gone long ago . . . But all the time the proud old woman had her eyes fixed upon the crown, upon Ivana's crown . . . formerly Grania's crown."

Giovani with a curious detached intuition understood that whatever words she might say, her thoughts were all for the crown.

"Draw up that table close to me—there, quite near, lay the crown down upon it! Right in the centre of the table lay it . . . Nay, nay, closer to the edge so that I may touch it . . ."

Giovani did as he was bid.

"Now light all the tapers! every one of them, and stand them in a half-circle round the crown . . . in a half-circle! Does understand?"

"Giovani," asked the old Queen suddenly, "are there many candles burning around Ivana to-night? Tell me, Giovani, is she beautiful as a legend one hears of but once?"

"She is beautiful," said Giovani. "She

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lies there like a white rose on one stem with its bud."

"Rowana!" exclaimed the great-grandmother.

"Yes, Rowana. For her, as for her mother, this world is too cold, too dark."

"And Galcas?"

"Galcas sent thee her crown." Giovani's lips closed over the last words like a vise.

Grania gave him a strange look:

"When thou hast lighted these candles, Giovani, thou canst go and pray before the holy image, yonder in the corner where always thou dost pray."

But Giovani raised his head, the lighter held high in his hand:

"This night, Queen Grania, I shall pray beside the dead."

"Giovani!"

But Giovani at this hour was not to be cowed; his cup was full, his heart was breaking; this one night was his . . . and . . . the White Queen's . . .

Deliberately he lighted the twelfth taper—the semi-circle was now complete, a thing of small flickering flames.

To-morrow, Queen Grania, I shall be again thy obedient servant from dawn to sunset. But this night must I spend with the Pale Face of Beauty, for with my prayers must I pave her way unto light."

As though turned to stone, she, who had been deified by her ever humble slave, sat looking into that half-circle of light, till all flickered before her—the crown. Giovani . . . her chamber, suddenly luminous after so many years of darkness. Was the world trembling? What was the matter? Slowly Grania raised a hand and pressed it over her forehead, wearily closing her eyes.

"Go," she said. "Go . . . I have no need of thee . . . But to-morrow thou canst come at dawn to blow out the lights . . ."

With hands crossed over his breast, deeply did the shadowy man bow, then without raising his eyes again, noiselessly he glided from the room.

Alone did Grania remain facing her crown—facing that treasure of treasures; alone, she and her crown in that flickering, glimmering circle of light . . .

IZVANA'S body had been moved to the castle chapel. Silently, like figures gliding through a dream, had Galcas' knights carried the now crownless Queen down the twisting, grey stone stairs.

Slowly, reverently, had the procession passed through the old banqueting hall, the ancient banners looking down aghast from their place of oblivion upon the dolorous sight.

The chapel was one mass of tall tapers, pale and mysterious like growths in some haunted forest, bearing crowns of flame instead of blossoms.

Long after the chapel had emptied Galcas remained kneeling at the side of the one who had forsaken him even before death.

When at length he rose to his feet, over-large, over-grim, over-vital for so holy a place, he stood a moment looking down upon the earthly casket of that soul he had never known how to make his.

Oh, what tragedy there was in that look of farewell!

Bending down he was about to press a last kiss upon those now defenceless lips that in life he had so often tortured with his, when he suddenly drew back.

Why?

Could he himself have said why? But thus it came to pass, Izvana, pale,

death-frozen Izvana, had not to suffer that last tragic, master's kiss.

Throwing up his hands he buried his face in them, and sobbed loudly like a child . . .

In a circle of light sat Great Queen Grania, alone, face to face with her crown.

Outside the bells of Ardichavar were tolling for the dead.

Grania was speaking, and the symbolic circle she so dearly loved, seemed listening like a friend to her voice.

"Thou hast come back to me at last, back to me at the very end of my overlong life!

"I love thee with a strange and lasting passion few can comprehend. Other loves have I known, but my love for thee takes root in my very blood.

"I remember, oh, so well, the first time I bent my head to receive thee on my forehead! Young was I then, like the rising sun, and carried my weight exultantly, as an Amazon carries her armor.

"And ever since, all through the years, whenever I placed thy treasured burden upon my brow, it was with a feeling of indescribable elation that shuddered through me, something like a holy fear; and with it came a curious desire to step right out of my heart into a world grander, greater and more glorious than any world ever was—but a grey world, hazy like mountains at dusk. A world where I would be all alone, and where I could sink down on my knees and pray . . . And somewhere in the vast heavens one star would be standing on watch, a single star, my equal . . . my sister, my friend . . ."

Grania paused, and stretching out a trembling hand, she touched the crown, trembling its gems as though they had been living things.

"Thou hast come back to me, oh, my Crown!" she murmured, and there was something almost ecstatic in her voice. "To me, who am as a hoary rock on a winter's night, whilst as a may tree in full flower was Izvana the fair. And a man loved her till, because of her, he had to die, and in his dying lay also her death. The bud that never opened goes with her; the grave, like a giant mouth, swallows them both at once."

"Her heart has beat its last. Her heart is at rest, yet her road had only just begun, and mine seems so long that it might join in a circle round the face of the earth. And although her heart is stilled for ever, my heart is still beating as a worm in a coffin plank; or like the bells of Ardichavar, which have sounded for every event of my life! Oh, Crown, Royal Crown! thou enigmatic, mystical jewel, dost hear the death-worm knocking? Dost hear the bells of Ardichavar ring?"

And outside the bells of Ardichavar were tolling for the dead.

Grandly sat Grania with the crown on her head; grandly straight and immovable, stiffly unbending, like the granite image of some fearful god, contemplating Eternity with eyes of stone.

Outside the bells of Ardichavar were still ringing for the dead . . .

THE livid light of early morning was beginning to creep in through the chapel window when Giovani rose from his knees.

A new day? Yes, the first of many new days, of many empty days, and still days and days added to days in a world emptier still:

Empty like cathedrals where no believers pray, empty as a king's palace where a great fear reigns, empty like a forest which has

burnt, empty like a heart when love is dead . . .

Empty like Ardichavar . . . when . . . Giovani shuddered; how cold, how dismal grave-like was this hour of early dawn . . .

Giovani dared not lift his eyes towards that at the side of which he had watched all through the night.

What a night! A night of dreams . . . had he dreamed, or had he really . . . Giovani crossed himself . . . Why did he remember having seen from so very near the wreath of white flowers Ursula had put on Izvana's head—he had actually touched them, and their touch had been cold; cold as death . . . Or had it been . . .

Giovani shuddered, and again he crossed himself, once, twice, thrice.

"I must go to Queen Grania," he murmured. "I promised I would come at dawn to blow out her lights . . . But before I leave the chapel, I must look at her once again . . ."

So accustomed was Giovani to keep his eyes turned to the ground that it needed an almost unbearable effort now to lift his lids.

Izvana! . . . There she lay, her face upturned as Itron's had been, her face that was now a secret that only God could read . . .

With feet of lead Giovani climbed the stairs to Grania's chamber. Soundlessly he glided down the long passage every stone of which was familiar to his feet, but for a moment he hesitated before the old Queen's door, burying his face in his hands.

Had it all been a dream? That long long night . . . a dream, and that cold feeling on his lips as though they had been frozen . . . a dream! . . . Yes, a dream, a dream . . . And with a shudder Giovani passed over Grania's threshold into Grania's presence . . .

Giovani made a step forward . . . his heart was beating intolerably . . .

Grania!

Outside the bells of Ardichavar were tolling.

For whom were they tolling? For Izvana! . . . or perchance . . . for Grania? . . .

Why was she so silent? Had she not heard him come?

The tapers had almost completely burnt down, two had quite gone out, but the others were making queer, hissing, crackling sounds as candles make just before they die.

Silence . . .

With lagging feet the monk, the man she had condemned to namelessness, approached the high chair in which his old mistress throned . . . Had she sat there all through the long, cold, weary, endless night . . .

Grania!

And suddenly Giovani looked up . . . Grania! The monk threw out his hands as though warding off a blow. Grania!

There she sat upright, rigid . . . imperial, appallingly majestic . . . a ghost frozen to its chair! Her sightless eyes were wide open, her jaw had dropped, but on her head was Izvana's crown . . . Grania's crown . . . the crown she loved . . .

At the dead of night, all alone in her chamber, Grania, for a last time had placed the royal crown on her head!

Whilst outside the bells of Ardichavar were tolling for the dead . . .

But for the first time Grania heard them not, rigid she sat, the crown on her head, "listening in a frosty land."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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